The Saturday Evening
POST
November 17, 1962 20¢

A Plane Survivor's Grim Story:
"WE DITCHED AT SEA"

Beginning: a prize-winning novel
The Sand Pebbles

How Strong Is Communism?

Scandal in Congress: Conflict of Interest

What's Behind It

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If you like modern decorating materials that are warm and interesting, you'll like this new vinyl floor, Montina Corlon. It has thousands of vari-colored vinyl "pebbles" set in translucent vinyl. They form intriguing random patterns and texture you can actually feel. You can use this new sheet vinyl floor—in single colors or in custom designs—in any part of your home, even in a downstairs playroom, directly over the concrete. For a free sample of Montina Corlon and a folder showing its fashionable decorator colorings, write Armstrong, 6211 Madison St., Lancaster, Pennsylvania. In Canada, Dept. 112-J, Box 919, Montreal, P. Q.

Montina Corlon is one of the famous Armstrong VINYL FLOORS

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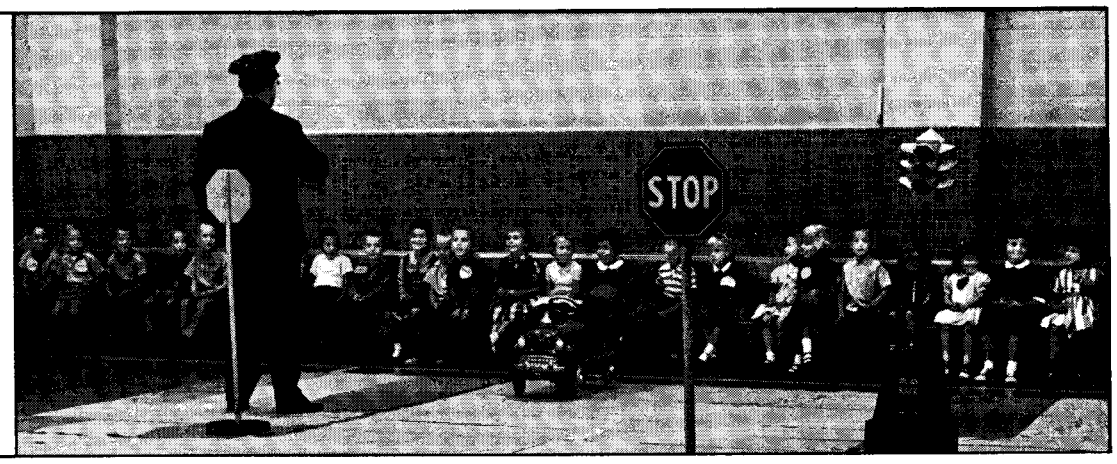
Wausau was the only city to win the National Safety Council Award of Honor in 1961 "for outstanding performance in traffic management and accident prevention"—the cooperative effort of many city departments and local groups. Friendly (but firm!) officers and crossing guards see that all of us, kids included, know and obey the rules.

Wausau's fire safety record brings our city National Fire Protection Association and U.S. Chamber of Commerce Awards— honors our fire department's Chief Inspector Bob Forcey shares with Barbara Molinaro and Brad Bartell, two "fire-fighters" in the Wausau school program of home fire safety inspections.

Safety is our city's Proudest Possession —and our Company's best known "export"

What is safety? The question's part of Officer Don Simonson's regular demonstration and talk to Wausau school children. A 5-year-old boy's answer: "Safety's so you don't get hurt!"



"safety's so you don't get hurt!"

Wausau Story

The three distinguished national awards recently added to our home town's trophy case tell you why the "of Wausau" part of Employers Mutuals' signature is much more than an address.

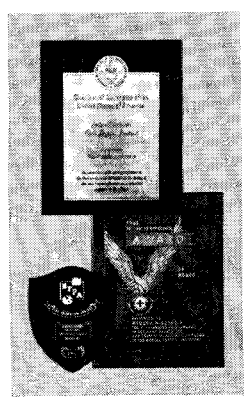
Actually, "of Wausau" defines Employers Mutuals' way of working.

You see, we're a mutual insurance company. That means we're in *partnership* with our policyholders. How effective that partnership is depends on the cooperation existing between us and our policyholders on matters like safety.

Cooperation comes naturally to Wausau people. It takes cooperation to win the awards . . . to go through a year without a single traffic death . . . to keep our per-capita fire loss to $1.29, while the national per-person fire loss is $8.73.

All of us at Employers Mutuals, working in all of the 50 states, are guided by the cooperative Wausau way of preventing accidents *before* they happen, fighting fires *before* they start. You see the similarity: the crossing guard at a busy Wausau corner and the safety guard on a cutting machine . . . inspection calls in Wausau to check for home fire hazards and the recommendations of Employers Mutuals safety specialists in plants, stores, construction projects, at all our policyholder partnerships.

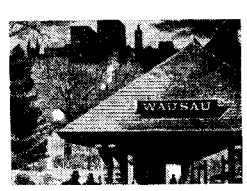
"Safety's so you don't get hurt."



From coast to coast, Employers Mutuals people are known as "good people to do business with." What was started in Wausau is our way of working in 138 branch offices. We write workmen's compensation insurance, group health and accident, and all forms of fire and casualty insurance (including automobile). Consult your telephone directory or write us in Wausau, Wisconsin.

Employers Mutuals *of* Wausau

FOR OVER 50 YEARS THE PIONEER UNDERWRITER OF WORKMEN'S COMPENSATION IN AMERICA



"Good people to do business with"

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The world's most honored watch *LONGINES*

although of the world's finest quality--actually costs less per year to own than many ordinary timepieces

This is a statement by the Chairman of the Longines-Wittnauer Watch Company to acquaint you with the facts about your most important article of personal jewelry

THERE is something about a watch that fascinated us as children and continues to influence us in a personal and sentimental way as grown men and women.

Your watch is, in fact, the heartbeat of your daily routine. May we explain to you the difference between a fine watch and an ordinary one, and why it pays to own and enjoy a truly fine timepiece—above all, a Longines.

Although watch manufacturing is small compared with giant industries such as automobiles or electronics, the art of watchmaking is one of the most difficult. And TIME, our ultimate product, is second to none in importance.

Regrettably, accurate timekeeping, the ultimate purpose of a watch, has been lost sight of by a segment of the industry. Yet, the greater cost of making a watch of highest quality and accuracy, such as Longines, is amply justified by its vastly extended life. Thus, a Longines watch bought today can still be a reliable timekeeper and a fine article of personal jewelry years after most of today's automobiles, televisions and appliances are worn out and discarded.

The Manufacturer Makes His Own Bed

One can buy a watch of a sort for $10 or less, or a Longines for $75 or more. What is the difference? Features like shock-resist, waterproof, antimagnetic, jewels, etc. mean little in themselves. It is a fact that a watch is only as fine as the ideals, integrity and experience of its maker.

Flawless Perfection...the Secret of Quality

A degree in horological engineering is a requisite to understanding the subtleties that distinguish the finest watch from less costly look-alikes. Microscopic differences of a few millionths of an inch in the 120-odd parts of a watch can make or break its accuracy and life expectancy. It needs 17 jewels to avoid wear and friction. But the best jewels can cost 100 times more than the cheapest. The difference in price is the difference in perfection.

Giving a Man's Job to a Man

The Longines watch factory was the first in the world dedicated to the fabrication of watches of ultimate quality with the help of tooling and machines. No precision manufacturing establishment is better equipped with all the marvels of electronically controlled machines or with measuring and testing devices of the highest order. But these alone cannot produce a watch of the quality of Longines. The missing ingredient would be the trained and experienced Longines watchmakers. In the Longines factory as many as three generations of trained watchmakers find employment side by side. As they advance in skills they are advanced to more demanding roles in the fabrication of Longines watches. Throughout the vast establishment there is a dedication to an ideal, the continuing challenge that the Longines watches of today must surpass in quality the Longines watches of yesterday.

The Longines Honors

The Longines watch did not, in its first years, emerge in full splendor like Minerva from the head of Jupiter. In 1867 Longines produced a few hundred watches. Not until 1879 did these pioneers in perfection feel they had approached their goal. In that year a Longines factory-made chronometer was the first of its kind to be classified *First* at Neuchâtel Observatory. In 1883, at the International Exposition at Antwerp, Longines won its first *Grand Prize*. From then on Longines has been in continuous public competitions. At 38 World's Fairs and International Expositions, Longines won highest honors. Through wars and peace, through prosperity and panics, unshaken by the fierceness of competition, Longines kept faith with a world-wide community which had come to expect only the best from a watch marked with the name Longines.

In Observatory Competition

Longines is the only watch ever classified *First* in accuracy competitions of the four government observatories—Washington, Kew Teddington, Geneva and Neuchâtel. In the last three years, to advance into the immediate past, Longines wrist watches won 193 observatory *First Prizes*—a greater number than any other manufacturer. In 1961 alone, Longines wrist watches won 43 *First Prizes*—a record unmatched in chronometric competitions.

In view of this record it is not surprising that Longines is recognized as "Official" by leading national and international sports and contest associations all the world over.

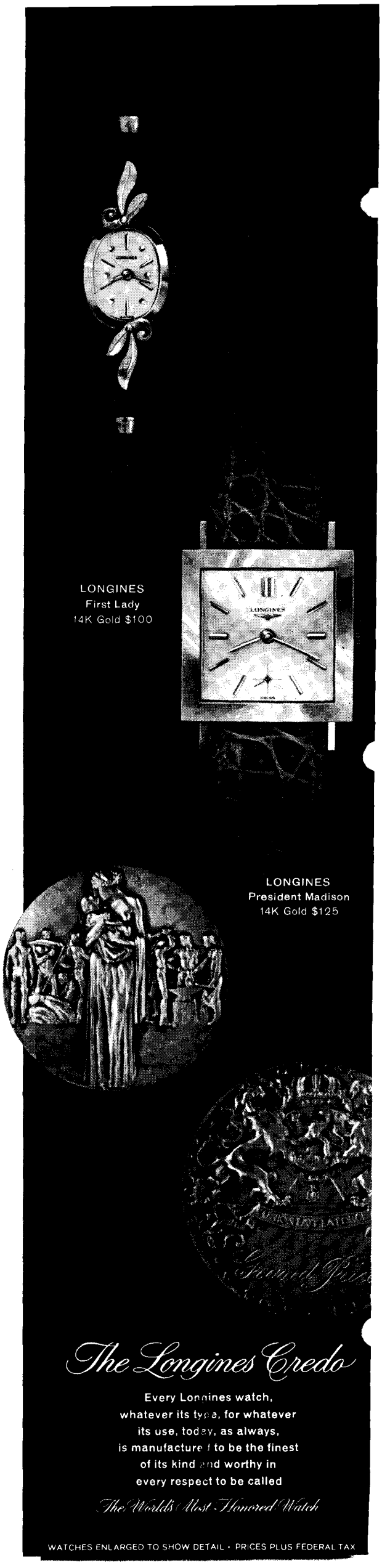
A Longines Is a Democratic Luxury

Longines is the most *costly* watch sold in America in substantial volume. Inside and out it has been made with luxurious perfection. In these days when expensive automobiles are sold by millions, the purchase of a Longines watch at $75, $100, or more can hardly be deemed an extravagance. Awareness of the value of *time* and an appreciation of things fine and beautiful is not limited by boundaries of wealth or position. One buys a Longines to treasure and keep. It repays its price over and over with long years of priceless service. Longines watches are available through authorized quality jewelers large and small in North America and 131 countries of the free world.

Standard of Comparison

Thank you for having read this far. Perhaps apologies are in order for the length of this dissertation. But we wished to place on the record the facts about Longines, *The World's Most Honored Watch,* deservedly, and by virtue of achievement, the world's standard of comparison.

W. Fred Gaertner CHAIRMAN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is manufactured to be the finest
of its kind and worthy in
every respect to be called
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In This Issue

Volume 235, Number 41

ARTICLES

Don't Blame Your Parents (*Speaking Out*) . . . *By Dr. Vincent T. Lathbury* 12
Conflict of Interest . . . . . *By Ben H. Bagdikian & Don Oberdorfer* 21
Geraldine Page: Diamond Who Likes It Rough . . . . *By Bill Davidson* 30
Why I Quit the Ministry . *By an Anonymous Clergyman as told to Alfred Balk* 32
The Hidden Weaknesses of Communism . . . . . *By Edward Crankshaw* 38
Breezy Designs for the Office . . . . . *By James A. Skardon* 78
Eichmann and His Trial (Conclusion) . . . . . *By Gideon Hausner* 85
Gridiron Phantom . . . . . *By Al Stump* 92
"We Ditched at Sea" . . . . . *By Senior Master Sgt. Peter A. Foley* 97

FICTION

The Sand Pebbles (Part 1 of 3) . . . . . *By Richard McKenna* 46

DEPARTMENTS

Letters 4
Post Scripts 76
Hazel 94
Editorials 102

Richard McKenna, author of The Sand Pebbles.

The Sand Pebbles. The facts behind the writing of the novel condensation which begins in this week's *Post* read almost like fiction. For most of his adult life 49-year-old **Richard McKenna** has been a sailor, not a writer. A native of Mountain Home, Idaho, he went into the Navy during the depression, served in China as a fireman on a Yangtze River gunboat during the '30's, and, after 22 years' naval duty, retired in 1953 as a chief machinist's mate. At the age of 40 McKenna entered the University of North Carolina. He made straight A's and Phi Beta Kappa, completed four years' credit in three, married university reference librarian Eva Grice immediately after graduation and began writing short stories. Undismayed by rejection slips, McKenna continued writing and started a novel based on accounts he had heard in China about the adventures of Yangtze River gunboats during the 1925–27 Civil War. A New York literary agent, Rogers Terrill, kept encouraging McKenna through the lean years. "While I was learning to write, Terrill would try everything first at *The Post*, and this motivated me strongly, even though I got only rejection notes," says McKenna. When *The Post* purchased a McKenna story (HOUR OF PANIC, June 11, 1960), he was encouraged to work harder. He threw away the first 100 pages of his novel and started again. After earlier drafts had been rejected by several publishers, McKenna completed *The Sand Pebbles* last May, just in time to enter it in the 1963 Harper Prize Novel contest. Not only was it picked over 544 other entries for the $10,000 first prize and accepted for publication by Harper & Row, but it was chosen as next January's Book-of-the-Month Club selection. Movie rights have been sold to Mirisch Pictures for a reported $200,000. Unaffected by his success, McKenna, a quiet, five-foot-ten-inch, 200-pound Irishman, is now at home in Chapel Hill, North Carolina, working on a new novel.

Other By-Lines. *Post* editors **Ben H. Bagdikian** and **Don Oberdorfer,** both ex-newspapermen with wide backgrounds in Washington reporting, separate fact from recurrent fiction in their article about congressional conflicts of interest. In 1960 Oberdorfer was coauthor of a series of articles revealing abuses by some congressmen of their expense accounts. The furor started by the articles caused Congress to adopt new regulations for the spending of public funds. . . . **Edward Crankshaw,** correspondent for The London *Observer*, is one of the world's foremost authorities on Soviet affairs. . . . The Atlantic ditching described by Air Force **Senior Master Sgt. Peter A. Foley** was his second aviation near-disaster. Foley, now 45 and a reporter for *Stars and Stripes* in Germany, was a passenger in a military plane that ran out of fuel over Kentucky in 1945. Foley bailed out safely.

The Cover. When artist **Thornton Utz** returned to Sarasota after researching the cover idea at a University of Florida game, someone asked which team had won. "I think Florida lost, but I'm not sure," replied Utz. "I guess I'm more of a fan of the prancing girls than I am of football."

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LETTERS

Helping Innocent Children

Dear Sirs:

Congratulations on your article [THE UNTOLD STORY OF THE THALIDOMIDE BABIES by Steven M. Spencer, Oct. 20] and the inspiring photographs. As an occupational therapist I have had the opportunity to teach children like these to use their new arms. Their courage and perseverance are an inspiration to all who come in contact with them.

MRS. PAUL R. LAW
St. Paul, Minn.

Dear Sirs:

The tears rolled down my face as I looked at the pictures of those precious, innocent babies. With a lump in my throat and thanksgiving in my heart I grabbed my baby and held him close to my heart, thanking God that he was not a victim of such a terrible drug.

MRS. BOB LESAN
Fulton, Mo.

Dear Sirs:

We found your article most informative and were pleased to know of the efforts being put forth to improve prosthetic limbs. We were especially pleased to see photographs of our 4½ year-old son Jeffrey. Parental prejudice has always caused us to feel that Jeff is a photogenic little fellow. He is at a good age to accept his loss and to manage well with his prosthesis. We, his parents, have had many days of despair, however, and presentations such as Mr. Spencer's give us much encouragement.

MR. AND MRS. ANTHONY J. RAND
Southgate, Mich.

Jeffrey Rand: hurdling a handicap.

Dear Sirs:

How can people rid themselves of overpowering anxieties that lead us to consume tranquilizing agents, one after the other? Are deformities the price humans must pay for anxiety in a conflicting world?

MRS. ROBERTA J. PELLETIER
Nashua, N.H.

A Faulty Condenser?

Dear Sirs:

FAIL-SAFE by Eugene Burdick and Harvey Wheeler (Oct. 20) was unforgettable. Thank you for publishing it. I could scarcely wait for each *Post* to arrive.

GERTRUDE SCHROEDER
Redmond, Oreg.

Dear Sirs:

A recent book review of FAIL-SAFE included this: "There is the seething and handsome Evelyn Wolfe who attacks Groteschele sexually because she apparently wants, deep in her psyche, to love a man to death." Since this choice bit of excitement did not come through in my copy of *The Post* I can only assume that a small condenser, similar to the one in your serial, must have also blown in your editorial rooms.

RAPHAEL GRENO
Redlands, Calif.

Picking a Profession

Dear Sirs:

True executive performance! While reading the article by Henry Ford (CHOOSING A BUSINESS CAREER, Oct. 20) I felt as though I were sitting across from Mr. Ford in his office taking in helpful hints from a man who possesses, shares and shows executive effectiveness and leadership performance.

STEPHEN W. FIRMENDER
Fort Gordon, Ga.

Dear Sirs:

Mr. Ford says "There is no sure-fire formula for business success." I'd say there is—having a grandfather who started the business.

B. P. SPONG
Chicago, Ill.

Unnecessary Roughness

Dear Sirs:

Thank you for Furman Bisher's provocative article (SPEAKING OUT: COLLEGE FOOTBALL IS GOING BERSERK, Oct. 20). His views needed a national airing. It might be added that the trend to this kind of gridiron mayhem is also leading to dull football.

ED MULFORD
Monroe, Conn.

Dear Sirs:

I must agree with Mr. Bisher. Unless we can curb the personal fouls and unnecessary roughness penalties, this greatest of American sports will come under severe attack from even our most loyal fans. It is up to us, as coaches, to check this brutality and harness it into hard, aggressive, yet clean football.

CHAPPY MARVIN
Head Football Coach
Adrian College
Adrian, Mich.

Dear Sirs:

I am sorry that Furman Bisher did not come to grips with remedies. The blithe assertion that coaches and college presidents should somehow correct the evils (of football) is inadequate. Rigid, unwavering application of the rules would clear up much of the trouble. A team won't take many 15-yard penalties before it sees the light.

L. GORDON HILL JR.
Falls Church, Va.

Dear Sirs:

I thoroughly agree that football needs a cleaning up. But the impression given that tough, hard-nosed football is wrong is incompatible with the very

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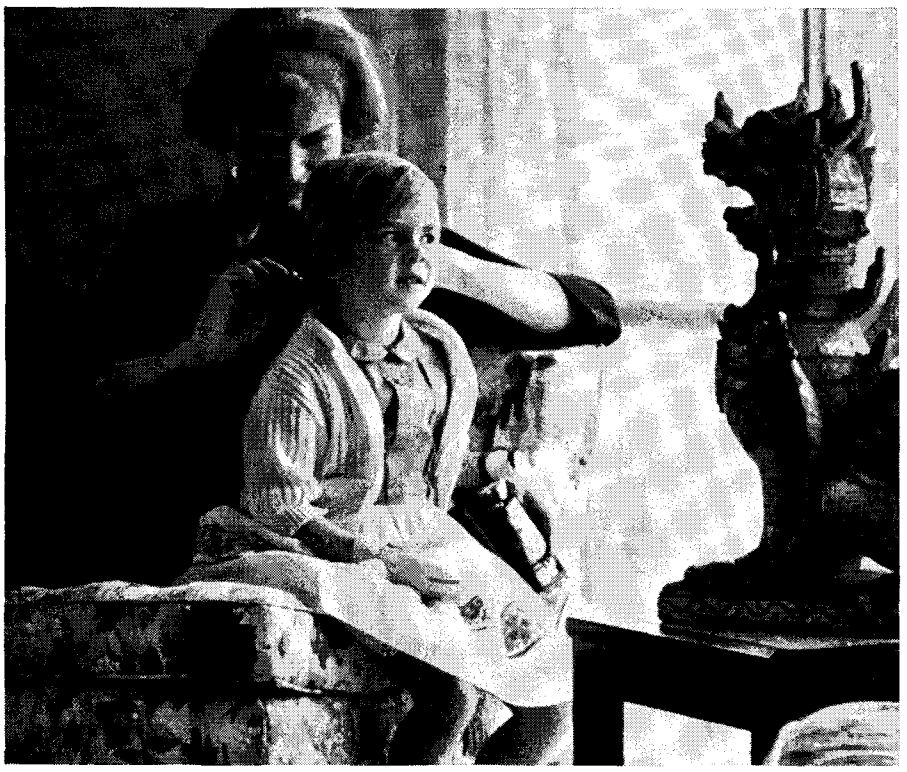

We're moving to Phoenix

The news nearly floored us when we heard the entire company operation was relocating. The traffic department selected North American Van Lines to move us, and we are sure happy about it. Everything is going so smoothly. Their people have been very helpful in suggesting ways to make the move easier, and they'll even help us get settled in our new home. How about that for service.

NORTH AMERICAN VAN LINES
the GENTLEmen of the moving industry

Now Possible to Shrink and Heal Hemorrhoids Without Surgery

Only Preparation H Contains New Healing Substance That Can Shrink Hemorrhoids Without Surgery And At Same Time Relieve Itching and Pain.

A world-famous research institute has discovered a new substance which now makes it possible to shrink and heal hemorrhoids *without surgery*. It stops itching and relieves pain in minutes, then speeds up healing of the sore, injured tissues all while actual reduction (shrinking) takes place.

Tests conducted under a doctor's observations proved this so. And most amazing of all, this very striking improvement was maintained over a period of many months.

In fact, results were so thorough, sufferers were able to make such statements as "Piles have ceased to be a problem." Among these sufferers were a very wide variety of hemorrhoid conditions, some of 10 to 20 years' standing.

All this was accomplished without the use of narcotics, astringents or anesthetics of any kind. The secret is the remarkable new healing substance (Bio-Dyne®) which quickly helps heal injured cells and stimulates regrowth of healthy tissue again. It is offered in *ointment* or *suppository* form called Preparation H®.

In addition to actually shrinking hemorrhoids, Preparation H lubricates and makes elimination less painful. It helps prevent infection which is a principal cause of hemorrhoids. Just ask for Preparation H Ointment or Preparation H Suppositories (easier to use away from home). Any drug counter.

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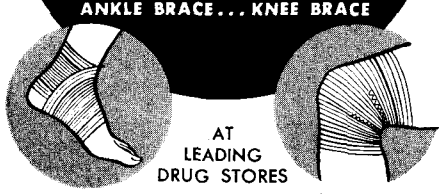

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THUM

LETTERS

precepts of the game. Football is a physically rough game and should be played accordingly.

PETER F. SANDROCK
Portland, Oregon

The Nestling Instinct?

Dear Sirs:

Regarding the photographic illustrations accompanying your article (STYLE KING OF READY-TO-WEAR, by Stanley Frank, Oct. 20) I have a question:

Why are female models
Wan and willowy
When we'd like to have them
Plump and pillowy?

FRANK J. CANNEY
Salinas, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

It was refreshing to find that Norman Norell can think about the fashion problems of women who can't afford the clothes he designs. His advice to career girls was certainly interesting.

MRS. FRANK K. MONTGOMERY
Montclair, N.J.

The Facts About Fiction

Dear Sirs:

Thank you very much for Robert Penn Warren's article WHY DO WE READ FICTION? (Oct. 20). It was fascinating.

LAWRENCE B. KEESLER
Oak Park, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

The Post formerly ran one or two serials and four or more short stories. Now in your Oct. 20 issue you are down to one serial and one character sketch. I looked to see what was occupying some of the remaining space. Two pages are devoted to an article about why we read fiction. What fiction?

JAMES K. MORROW, M.D.
Radford, Va.

Ready, Aim, Fire. . . .

Dear Sirs:

The shooting-sports industry is as old and respected as the 13 colonies. Still, you propose legislating this industry out of business by making it more difficult to purchase a gun (WHY ARM POTENTIAL KILLERS?, Oct. 6). Your approach is negative. The shooting-sports industry prefers to be positive in its approach. Restrictive anti-gun laws never have and never will be a successful deterrent to crime, organized or otherwise. A cursory look at the effectiveness of the Sullivan Law proves the point. In a positive vein we urge a complete codification of state and Federal firearms laws with a view toward legislating against the improper use of firearms as opposed to legislating against the ownership of a gun.

A. ROBERT MATT
Executive Director
National Shooting Sports Foundation
Hartford, Conn.

Coming . . . in next week's Post

Sunday's Gladiators
Pro Football in Color

Cold War Hot Spot:
VIETNAM

The Charmed Life of
Gangster Tony Accardo

My Awful Wedded Husband
By Mrs. Kirk Douglas

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Jacquelyn Jeanne Mayer, **Miss America, 1963**

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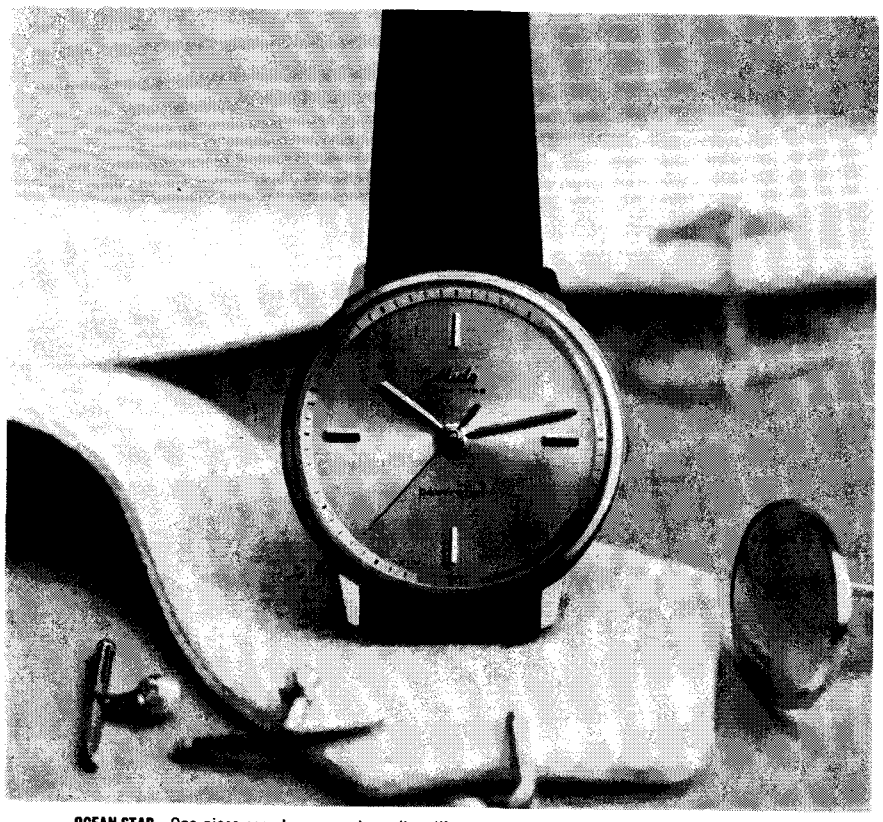

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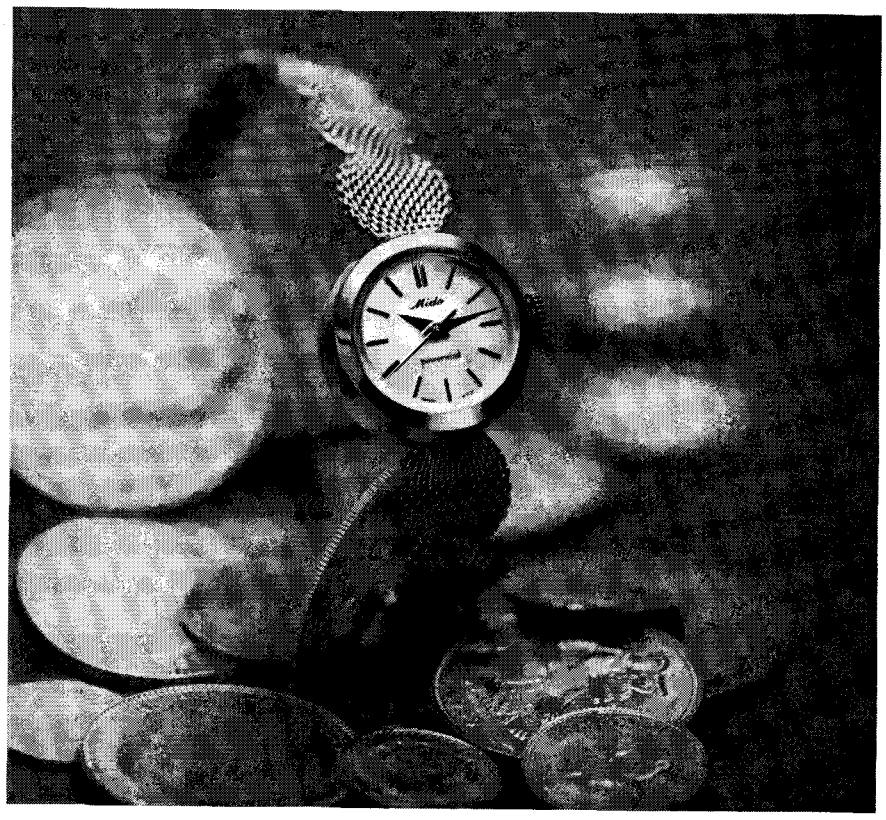

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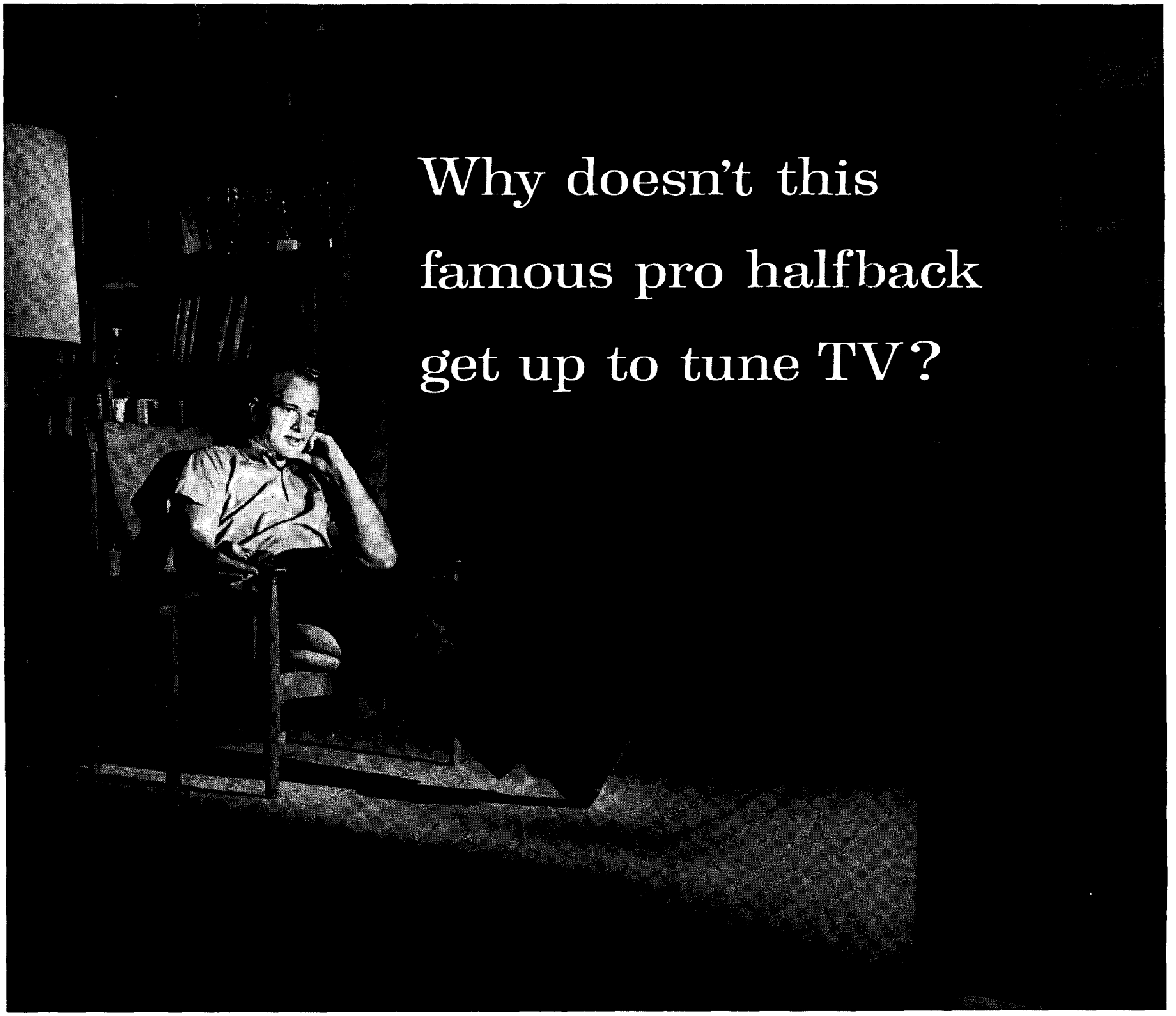

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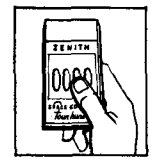

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Don't Blame Your Parents

It's high time we stopped using our parents as scapegoats for the messes we make of our lives.

By Dr. Vincent T. Lathbury

It is a popular delusion that whatever disasters we make of our lives, our parents are ultimately to blame. The young delinquent, the alcoholic, the homosexual and all the people who cannot hold jobs or stay married or maintain friendships or even face the normal problems of life—these maladjusted people point to their parents as the architects of their failure. The concept is preposterous. In more than twenty-five years of medical practice, I have seldom heard people give parents credit for their success; why are parents brought forward only when a failure must be explained?

The answer is simple. Most people are content to blame their parents for their own failings and wrecked lives because, having found a scapegoat, no action to correct their lives is necessary. But it is not a psychiatrist's job to pamper his patients; he does not want them daydreaming their way through life like sleepy drivers on a turnpike. He must make them face reality and, where necessary, take corrective steps. Pointing the finger of blame is a negative action. The fruitful reconstruction of a life comes only when a patient is willing to work to rid himself of his neuroses.

The Lady Who Couldn't Hold a Job

Not long ago a woman was explaining to me her inability to hold a job. I remarked that this seemed odd, because she was a graduate of several good schools and had received considerable technical training.

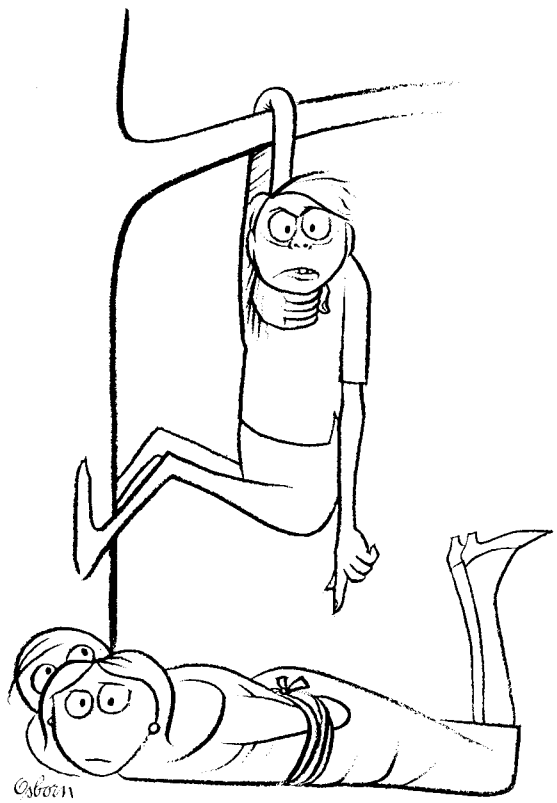
"Oh, no, it's not odd at all," she said. "My parents never expected me to work, and for that reason I never expected to either." She obviously felt that this explanation was unassailable.

"What of it?" I pressed her. "The fact remains that you are over twenty-one, your physical health is good, you are intelligent and you have sound training. Why don't you change your expectations and get a job? It's as simple as that."

The woman's expression was a combination of anger, hurt feelings and astonishment. It was plain that she felt I had stabbed her in the back. Here was a psychoanalyst so ignorant of the basic concepts of his profession, that he failed to grasp the fact that the fault was her parents'; therefore there was nothing she should or could do about it.

It strikes me as particularly ironic and dangerous that a technique designed to help emotionally crippled persons to a happier and more effective life is perverted into a philosophy of indolence.

Are parents the great villains they have been painted? In most cases they most definitely are not. All parents make mistakes with their children. There is no such thing as the perfect parent, but most of them do the best they can. Usually their mistakes are those of misunderstanding, rather than of conscious intent. I know of no parents who say to themselves, "Things are dull tonight, so let's beat up the kids."



George Bernard Shaw once remarked, "Never strike a child in cold blood," and W. C. Fields topped it with the observation that, "Any man who hates children can't be all bad." But in spite of these wry comments, it is a fact that most parents give their children a great deal of love and protect them fiercely.

It is sometimes necessary to warn parents against becoming too conscious of psychological implications in their relationships with their children. It is best for a parent to relax and be himself, thus avoiding the most serious mistake he can make. Parenthood today is pervaded by an overpowering feeling of guilt. Tensions, dreams, jealousies and disappointments all combine to rob parenthood of its natural pleasure and to create a disturbing climate for the child.

There is reason to suspect that all children are unhappy to some extent, because the child is a victim of fear, uncertainty, unresolved conflicts, rages, frustrations, jealousy and anxieties of every kind. Yet most people emerge from the state of childhood with their productive capabilities functioning normally, even though others cling to infantile thoughts and actions. Since the childhood of one group is seldom more unhappy than that of the other, some other factor must be at work. The seed does not explain the flower.

We live today in a restless period where there is little time to establish responsibility, especially our own responsibility. Our political and sociological structures have been established to "do things" for us, to relieve us of responsibility. We want to be cared for, and we want to be secure in the knowledge that our emotional malfunctioning is not of our own making.

While no sinister motivation lies in the modern concept of socialistic paternalism, with all its split-level generosity and wall-to-wall emotional harmony, the fact is that we are being offered a mirage, because responsibility cannot be abdicated. Yet the temptation to blame our parents or society or the Government for our own failures is almost irresistible.

A popular comedian, talking about marriage, exhorts the men in his audience to get married. "Every man needs a wife," he thunders, "because a lot of things go wrong that can't be blamed on the Government." It doesn't really matter where the blame falls, as long as it falls on someone else.

Because psychoanalysis insists on the importance of parental influence, some who have failed to grasp the whole meaning of psychoanalytical theory see it as offering a release from responsibility. In their view psychoanalysis is not an aid to the maturing process, but an inducement to remain in a state of permanent childhood. A child is comparatively helpless and almost wholly dependent upon his parents. No child can escape parental influence, so to blame one's parents might be acceptable for a *child*. For an intelligent adult to adopt the same position is ridiculous.

One of the oddities of this situation is that garbled versions of psychoanalytical theory are being used to bolster the myth of parental responsibility. A patient told me the other day, "I can't help the way I am because my parents made me that way." He then went on to explain that psychoanalysis had determined that parents were to blame for emotional disturbances. The implication here is unmistakable: To expect a person to cope with his faults and failings is to attack science—or worse, to display an irreverent attitude in the temple.

Genesis of a Misconception

To a certain extent psychiatrists themselves have helped to nourish the theory of parental responsibility by urging patients—at an intermediary stage in treatment—to realize the inadvertent effect their parents may have had upon them. This realization, which helps lessen feelings of guilt, often takes the form of "blaming" parents. At an early stage of emotional growth this treatment is perfectly proper, but the patient should eventually accept responsibility for himself as he is, and as he would like to be.

It must also be remembered that people are apt to carry over into adulthood the patterns of adjustment

Dr. Lathbury is a psychiatrist on the staff of the Institute of the Pennsylvania Hospital in Philadelphia, and assistant professor of psychiatry at the University of Pennsylvania's School of Medicine.

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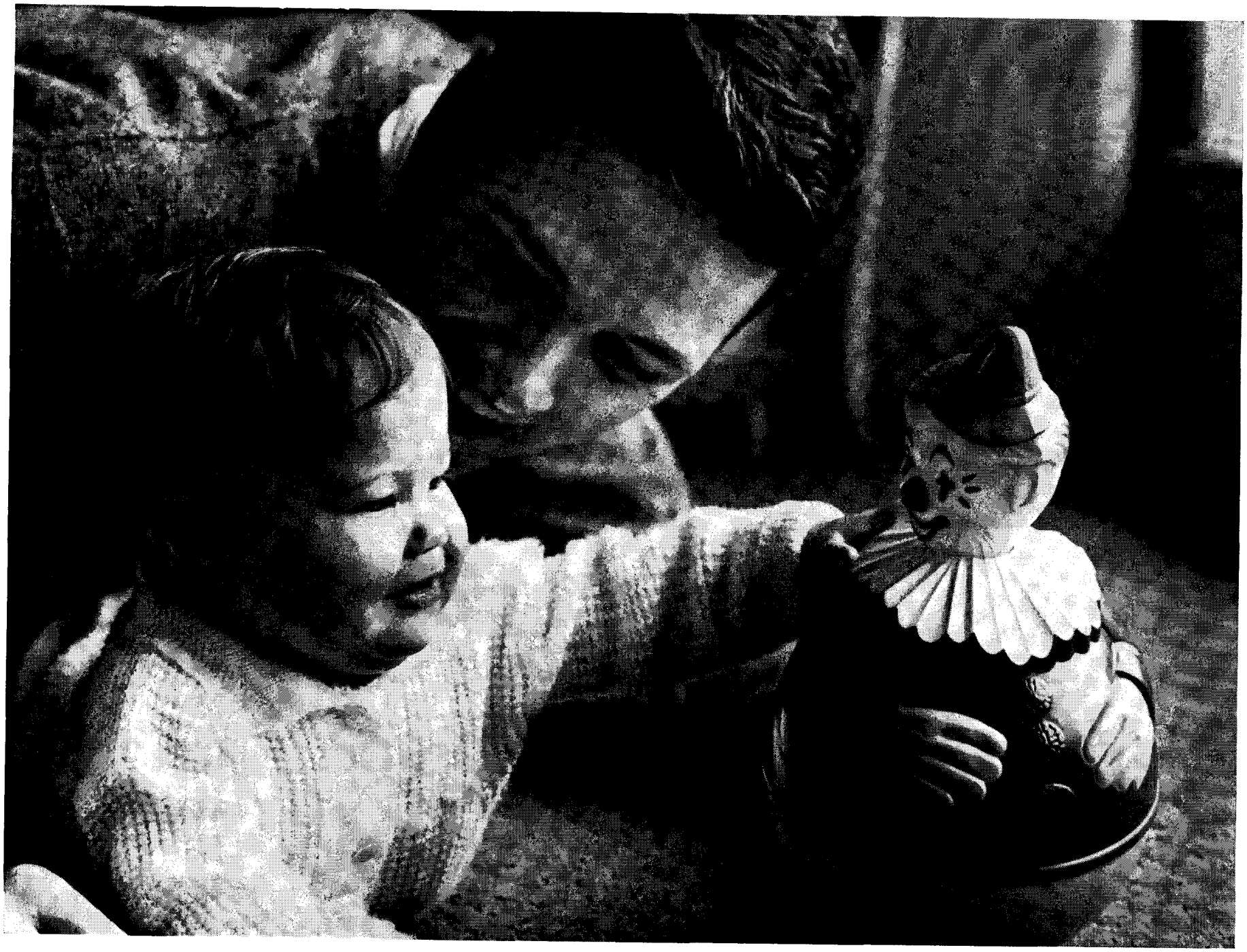

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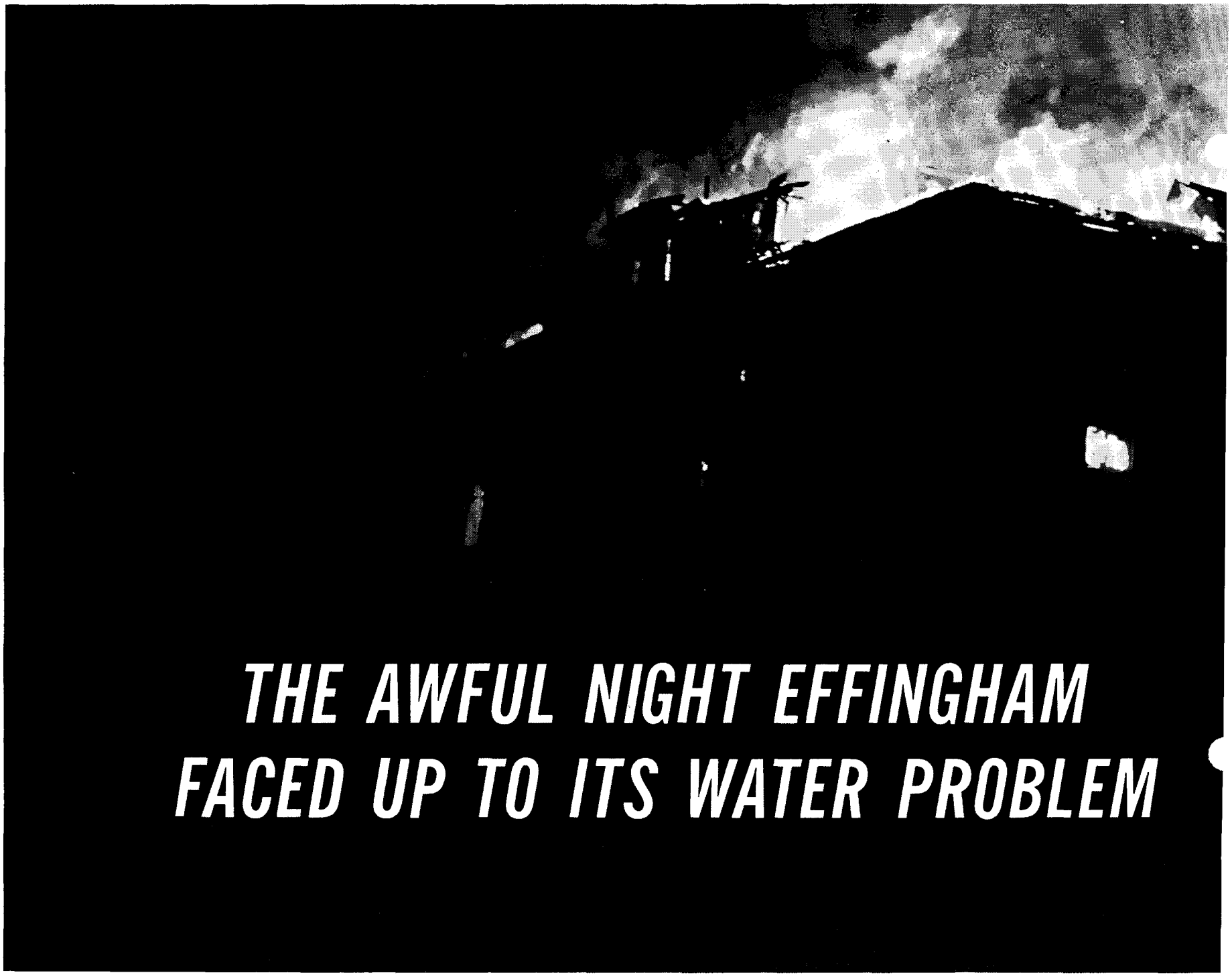

THE AWFUL NIGHT EFFINGHAM FACED UP TO ITS WATER PROBLEM

As flames devoured the hospital—taking the lives of 77 persons, including 10 babies—volunteer firemen were tragically handicapped because of low water pressure. With shocking suddenness—Effingham, Illinois, became aware of the awful peril of its water shortage. How the courage and fierce dedication of a small group of determined citizens overcame Effingham's water shortage is inspiring reading.

A witness to the hospital fire recalls: "That was the night we faced up to our water problem. We realized that just a spark could cause the whole town to burn up."

Nearly out of water

Three years later there was another grim water shortage reminder. As the level fell in the Little Wabash River—Effingham's water source—the water company issued orders to curtail consumption.

Lawns and shrubs burned brown. Restaurants stopped serving water. Residents were asked to flush toilets only once each day. Even with these restrictions, the Little Wabash narrowed to a scant trickle. Effingham was nearly out of water.

Mayor Eugene Wenthe was reminded of an abandoned Ohio Oil Company pipeline running between Effingham and the Embarrass River, 20 miles away. He called oil company officials to explain the crisis and asked to use the old oil line to carry emergency water.

"They agreed to let us use the line," Mayor Wenthe recalls. "They actually saved Effingham." For a time, the town's existence rested uneasily on an 8-inch pipe carrying water 20 miles across drought-ridden prairie.

Dam is only solution

Meantime, meetings were held, suggestions offered. In a special referendum, Effingham voters decided to buy the waterworks and find their own water. A dam was the only practical answer—but could a town of 8000 people afford it? Cost ran to millions of dollars.

The answer came from the *Effingham Daily News:* "Although the price tags on dams are high, they are irrelevant when it is a matter of community survival."

Dr. Dwight A. Niccum, J. Wm. Everhart and Clarence H. Dust, local businessmen, were appointed trustees of the new Effingham Water Authority. Their first act was to make use of an Illinois law that permits a community to reserve a watershed for storage of water. They selected Blue Point Creek—an area where engineers estimated a lake of 4½ billion gallons could be stored, by building a dam.

Crisis ends

It took months to buy the 2200 acres of land necessary. But on September 11, 1955, bells and whistles signaled the end of the water shortage that had threatened the town for so long. Excavation had begun on the site that would eventually be known as Lake Sara.

Today Effingham has enough water to last through a five-year drought. The town is prospering. There is no fear of another water shortage.

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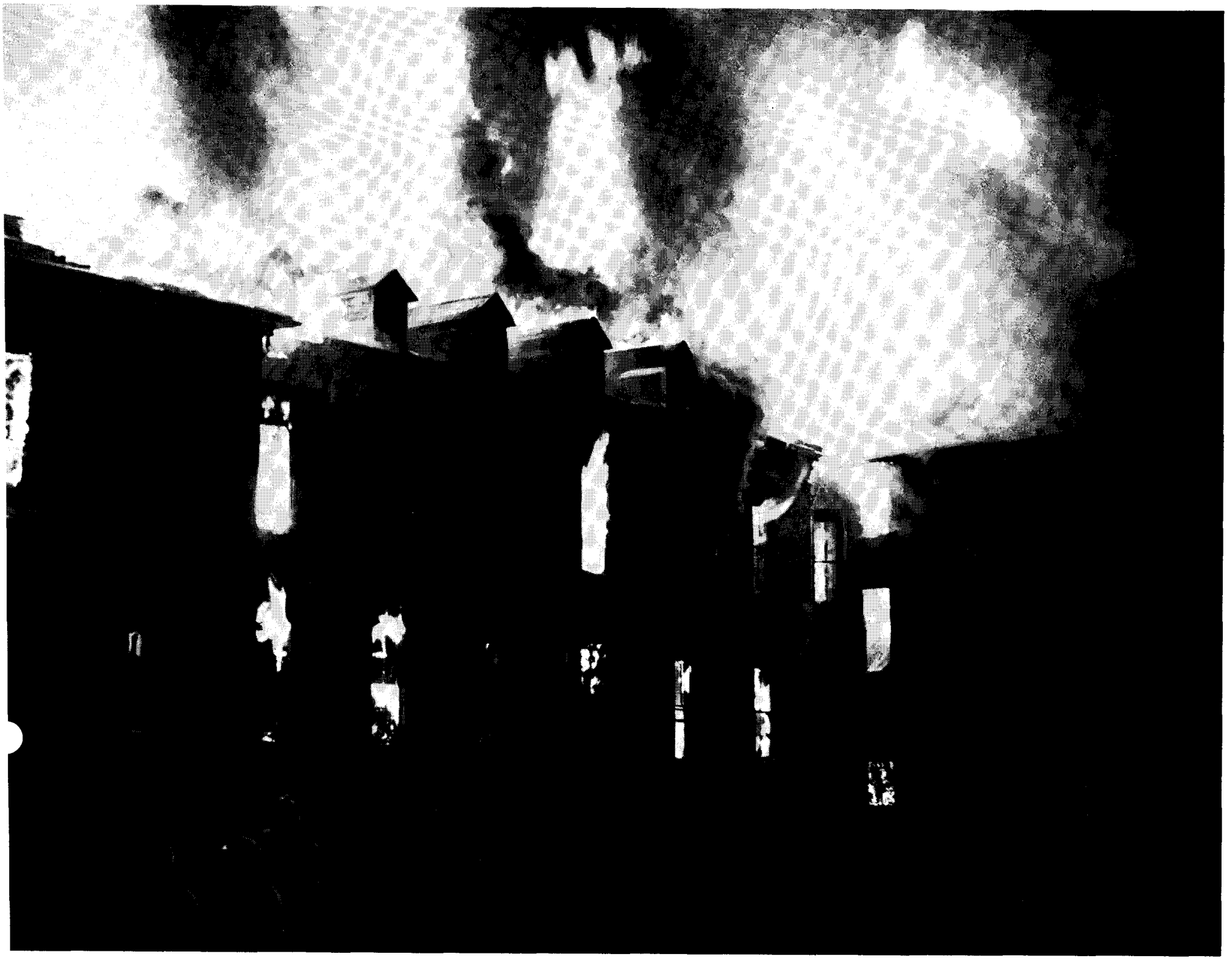

New era for Effingham

Last year Effingham issued licenses for boats having a value of more than $1,125,000. New cottages and homes along 28 miles of wooded shoreline have increased local construction by $700,000. Annual rental on building sites amounts to $525,000. And for the first time in many years new industry is expressing interest in Effingham.

Effingham solved its water problem without the aid of either State or Federal funds. Remarked Mr. Everhart, "It's amazing what people can do when they are faced with no alternative. We hope that other communities will benefit from our experience in Effingham."

Challenge for everyone

How about your town or city? Water shortages are not limited to areas where rainfall is scarce. Even where it is plentiful, pollution can make it worthless. Or it may run off uselessly. Yet, by 1980, our nation will need twice as much water as we are using today.

The water problem is one that must be attacked and solved community by community. Is someone doing the job where you live? If not, maybe *you* should take a hand. For a better understanding of the problem and how it can be erased—send for the new booklet, "Water Crisis, U. S. A." Write Department M, Caterpillar Tractor Co., Peoria, Illinois, U. S. A.

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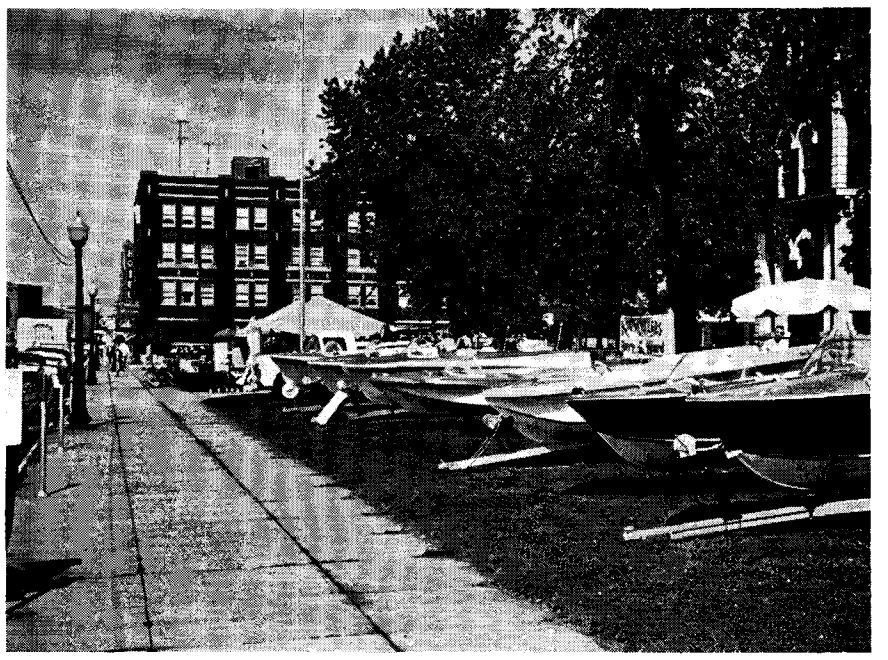

In a town that had no need for boats, water sports and fishing have become favorite pastimes, as shown by this mid-town boat display. Recreation is an extra benefit of Lake Sara, the man-made lake that ended Effingham's water shortage. Covering 2200 acres and holding 4½ billion gallons of water, the lake can store enough water to see the town through a five-year drought.

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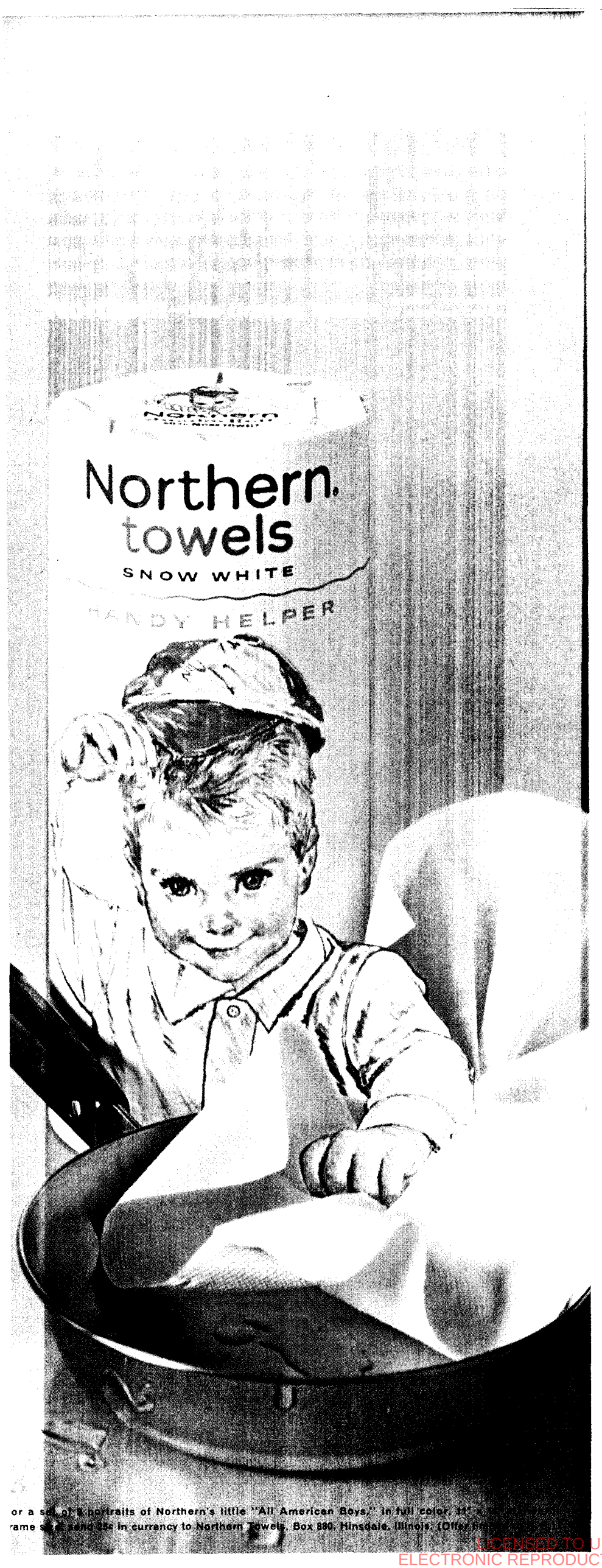

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SPEAKING OUT

they made as children. We can see that even very bad adjustments may have been the best that a helpless child could make. On the other hand, an adult, with his knowledge, experience and general ability to make sensible decisions, is *not* a helpless victim of his parents and the environment they created. To be blunt, if an adult does not like the way he feels his parents have made him, then he should make himself over in a more acceptable image; and if he isn't willing to make the necessary effort, then he should cease blaming his parents.

What logic is there in blaming parents for not doing something for you as a child when you haven't the intelligence to do it for yourself as an adult? Blaming one's parents may be a way station on the road to maturity, but never more than that.

I once had as a patient an intelligent, personable man in his early thirties who presented himself for treatment on the grounds that he was a "failure." During the course of our discussions I learned that, although he was bright and possessed considerable ability, he had started a number of jobs but finished almost none of them. It appeared that the moment success was within his grasp, he would lose interest in that particular effort and quit. After some treatment he announced a discovery. It was not that he "lost interest," he now informed me, but when he was about to attain success he became tense, anxious and depressed, so that he found it necessary to abandon his project in order to rid himself of this intolerable anxiety.

This struck me as a paradox. A person might become depressed and upset if he faced failure, but why should this apply when he was on the threshold of success?

It developed that this man's father had been strict, tyrannical and overcritical. In spite of the father's protestations ("I have to do these things because they are good for you"), there was evidence that he actually disliked his son. Every time the youngster set out to do something, the father would either angrily forbid the child to continue or hedge the project with so many restrictions that the boy became discouraged and put it aside. Any argument, let alone defiance, was too dangerous to attempt, since the father's anger was easily aroused. Beatings were brutal and frequent.

Thus the child was really helpless. To survive in any sort of equilibrium, he could only suppress his anger and frustration and abandon his undertaking. Eventually this pattern became built into his character. In the course of therapy it emerged that his anger, though suppressed at the time, was even greater than his father's. He recalled that on several occasions the thought had flashed through his mind that he would like to kill his father. These thoughts, wrapped in guilt and fear, were pushed to the back of his mind; but gradually he came to equate any success with the killing of his father.

The importance of this case lies in the fact that, as the realization came to the patient of the vicious role his father had played in his life, the more he began to blame him for his troubles. However, he also came to learn that his father had been the victim of a rough upbringing himself and had been left with considerable psychological scar tissue. In time the patient came to say to himself: "I know that success and the killing of my father are not identical. I am a little boy no longer, my father is unable to injure me, and it is possible for me to be successful and to enjoy it." While it wasn't easy for him to win free, he did finally succeed.

In this case the father was largely to blame for the patient's inability to function adequately as an adult. Yet the patient, through understanding and great determination, managed to extricate himself from the quicksand of infantile reflex and go on to become a well-integrated and useful person. So it can be seen that, if a person faces the rather grim fact that only he can help himself, the crippling effects of a tragic childhood can be overcome. But he must go beyond the point of blaming his parents, to the realization that his destiny is in his own hands.

Not too long ago a newspaper carried this headline: JUDGE PAROLES KILLER. BLAMES PARENTS. Such a statement is likely to leave a psychiatrist uneasy. Parents can be "blamed" if that is what a jury or a judge wishes to do, but the real point at issue is what the accused is going to do about it. If he is going to explain all of his malfunctioning as a burden imposed upon him by his parents, he will be a total loss to society and perhaps a continuing menace. But if he tosses aside this burden and goes on to better things, the judge might have some basis for being merciful. But blaming parents—whether the judge or the accused does it—is meaningless.

The Proper Use of Insight

If the value of self-understanding, or insight, seems to have been minimized up to this point, a correction should be made. The better that problems are understood, the more easily they are handled. In fact, many problems that seem to have no solution become relatively simple in the light of knowledge. Take, for example, the case of a small child who is frightened by a ghost. No amount of reassurance on the part of the parents will lessen this terror. However, if the parents can induce the child to go up to the ghost, lift the sheet and discover that the ghost is only a member of the family disguised in a sheet, then the problem is understood and the difficulty automatically solved.

In this very simple analogy the child uses his understanding to settle his problem. If, having understood the situation, the child were to continue to scream in terror, then he obviously is seeking to shift the blame for his terror to someone else rather than make any effort in his own behalf. An adult who blames his parents for his emotional problems is doing precisely the same thing.

After more than twenty-five years of medical practice I have concluded that what everyone wants most of all is to be able to feel that he is a real, whole, complete person in his own right. One may credit his parents for his success or blame them for his failure, but neither course is satisfactory. Either view implies that one is not a whole person, but subject to his parents' influence for his existence. The truly mature man can see the errors of his parents without rancor and appreciate their correct and helpful actions without feeling bound to them. The good actions he can regard as a series of channel buoys, using them to guide his own life successfully.

Regardless of how well or badly our parents prepared us for life, the chances are that they did the best they knew how. Although a reversal of the roles is difficult to imagine, remember that parents were once children too. And they weren't perfect ones either. **THE END**

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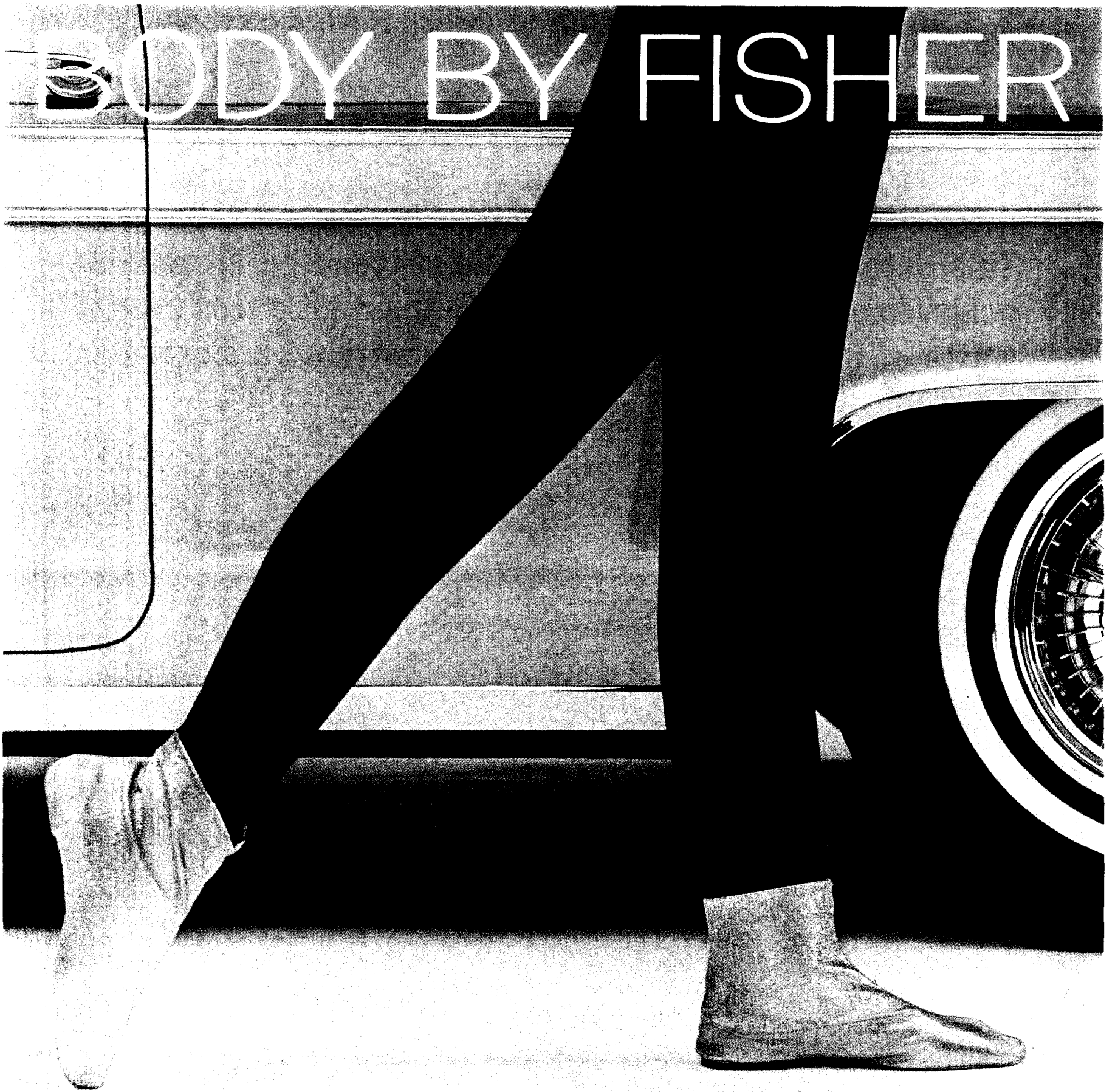

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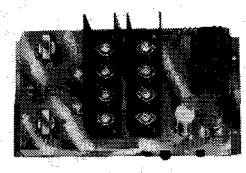
Now—another revolutionary development from **Magnavox...**

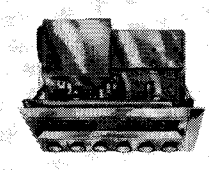
Astro-Sonic Stereo High Fidelity

This astounding new development, exceeding all previous achievements in the re-creation of music, produces over 100 watts of undistorted music power...without a single tube!

STEREO AMPLIFIER—NO TUBES!



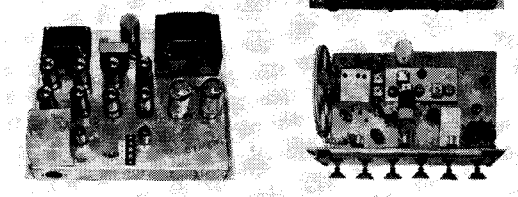
FM, STEREO FM, AND AM RADIO—NO TUBES!



New Astro-Sonic Stereo High Fidelity—100 watts of music power—no tubes—no component-damaging heat—average current less than 60 watts.

FM, STEREO FM, AND AM RADIO—WITH TUBES.

50-WATT AMPLIFIER WITH TUBES.



50-WATT AMPLIFIER WITH TUBES.

1962 Concert Grand Stereo High Fidelity—100 watts of music power requiring 65 tubes and more than 600 watts of current.

Comparison of electronic components in the new Astro-Sonic, using solid state circuitry—a by-product of the government's billion dollar space and missile program—and comparable stereo Hi-Fi radio phonograph using conventional vacuum tubes.

The Astro-Sonic has such great tonal dimension, it can fill a concert hall like a full symphony orchestra—and in your home it can whisper the full beauty of music, or shake the walls with the crescendo of a great symphony.

The Astro-Sonic "100" develops more than 100 watts of music power, yet consumes no more current than the average light bulb—only about 1/10 of a comparable tube set.

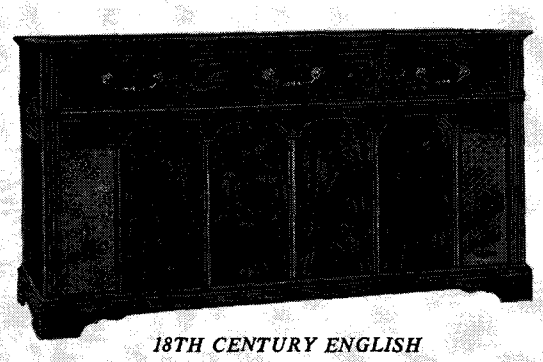
Vacuum tubes and component-damaging heat—the sources of most service troubles—are eliminated. The Astro-Sonic is so reliable that the parts are guaranteed for five years—twenty times as long as the standard industry guarantee for tube sets.

Now solid state circuitry provides greater Stereo FM/AM radio performance and more audio power with ten times the efficiency of a comparable tube set.

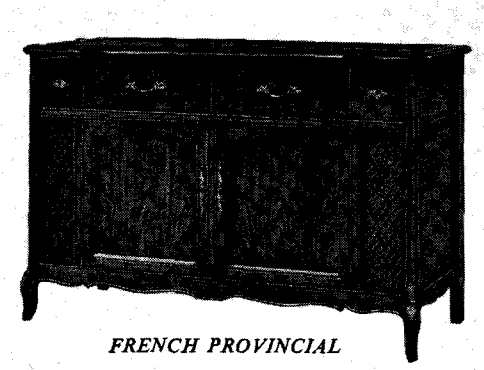
A new MICROMATIC 60 record player completely eliminates pitch distortion—for the turntable speed is as accurate as your electric clock! The new pick-up plays at only 1/10 oz. touch—banishing record and stylus wear. The diamond stylus is guaranteed for ten years, and your records can last a lifetime.

A thrilling demonstration of these superb instruments awaits you at your Magnavox dealer (listed in your Yellow Pages).

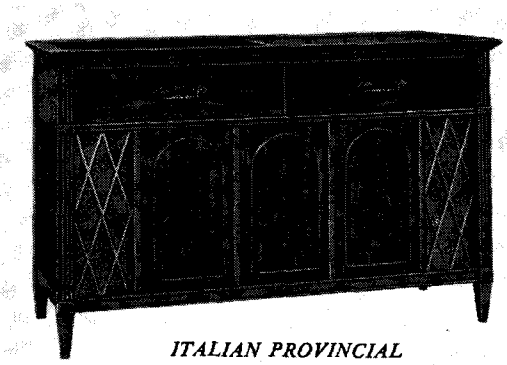
the magnificent **Magnavox**



18TH CENTURY ENGLISH



FRENCH PROVINCIAL



ITALIAN PROVINCIAL

The Astro-Sonic is available in a wide variety of beautiful furniture stylings priced from $550. Other stereo high fidelity consoles from $149.50.

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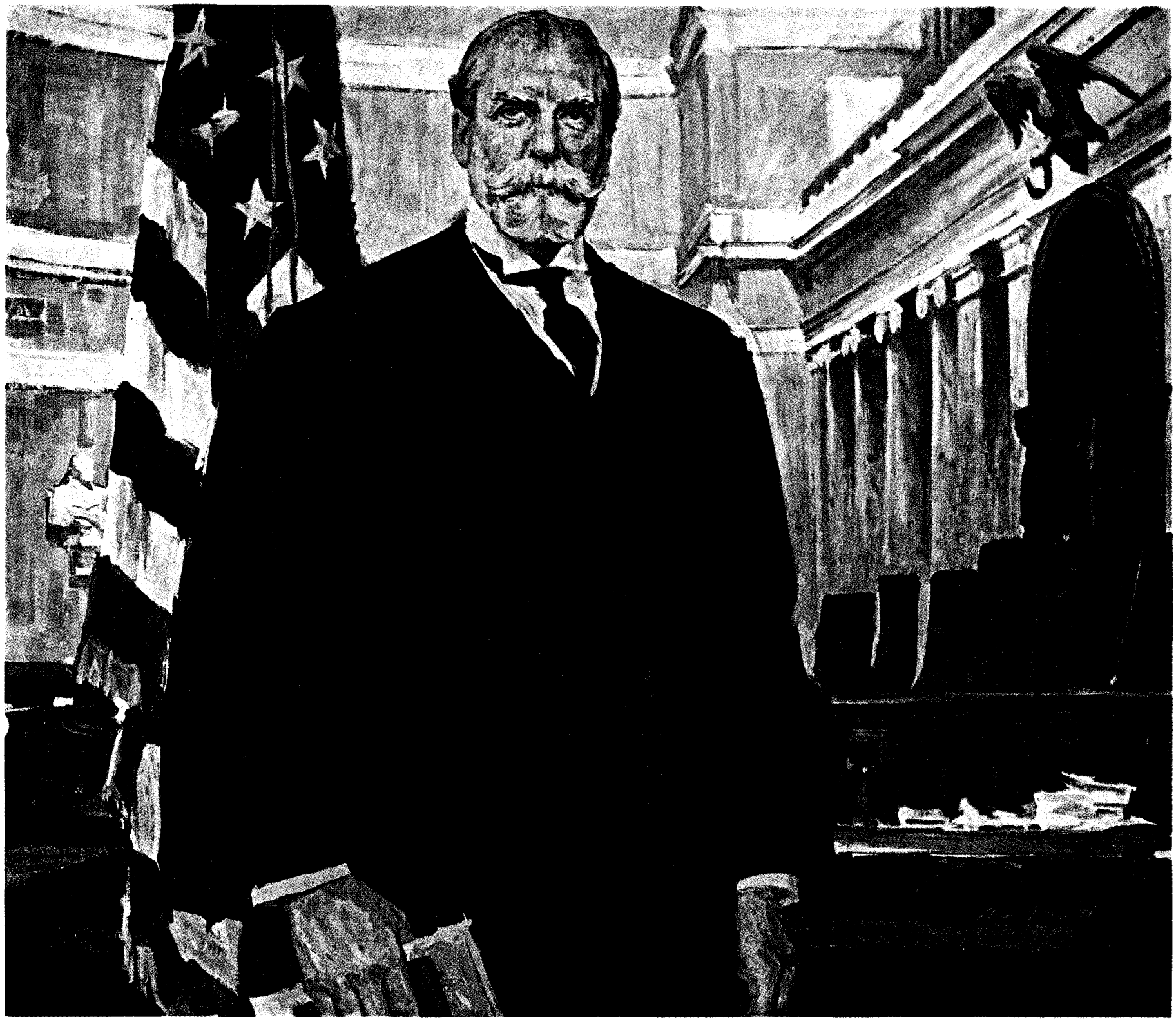
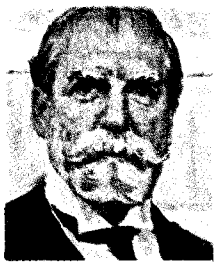


He was the guardian of our liberties...



CHARLES EVANS HUGHES was a man you couldn't label.

Some thought he looked frosty and remote. Later they found he was warm and human.

He was a classical scholar who could read Greek at the age of eight. But he talked in eloquent, plain words that people could understand.

Though often tabbed as a conservative, he fought all his life for liberal causes.

Such was the man—born just 100 years ago—who was Governor of New York, Associate Justice of the U.S. Supreme Court, candidate for President, Secretary of State, Judge of the Permanent Court of International Justice, and finally Chief Justice of the United States.

As a lawyer, he won often by thoroughness of preparation. In building his case, no research was too great for him, no detail too small to be considered.

He learned to know the Constitution just as well. He believed it had to live and grow with the times. Again and again in his decisions, he showed that the basic law of the land could keep pace with progress.

A free society—if it is to endure—needs men like Hughes. Men who will be fully informed on complex problems and think straight about them. Men who aren't afraid to do battle for good causes. Men for whom even-handed justice is a passion and good government a life work.

Hughes had a brilliant mind. But what made him truly great was the greatness of his heart.

FOUNDED 1862 JOHN HANCOCK STILL MAKES INDEPENDENCE POSSIBLE

John Hancock 100 YEARS

JOHN HANCOCK MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

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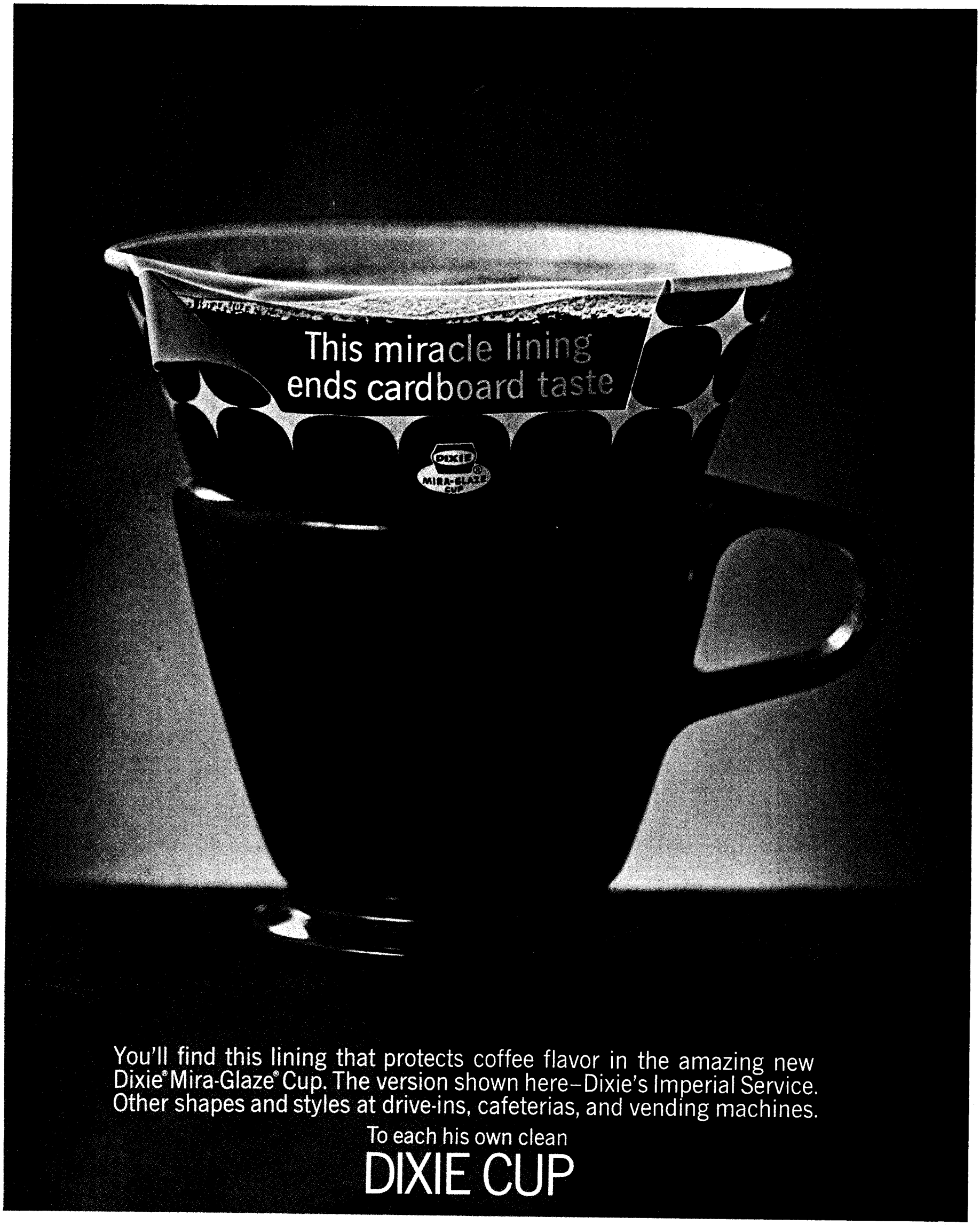

You'll find this lining that protects coffee flavor in the amazing new Dixie® Mira-Glaze® Cup. The version shown here–Dixie's Imperial Service. Other shapes and styles at drive-ins, cafeterias, and vending machines.

To each his own clean

DIXIE CUP

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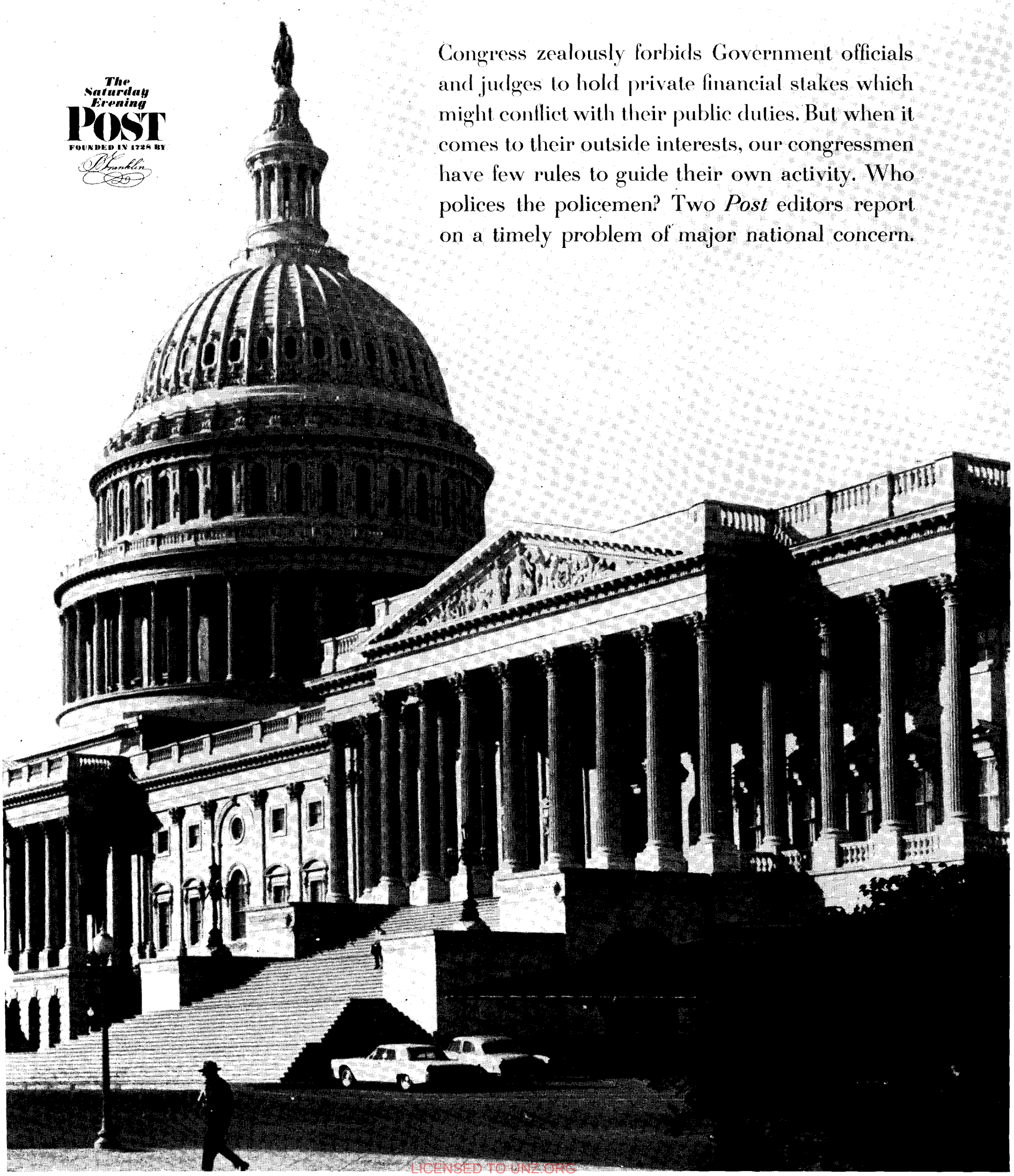
CONFLICT of INTEREST

Can Congress crack down on its own members?

The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY B. Franklin

Congress zealously forbids Government officials and judges to hold private financial stakes which might conflict with their public duties. But when it comes to their outside interests, our congressmen have few rules to guide their own activity. Who polices the policemen? Two *Post* editors report on a timely problem of major national concern.



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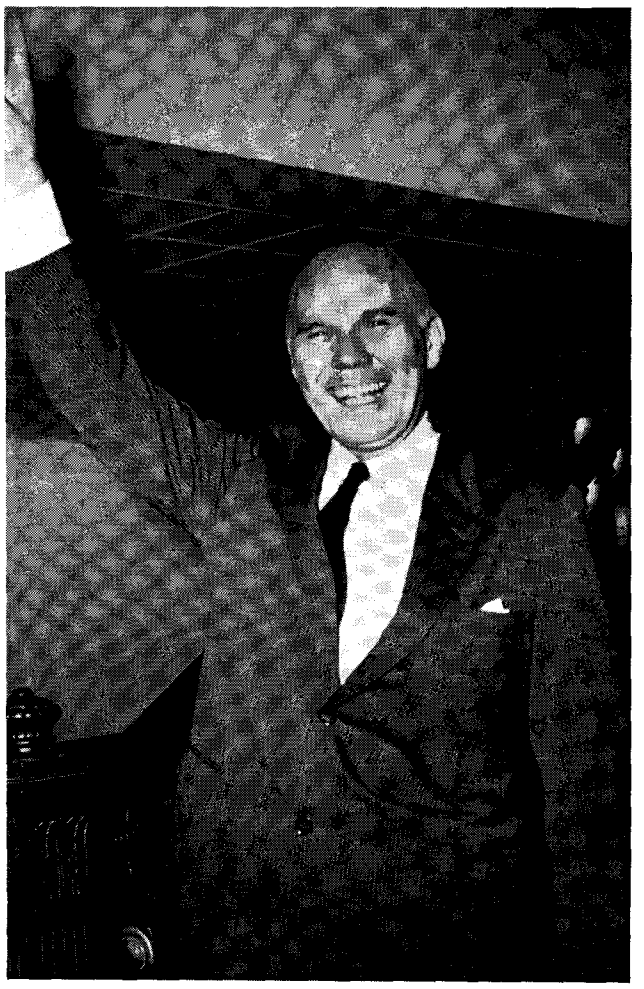
By BEN H. BAGDIKIAN and DON OBERDORFER

Two *Post* editors spent more than a month interviewing nearly 40 key members of Congress and many other Washington experts for the most extensive report ever on this touchy subject. Lawmakers generally were not eager to talk about their private businesses. Yet the majority spoke frankly, even though many of them seemed to be wandering without guidelines in a thicket of intertwined public and private interests.



Congressman Thomas F. Johnson, indicted in conflict-of-interest case, radiates his confidence in outcome.

At 2:10 on the afternoon of October 16 the foreman of a Federal grand jury in Baltimore rose to announce that he and his colleagues had reached a decision. Minutes later reporters rushed from the courtroom with the news that Congressmen Frank W. Boykin of Alabama and Thomas F. Johnson of Maryland had been indicted on charges of conspiring to defraud the Government and using their offices for private profit. Boykin and Johnson, who share the dubious historical honor of being the first two members of Congress ever indicted in a single case, promptly declared their innocence and now await trial. But the case has proved shocking to many of their fellow citizens.

An increasingly familiar phrase, "conflict of interest," dominated the newspaper accounts. There is nothing novel about the problem of conflict of interest, or the confusion in an official's mind or in the minds of his countrymen over whether he is acting for the public good or for his own. For years Congress has played the zealous watchdog of conflict of interest—so long as it concerned other branches of Government. To make certain that appointed administrators and judges have no private interests that might tempt them from their public duty, the Senate and House have investigated, interrogated and passed strict laws.

How to Make Money on the Side

The Boykin-Johnson indictments, first in 14 years against a Federal lawmaker on conflict-of-interest grounds, raise an insistent question: Who watches the watchdog? The moment one begins the search for the answer he becomes enmeshed in a vast cobweb of public and private pressures and interests that are spun about a congressman. To distinguish a conflict of interest from an innocuous business pursuit in this tangle is one of the most difficult matters ahead for the Eighty-eighth Congress, and it is all the more pressing because of the furor over Boykin and Johnson.

We have recently talked at length with key members of Congress, lobbyists and other experts, looking into vexing situations and searching the records for guidelines. Three worrisome conclusions stand out:

1. Practically all members of Congress make money on the side.

2. There is no single code of ethics to tell them when in the pursuit of outside income they compromise their public duty. The conflict-of-interest laws covering Congress, most of which date from Civil War times and have rarely been tested in the courts, aren't much help either.

3. Each man we talked to insisted he is handling his outside business in an ethical way, yet almost everyone follows a different set of rules. As the late Senator Richard L. Neuberger of Oregon once wrote of his colleagues in this connection, "All are only doing what comes naturally."

Our studies convinced us that a small minority of lawmakers seem unable to make significant distinctions between their public responsibilities and their private stakes. A similarly small minority make such severe distinctions that they have almost retired from private financial activity. But a majority of those we saw seemed to be wandering in a thicket of intertwined public and private interests. Attitudes varied sharply. One congressman angrily ended the conversation when asked about his business activities. A senator refused even to see us and then began exerting himself in an unsuccessful effort to discourage his mention in this article. But these were exceptions. Most lawmakers discussed their own private businesses frankly and thoughtfully. Many seemed sincerely troubled by the manifold possibilities for abuse or the appearance of abuse.

Among those we talked to—before the indictment—was Congressman Boykin. Congressman Johnson declined to see us. We were interested in their dealings with savings-and-loan and real-estate operators, including an ex-convict named J. Kenneth Edlin. Later the grand jury charged that the congressmen used their official influence to try to persuade the Justice Department to postpone or drop a mail-fraud indictment pending against Edlin. The grand jury said that, separately or together, the congressmen made contact with Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy or his assistant in charge of criminal cases a total of 36 times in an eight-month period. Sometimes these contacts were almost daily and sometimes twice in the same day. As part of their conspiracy with Edlin, the grand jury charged, Johnson received $24,918 and Boykin participated profitably in a $3,250,000 land transaction.

Boykin and Johnson were charged with conspiring to obstruct justice and defraud the United States of its right to the honest service of congressmen. Johnson was accused of violating another statute, one of the rarely invoked conflict-of-interest laws, which forbids a congressman from appearing for pay before a Federal department. Boykin was charged with abetting him in this.

In our interview, the 77-year-old Boykin, a flamboyant Alabaman whose motto is "Everything is made for love," seemed utterly puzzled that we should ask how he kept his private interests separate from his public duties. "I've never sold a nickel's worth to the Government, not one copper," he drawled.

As for contacting Federal agencies about the business of friends or associates, he appeared unable to see any problem. He was, he said, only doing his normal duty.

Racetrack on Federal Property

We also asked Boykin about another case, not involved in any court action, when he went to bat for close friends who wanted to use some valuable Coast Guard property at the tip of the Fort Morgan peninsula off Mobile Bay, Alabama. Boykin is ranking member of a House subcommittee with almost life-and-death powers over the Coast Guard. After his intercession with the Coast Guard on June 27, 1961, a private group headed by Boykin's future administrative assistant and Boykin's private lawyer obtained a remarkable concession. The Coast Guard signed a contract allowing use of its property for 99 years as the site of a boat marina and racetrack. Gambling is against state law in Alabama, but this racetrack was to be on Federal land outside of state control. When the Justice and Treasury departments got wind of this bizarre deal, the red-faced Coast Guard quietly canceled the contract.

Congressman Boykin and his family own most of the nearby land on the same peninsula as the Coast Guard property. When we asked him if the

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"All are only doing what comes naturally"—a senator.

value of his own holdings might have been affected by the proposed deal, he said everything the Government does "affects somebody's land." He saw no ethical problem in his trip to Coast Guard headquarters on behalf of his friends. "I'd go with anybody," Boykin said with an expansive wave of his hand. He said he did not know that his friends had planned a racetrack.

Congressman Boykin was retired this year by the voters of Alabama, but the problem of overlapping public and private interests continues to plague those who will return to Congress. Regardless of the outcome of the Boykin-Johnson indictments, many conscientious members of Congress will find themselves troubled. Legality is only one aspect of the problem. Equally important, and perhaps more difficult, is the problem of congressional behavior which may be perfectly legal but so lacking in propriety, or even the appearance of propriety, that the average citizen may believe his Government to be tainted.

Plumping for Clients and Pals

Who is to determine what is right and what is not? Consider such situations as these:

1. Congressman Emanuel Celler of New York, chairman of the House Judiciary Committee, used congressional stationery to ask the Port of New York Authority to grant concessions to his private law clients. When Celler's committee investigated the agency 12 years later the old letters were released by the Port Authority in an attempt to discredit the inquiry.

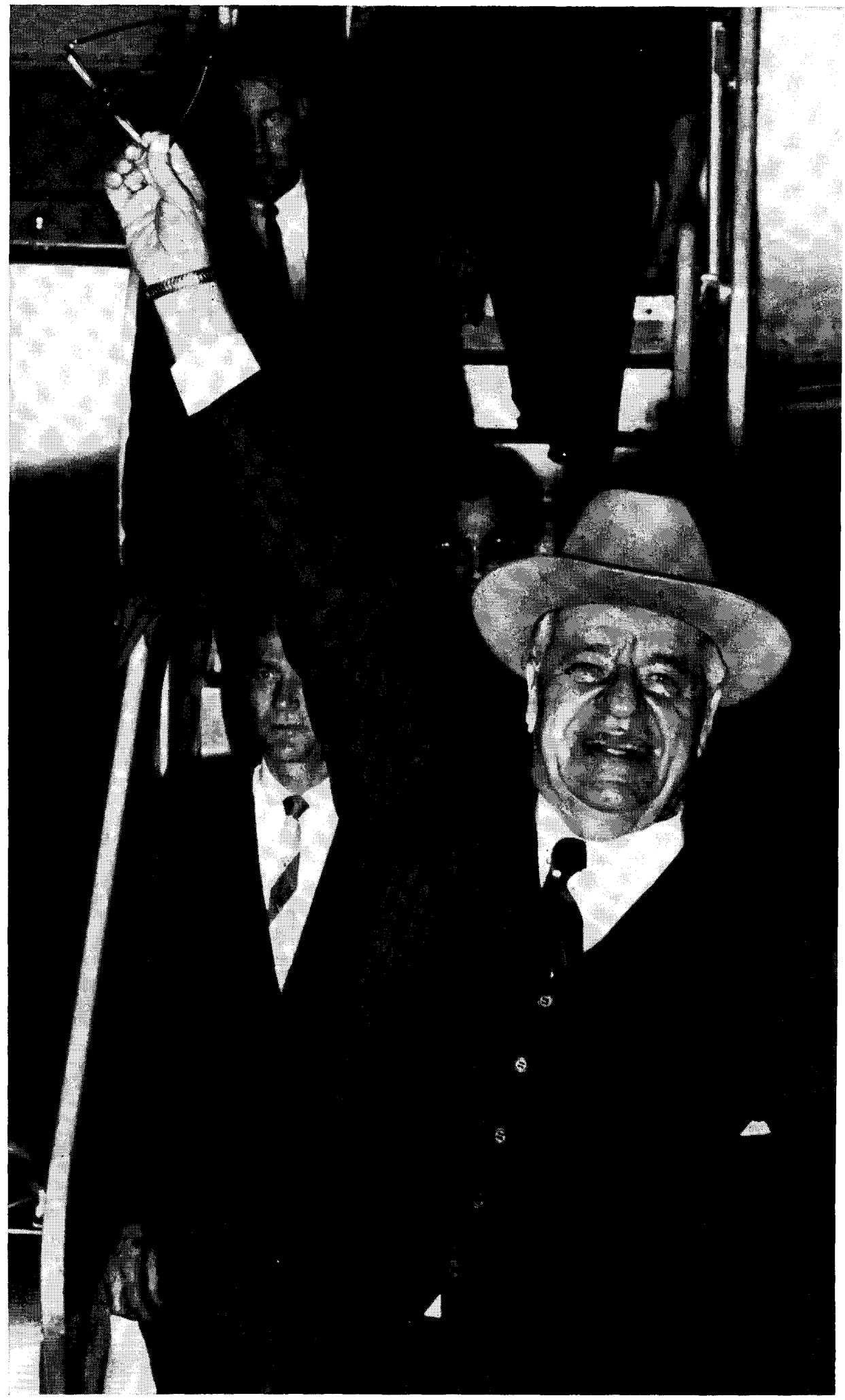
2. Congressman Francis E. Walter of Pennsylvania, second only to Celler on the same committee, used his congressional office staff, official stationery and Government-paid telegrams to badger Treasury officials in their case against Walter's private law client. Walter says he received no fee for these services. It is a crime for a member of Congress to take a case for pay before an agency of the Federal Government.

3. Congressman Adam Clayton Powell of New York, who is financially interested in an insurance firm, attempted to use a congressional dining room at the Capitol to launch this private business venture. Denied this official facility, he moved his business luncheon downtown. Powell is chairman of the Committee on Education and Labor, which writes legislation involving millions of dollars in union pension and welfare funds.

4. Congressman James Roosevelt of California appeared before a Senate committee to urge defeat of restrictions on "non-Federal" savings-and-loan firms. According to his own testimony, he had been hired six weeks earlier by such a firm as its board chairman at $6,000 a year.

5. Congressman H. Carl Andersen of Minnesota successfully led a fight against legislation providing that only widows and children of mentally incompetent veterans could inherit the Government-paid portions of their estates. Congressman Andersen introduced an amendment to include brothers and sisters. When it came to light that the congressman, as a brother of a mentally incompetent veteran, would benefit from his own amendment, he abstained from the key vote. But his actions helped kill the restriction.

6. Former Senator John W. Bricker of Ohio, while chairman of the Senate Commerce Committee, with jurisdiction over railroad legislation,



Congressman Frank W. Boykin arrives in Mobile after his indictment. He quickly posted $10,000 bond and, the same day, received his city's Outstanding Citizen Award.

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For years Congress has played the zealous watchdog . . .

took regular payments from his law firm back home, which in turn accepted large fees from the Pennsylvania Railroad.

7. Senator Thomas J. Dodd of Connecticut, while a member of the House of Representatives, successfully led the fight for a $5,000,000 increase in foreign-aid funds for Guatemala. Less than a year later, after a defeat at the polls, Dodd began drawing on a $100,000 contract as an attorney for Guatemala. Sheldon Z. Kaplan, a staff member of the House Foreign Affairs Committee who had helped Dodd with the Guatemala aid program, quit his Government job to share in this contract. After Dodd was elected to the Senate and renounced the uncollected portion of his fee, Kaplan became Guatemala's Washington lobbyist.

Comparable cases in the executive branch of the Government would be roundly condemned by many members of Congress who would hesitate to criticize the same behavior among their own colleagues. Such members see Congress as playing a different role in government, with different duties and different standards.

They're Only Flesh and Blood

It is certainly true that Congress is different, and there is plenty of room for argument about just what its standards should be. But the situation is ready-made for a legislator's public duties to become entangled with his private financial stakes, in view of these facts of congressional life:

First, a congressman or senator is a man of immense power. On the floor he can vote and urge his colleagues to vote his way. But this is only the beginning. On his committees and subcommittees he can take a personal hand in shaping minute details of the nation's laws and policies, often at sessions closed to the public. If he is a senior member, he can probably investigate anyone or anything he chooses. Government agencies listen to him with respect because they depend on Congress for their authority to exist, their money, their manpower. (Agencies have sometimes suffered drastic cuts in money or authority because some influential member of Congress was displeased.) Because of all these things, a member of Congress can get the ear of almost any official in the Government, including the President himself. It is doubtful that Congressmen Boykin and Johnson could have had audiences with the Attorney General had they been ordinary citizens.

Second, each member is, despite his official powers, a flesh-and-blood person with a family, perhaps a mortgage, a bank account, children in college, usually some investments or some debts, and with all the normal desires for gracious living and personal security.

Though each of them is paid the seemingly generous salary of $22,500 a year plus certain expenses, most members of Congress are unable to live on their official pay. For one thing, they have large campaign expenses every two years in the House and every six in the Senate. In a hotly contested race these often run to hundreds of thousands of dollars. For another, almost every lawmaker has unusual living expenses, maintaining a residence back home and one in Washington, shuttling back and forth many times a year (though only one round trip is Government-paid) and at both ends carefully nurturing a reputation among his constituents as a gracious host and selfless philanthropist.

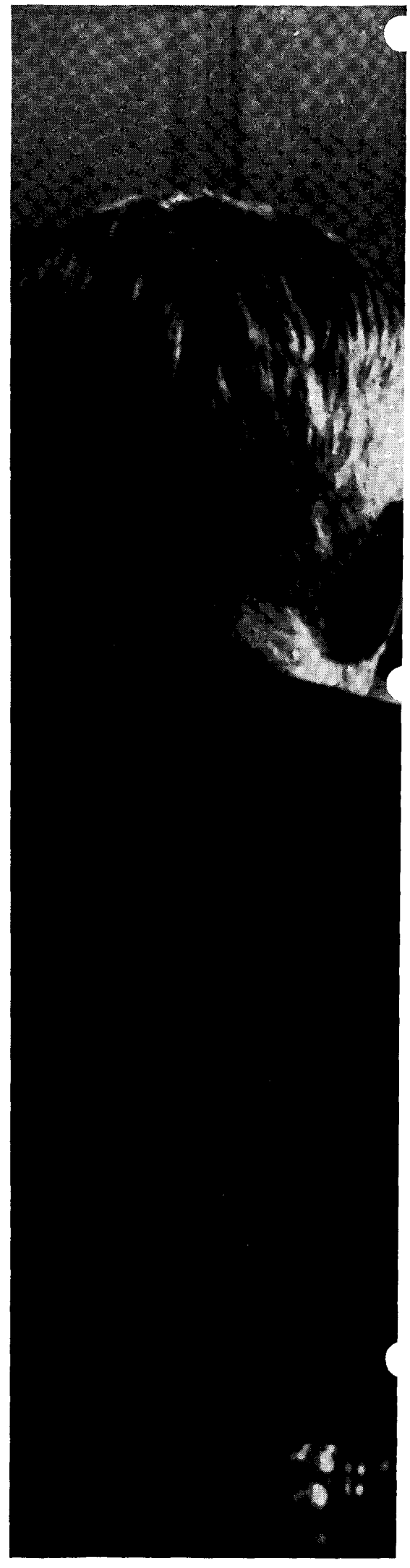
A third fact of life is that every congressman and senator is the target of powerful political and economic forces: business, labor unions, religious groups, foreign governments, special pleaders of every sort. In the American legislative process such groups have a right and a need to put their views before Congress, and the legislators on their side have a right and a need to listen. Some groups watch Congress with meticulous care, even stationing "Senate-sitters" to inhabit the public gallery of that body with the sole function of telephoning the employer the moment any senator begins to speak ill of the group's special interest. (Within minutes, interested senators can be descending on the Senate chamber to man the defense.)

In the conventional analysis, the Congress is divided into so many Democrats and so many Republicans, so many liberals and conservatives, Southerners and Northerners. But watchful lobbyists who seek the keys to votes may be more interested in a member's ties outside. (Lobbyists have been known to approach a congressman through the bankers who hold his loans or through his family doctor.) There are well-guarded lists of congressmen who have financial ties to savings-and-loan institutions. Lobbyists are interested in which members are bankers, or the counsels to banks, and which are farmers, insurance men or closely allied with labor unions. Because more than half the members of Congress are lawyers, there is considerable interest in who their private clients might be.

But Should They Be Impartial?

In such a pressure-charged situation, how can lawmakers protect both their incomes and their honor? What should their standards be? The present laws seem to say that no member of Congress may ask or receive outside compensation for an official act. But precisely what is "compensation"—a campaign contribution? A fee to his law firm? A business deal? A free vacation? And what is an official act—a telephone call to an administrative agency? A sympathetic speech in Congress? Persuasion of colleagues in a committee? It would take the courts to determine such interpretations, yet until last month's grand-jury action in the cases of Congressmen Boykin and Johnson there had been in this century only four previous indictments of congressmen on conflict-of-interest charges. Even if the present laws should prove in court to be as strict as they sound, there are still vast areas of congressional behavior in which there is no law at all, no informal code of conduct, nor even any general agreement among members themselves over what is proper and improper. For example, no one thinks a congressman should disqualify himself from taking any part in shaping an insurance-taxation measure simply because he owns an ordinary insurance policy. But should there be a different rule if he is president of a large insurance company? These are questions of degree. Where should the lines be drawn?

Inside the Congress itself, there are two schools of thought on the seriousness of this problem. Each group tends to have a different view of the role of a member of Congress in society. One group holds that a congressman should sit as a sort of impartial judge above the hurly-burly of the ax-grinders. In this view, a member should have as few personal financial ties as possible. If



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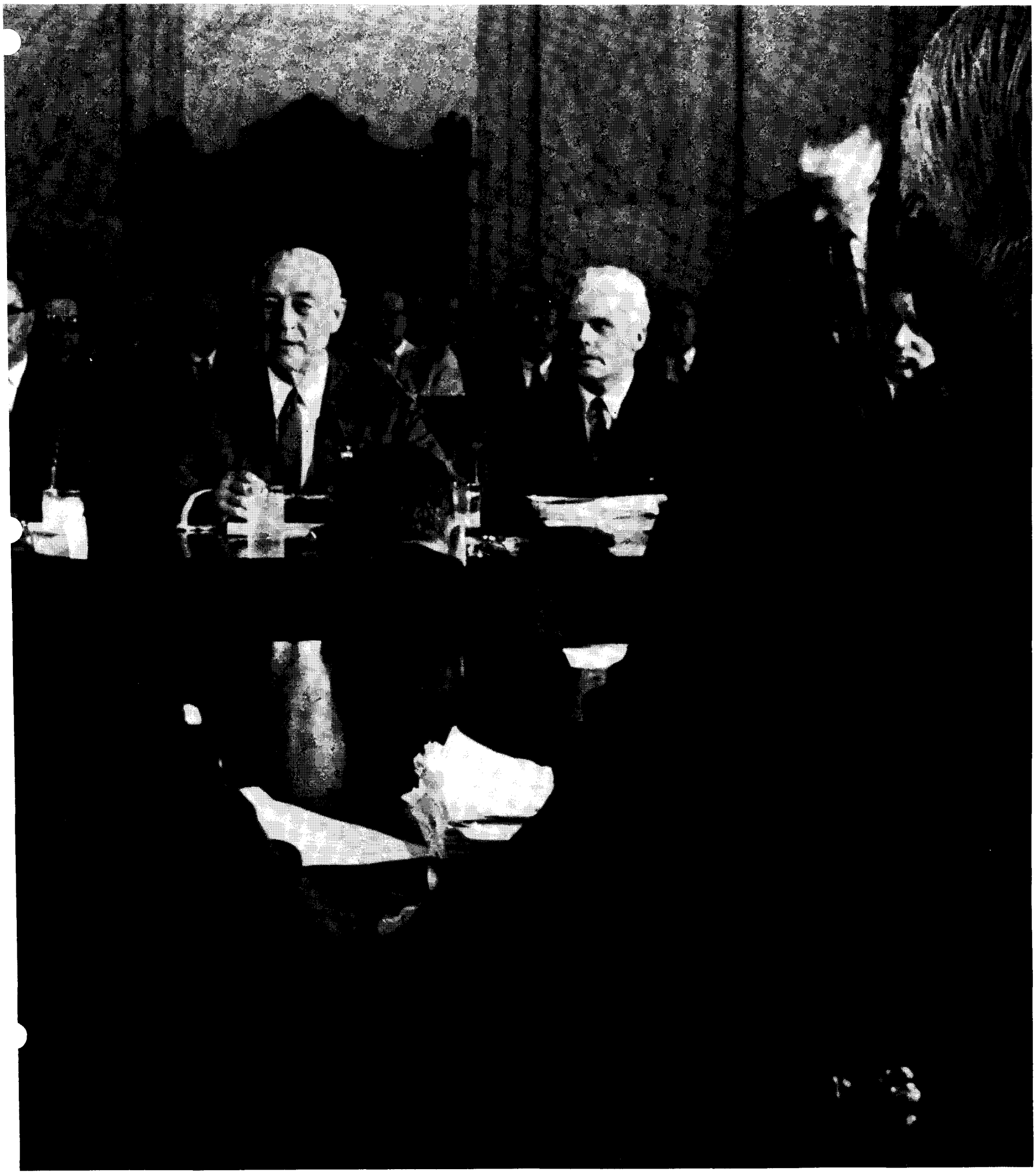
so long as it concerned other branches of Government



An example of congressional severity with others: former Treasury Secretary George Humphrey being grilled about his company's Government contracts.

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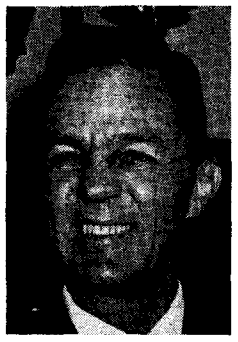
What one considers ethical strikes another as wrong.



Senator Clark: He revealed his wealth.

Senator Scott: He swiftly followed suit.

A New Precedent?

One possible solution to the problem of hidden interests is for every member of Congress, or every candidate for Congress, to reveal his finances to his fellows and the public. Plainly the idea is not popular in Congress—yet neither is it unknown.

On September 6, Democrat Joseph Clark of Pennsylvania rose in the Senate and disclosed his list of stocks and bonds. "During this session of Congress," Clark said, "there has been a great deal of criticism because of our efforts to impose rigorous conflict-of-interest restrictions on the executive branch of the Government and on nominees to judicial offices. We have been rather strict in that regard. But with respect to ourselves, I think it only fair to say that we have been lax. . . . I think it desirable that [colleagues and the public] know what securities senators hold and from what sources they derive their outside income, if any."

Clark's holdings, in addition to U.S. Government bonds and municipal bonds, included oil royalties and common stock in the following companies:

American Telephone and Telegraph, Armstrong Cork, Avery Island Inc., Campbell Soup, First Pennsylvania Banking and Trust, Franklin Life Insurance, Friends Suburban Housing, Insurance Company of North America, International Business Machines, Johns-Manville, Modern Community Developers, Oxford Paper, Penguin Books, Rohm and Haas, Scott Paper, Sel-Rex Corp.

The following day Clark's Republican colleague from Pennsylvania, Senator Hugh Scott, published *his* holdings, which he described as "less than five percent of those of my senior colleague."

Scott's list was:

United States "E" bonds, Anken Chemical, Champion Spark Plug, Burroughs, General Motors, State of Israel Bond Issue, Simulmatics, United States Steel, National Bank of Fredericksburg (Virginia), Capitol Hill Associates, City Tavern Association.

"When Clark disclosed his list," Scott told authors Bagdikian and Oberdorfer, "it put me in an untenable position. In some future campaign someone might ask me, if Clark made his stocks public, why didn't I?"

he has a personal interest, he should withdraw from all activity on the subject or announce his interest so all will know. Congressman Robert W. Kastenmeier of Wisconsin, an exponent of this position, disposed of his small real-estate and insurance business when he came to Congress, and gave up his law practice, taking out an inactive membership in the bar association. "Congress," he says, "is a full-time job." And Senator Stephen Young of Ohio sold his stocks in two sugar companies and an airline when his committee assignments gave him special powers in these fields. At the same time, he made available a list of his remaining stock holdings.

The other school of thought takes the quite different view that a congressman inevitably will have, and even ought to have, personal financial interests of all sorts. The outside income, in this view, makes him more financially secure and hence more truly independent. At the same time, his financial interests give him practical experience in the marketplace which is valuable in the legislative process. If his outside business should predispose a lawmaker in one direction, according to this theory, his weight will be balanced by other congressmen whose fiscal ties will predispose them in the opposite direction.

The living embodiment of this theory of congressional involvement is Senator Robert S. Kerr of Oklahoma, a multimillionaire oil-and-gas producer (chairman of the board, Kerr-McGee Oil Industries Inc.) and, through his corporations, the largest single supplier of uranium to the Atomic Energy Commission ($180,000,000 in the last three years), the largest deep-water oil driller in the world, owner of the world's largest herd of Aberdeen Angus cattle and of vast stretches of the Oklahoma landscape. He also has millions of dollars invested in helium, potash, television stations, farming and banking. "Hell," he says, "I'm in everything."

A Senator Asks, "What Problem?"

Kerr has been called "the most powerful man in the Senate." He is chairman of the Aeronautical and Space Committee and ranking member of the Public Works and Finance committees (the latter writes tax laws). As panjandrum of the petroleum bloc in Congress he has led battles to free natural-gas producers from Federal price regulation and to preserve the oil industry's lucrative depletion allowance.

Does Senator Kerr see any conflict-of-interest problem in all this?

"Problem?" he roars. "Problem?" He sticks his thumb under a diamond-studded lapel pin that reads KERR-MCGEE, FOUNDER, and declaims in a voice that echoes down the corridors of the Capitol, "I'm proud of it. I founded this company, and I wear this badge right out in the open. I repudiate the intimation that a member of Congress has a conflict of interest with his government in any vote he casts. I know of no one who votes his personal interests in votes he casts."

The idea of abstaining from voting is as abhorrent to him as abandoning a live well.

"Now wouldn't it be a hell of a thing," Kerr asks, "if the senator from Oklahoma couldn't vote for the things Oklahomans are most interested in? If everyone abstained on grounds of personal interest, I doubt if you could get a quorum in the United States Senate on any subject."

Senator Kerr believes his voters know enough about him to judge for themselves. This view is held by many other members, including such leaders as Senate Democratic leader Mike Mansfield and Senate Republican leader Everett Dirksen. "A man has to face his constituency every election; his opponents are quick to bring up any conflict of interest," Senator Mansfield says.

This is unquestionably true for so flamboyant a figure as Senator Kerr or for other owner-legislators whose businesses are widely known. It is certainly no secret to their constituents that Senator B. Everett Jordan of North Carolina (who fights for textile legislation) is the owner of a large textile mill: that Senator Barry Goldwater of Arizona is chairman of the board of his family's department store; that Senator Harry Byrd of Virginia is the nation's (and probably the world's) largest apple grower; that Senator Wallace Bennett of Utah heads a fire-insurance company and automobile dealership; that Senator Clinton Anderson of New Mexico is president of a casualty-insurance firm.

How Big Is a Small Sum of Money?

But what of more subtle forms of ownership, as of stocks? It is safe to say that most members of Congress own stocks and bonds, but their holdings are known, usually, only to themselves and their brokers. Though congressmen tend to dismiss their private stockholdings as "insignificant" or "not very large" or "nothing to be concerned about," there is evidence that the matter is not as piddling as it seems.

"How much do you mean by 'not very large'?" we asked one unconcerned member.

He replied that before the recent stock-market slump his holdings were worth "only $96,000" and now have a market value of $63,000—small enough compared to the holdings of some members and yet hardly a trifle to be forgotten.

A member of Congress of our acquaintance got the point most forcefully some years ago when, as a freshman representative, he announced to his colleagues that he would abstain from voting on an oil-tax measure because he owned oil stock. Afterward colleagues crowded around and expressed sentiments typified by one who asked, "What the hell are you trying to do—make us look bad?" This annoyance changed to hilarity when they discovered that his holdings were 204 shares—ridiculously small, by their standards.

It does not always follow, of course, that a member of Congress votes in favor of his stock interest. Senators Joseph Clark of Pennsylvania and Stephen Young of Ohio regularly cosponsor a bill to reduce the oil-depletion allowance. Much of Senator Clark's private income derives from oil, and he estimates that if his bill succeeds it will cost him from $10,000 to $25,000 a year in gross income. Senator Young says his oil-stock holdings are worth about $200,000.

Even when conscientious members of Congress recognize obvious conflicts of interest in their stockholdings, it isn't easy for them to decide what to do. Last year Senator Kenneth Keating of New York, who owns du Pont stock, faced the problem of a pending bill to alleviate tax hardships facing du Pont stockholders affected by a Supreme Court antitrust decision. Keating

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Many see law practice as a bonus.

informed constituents who wrote him that he was onsidering abstaining on this bill because of his personal shares. Four constituent-stockholders praised him for his scrupulous concern, but more than 100 wrote back angrily that he was irresponsible.

"Your duty to represent me," wrote an elderly woman, "is preeminent to any incidental interest you might have because of du Pont ownership." In the end he voted in favor of the tax relief, which became law.

Perhaps the most subtle and troublesome form of congressional moonlighting is the outside practice of law. A total of 307 of the 537 members of the 87th Congress are attorneys. As such they provide an important body of knowledge and tradition in a government of laws. But they also constitute the largest single problem in conflict of interest, and not simply because of their numbers. One trouble is the striking similarity between what a member of Congress normally does without pay for a constituent (jogging an executive agency, introducing a special bill) and what he might do as a lawyer on behalf of a private client. The difficulty is increased by the traditional and legal curtain around the lawyer-client relationship. And "legal services" are vague enough to become an ideal conduit for political payoffs in the guise of perfectly proper fees.

In Court They Have Power

When a lawyer is elected to Congress his value as an attorney is often dramatically increased. His mere presence in certain types of cases can be as persuasive as any argument.

Senator Keating, while a member of the House of Representatives, was asked to appear for less than an hour before the Interstate Commerce Commission to urge that a New York friend be allowed to abandon a small railroad that he owned. A favorable decision would be worth a net profit of $1,000,000, and Keating was offered a fee of $40,000 for a perfunctory appearance as a lawyer. When Keating began to object that there were problems involved, he was quickly told, "Ken, I'm sure you can get $50,000." Keating explained that it is a crime for a congressman to appear for pay before a Government agency. He said he would appear without fee, which he did. Thus he could have earned in one hour four times his annual pay as a member of Congress at that time.

There is an astonishing variety of methods by which lawyer-legislators run their private legal practices. Some merely keep their names on the door, in many cases continuing to draw income. Those who maintain active practice have various standards about Federal work and about practice in Federal courts. And there are many different rules governing the law partners of the congressman-attorney, what cases they can accept and how the common revenues are to be divided. What one member considers to be perfectly ethical strikes the next one as a highly improper manner of working at the law on the side.

One of the most intriguing legal mechanisms is that employed by Chairman Celler of the House Judiciary Committee. He and his 40 law associates occupy the entire twenty-second floor, and part of the fourteenth floor, of the Paramount Building in New York City. A visitor to these impressive quarters encounters two bronze plaques facing each other near the main entrance. One says, "Weisman, Celler, Allan, Spett and Sheinberg." The other answers back, "Weisman, Allan, Spett and Sheinberg."

The congressman explains that all Federal-tax controversies and other Government-involved cases go at once to the firm in which he does not share. Other cases go to the firm with Celler, but, as the congressman notes, one never knows where a case will end. "If it develops a Federal connection I do no more work on it, and the fee is divided on that basis."

Congressman Celler has been a leading expert on conflict-of-interest rules for the executive branch, drafting the new laws to govern this field and investigating executive officials suspected of improper conduct. But of conflict of interest in Congress he declares, "I don't think the problem is very serious."

Success of Smathers' Law Firm

Senator George Smathers of Florida is an interesting example of a member of Congress whose law firm back home has grown in importance as his power as a legislator has increased. When Smathers first came to the Senate in 1951 the firm represented Pan American World Airways and a number of insurance companies and local corporations. Thereafter, as its listings in legal directories show, it branched out in new directions.

Additional clients included the airline of one Latin American dictator (Somoza of Nicaragua) and the steamship line of another (Trujillo of the Dominican Republic). Others included Gulf Oil Corporation, Standard Oil Company, Western Union Telegraph Company, McKesson and Robbins (drugs), Anheuser-Busch breweries and the Seaboard Air Line Railroad, which paid the firm $134,096 in legal fees and expenses in 1959–61 and is now listed first among its clients.

In the Senate Smathers has been a prominent spokesman on Latin American affairs. He is a member of the Finance Committee, which writes tax and reciprocal-trade laws, and of the Commerce Committee, where he is a member of the subcommittee on aviation and has been chairman of the special subcommittee on railroads. His work in pushing through a railroad-aid bill in 1958 earned him the accolade of *The New York Times* as "dapper champion" of the railroads.

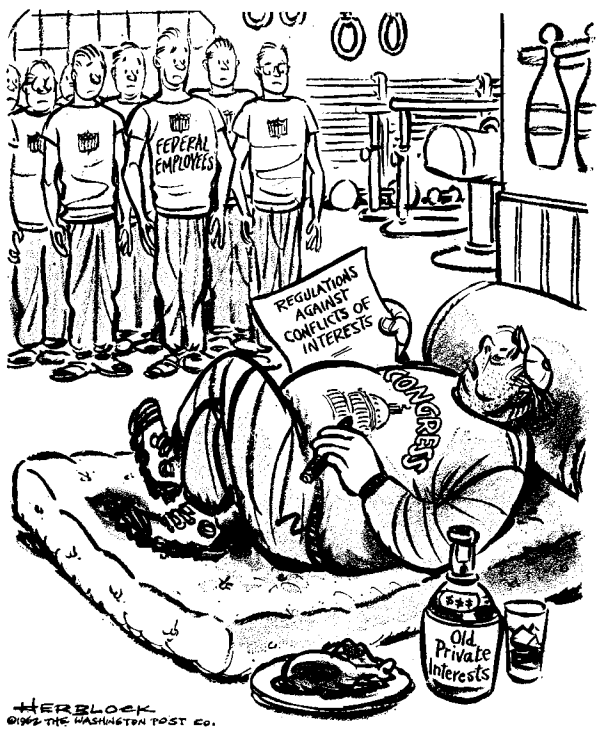
In a letter to a newspaper Smathers has said his firm "scrupulously avoids" taking any legal work involving the Federal Government and that he himself has not practiced actively since he entered Congress. But repeated attempts over several weeks to see him about his law connections were unsuccessful.

Senator Bricker of Ohio was powerful in the Senate from 1947 to 1959, during which period he was also senior partner of one of the most prestigious law firms in Ohio. During much of this time he was chairman, or ranking minority member, of the Commerce Committee, with jurisdiction over railroad matters.

During all of this time he was drawing a fixed sum from his law firm back home, which in turn collected more than $400,000 in fees from the Pennsylvania Railroad. During this same period two of Bricker's administrative assistants ended up

"Are ALL the chairs like this?"

"Dispose of that—immediately."



"On your toes, now! I want all of you clean and fit."

Cartoonists have been quick to point up what they consider congressional hypocrisy—cracking down on others for practices they permit themselves.

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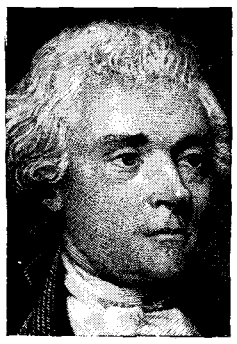
"Congress must shun the abuse of public office . .



Thomas Jefferson fixed stern precepts.

Speaker Blaine relaxed the rules.

"Send Me a Retainer."

In the early days of the Republic, Thomas Jefferson wrote in his own hand a strict rule of conduct for legislators. Published in 1801, it reads in part:

> "Where the private interests of a member are concerned in a bill or question, he is to withdraw. And where such an interest has appeared, his voice has been disallowed, even after a division. In a case so contrary not only to the laws of decency, but to the fundamental principle of the social compact, which denies any man to be a judge in his own cause, it is for the honor of the House that this rule of immemorial observance should be strictly adhered to."

The "immemorial observance" continued for less than a generation. Jefferson was dead less than seven years when Senator Daniel Webster, otherwise one of the great legislators of all time, was writing the Biddle bank in Philadelphia for money at the height of the Senate battle over the bank's controversial charter. Wrote Senator Webster to Nicholas Biddle:

> "I believe my retainer has not been renewed or refreshed as usual. If it be wished that my relation to the bank should be continued, it may be well to send me the usual retainers."

Senator Webster led the fight to renew the bank's charter.

As congressmen became more involved in the country's burgeoning economy, strict rules became more troublesome to apply. The crushing blow came on April 11, 1874, when the Speaker of the House of Representatives ruled, in effect, that congressmen can vote their private interests if the measure is not for their exclusive benefit. The issue was whether three congressmen should vote on a national-bank taxation measure, since they were officers of national banks.

The House Speaker who promulgated the rule was James G. Blaine ("the Plumed Knight"), who even then was offering his services in Congress to the Little Rock and Fort Smith Railroad in return for their stock. Blaine's precedent remains in the rule books of the House today. There is no rule whatever in the Senate.

with appointments to the Interstate Commerce Commission, which regulates the railroads directly and reported to the Bricker committee.

Asked about his financial relationship with the law firm, Bricker told us that when he first came to Congress he asked the advice of the late Senator Robert A. Taft of Ohio. "Taft told me he took a fixed amount from his firm while he was in Washington, so that's what I did," he said.

Bricker at first contributed his Senate salary to the law firm as part of its general revenues but abandoned this procedure after two years. He said that while a senator he did not practice any law and that his firm did not represent any clients before Federal agencies. When asked if it were true as reported that he drew from $24,000 to $30,000 a year from his firm during his Senate career, he said he does not remember.

There is still another problem when congressmen act as lawyers.

Consider, for example, the probable reaction of a minor Treasury Department official if he receives a telegram labeled, "Official Business—Government Rates—Govt. Pd." And the text, signed by one of the most powerful men in Congress, accuses the official of prejudice in his work. And the official's superiors get letters, on congressional stationery, sent free under a congressman's frank, accusing the official of "oppression."

One would expect more than usual attention to be paid to such communications if they came from Congressman Walter of Pennsylvania, chairman of the House Un-American Activities Committee and second-ranking member of the House Judiciary Committee.

It would be excusable if the officials forgot at times that in all of these messages—and many others like them over a two-year period—Congressman Walter was acting not as a public official but as a private attorney for a wealthy client who was in serious trouble with the Treasury Department.

The Troubles of Walter's Client

Walter's client was Harry J. Alker Jr., of Philadelphia, who had been one of the most active tax lawyers in Eastern Pennsylvania. The Treasury was attempting to bar Alker from practicing before the Internal Revenue Service. At about the same time Alker was indicted (and later convicted and jailed) for income-tax evasion. The Internal Revenue Service has calculated he owes taxes and penalties in excess of $800,000.

Walter was Alker's private attorney only in the Treasury disbarment action and Alker's unsuccessful appeal of it to the Federal courts.

Walter's Government-paid staff wrote letters to the Treasury about the case while Walter was away on investigations and vacations, and routinely used government-paid telegrams and official stationery. Walter, asked of these, said this was "an oversight" on the part of his staff. The congressman said he received no fee for his work on the case over the two-year period.

"I'm vice president of the Broad Street Trust in Philadelphia, and the president asked me to take the case as a favor," Walter explained.

Some congressmen say it's impossible for a member to speak as just another private attorney. Congressman Thomas Curtis of Missouri, for example, will not practice in any court—Federal, state or local—because "I can't separate myself as a lawyer from myself as a congressman. Everybody knows who I am."

And Senator Estes Kefauver of Tennessee gave up court work after his early years in Congress for a related reason—"I'd be trying to keep my mind on the case, but the spectators kept sidling up to my table to ask for jobs at the post office."

Senator Scott of Pennsylvania will not take any criminal case, partly because of a bizarre hazard: "One way or another every jury learns you're a member of Congress, and not long after they bring in a verdict for your client one of them may be in your office looking for a job."

Despite all the hazards, many congressmen continue to look to private law practice as an extra meal ticket, just as others keep up their businesses back home or maintain their stockholdings. Some appear to need the money. Others are piling up insurance against a defeat at the polls. And some, to all appearances, are just getting rich.

A Reform Bill Was Soon Killed

Does this mean that the ethics of congressmen are deteriorating? The answer is no. Many forget the crude corruption of the 19th century, when so honored a senator as Daniel Webster solicited and received retainers from the Biddle bank in Philadelphia during his fight to protect its charter. And there was a long period during the mid-1800's when the services of a congressman could be bought almost as casually as those of a corporation lawyer or a carpenter.

But having said this it is necessary to remember that even 60 years ago Congress was a remote legislature on the banks of the Potomac, spending less than two percent of the national income. Today it is a center of world power, appropriating 23 percent of the national income and, through its jurisdiction over regulatory agencies, controlling additional segments of the private economy. So it is more important than ever that Congress maintain a high level of honesty, diligence and competence, and that it shun the use of public office for private gain and even the appearance of that abuse.

Though it has spent hundreds of hours investigating conflict of interest in other parts of the government, Congress still shows little inclination to look carefully at its own house. Last year when Congressman Thomas L. Ashley of Ohio proposed a requirement that every congressional candidate disclose his sources of income, he was granted a hearing. It lasted less than 10 minutes, and his bill was quickly killed.

That the stirrings are somewhat stronger in the Senate was dramatically demonstrated on October 3, when that body passed a much-needed modernization of the conflict-of-interest laws applying to the executive branch. No fewer than six senators—Morse, Kefauver, Javits, Keating, Lausche and Pastore—took the occasion to insis publicly that Congress can no longer blithely ignore its own problem. But no plans for any action have been announced.

Even if Congress should arise one morning with the will, it won't be simple to find a way. There are cogent objections to abstention as the primary solution for legislative conflicts of interest. Many voters back home, like the elderly

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nd even the appearance of that abuse."

woman who wrote to Senator Keating, could legitimately ask if they had not lost their representation.

Disclosure of all sources of income is a widely discussed solution to the problem. There are those who believe it would dramatically raise ethical standards. But it is bitterly opposed by others, who say it would be unfair and ineffective.

Another suggestion, offered to us by several highly respected members of Congress, is that an outside, foundation-financed panel of eminent citizens should make an exhaustive survey of the problem and recommend rules which Congress could then accept. This might meet the desires of the many legislators who told us they would cooperate in a new code of ethics but that they would never be the ones to propose it or to "point the finger" at any colleague.

Hubert Humphrey of Minnesota, the Senate Democratic Whip, told us that "the time has come for a good, objective look at this whole matter so we'll have some rules to go by in Congress. What a pity it is to make someone's life miserable when he honestly doesn't think that he is doing something wrong!" And Congressman John Lindsay of New York, a leading Republican expert on conflict of interest, also suggested an independent, outside study. "It would fulfill a serious and useful purpose in clearing the air. But I don't think Congress can do it itself. We can't really stand off and take a bird's-eye view of our own problem. Besides, nobody's that interested in reorganizing his own house," said Lindsay.

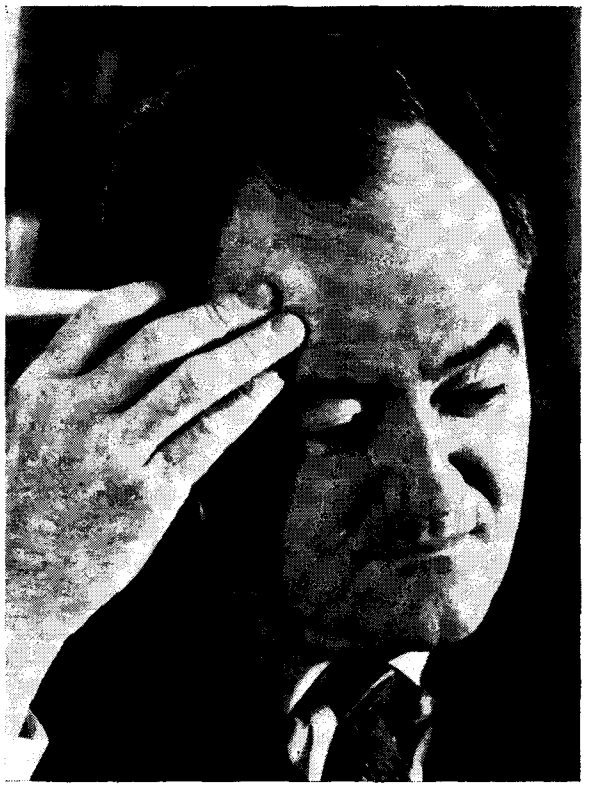
Why Congress's Voice Is Weaker

Something needs to be done, not because Congress generally is dishonest but because with each passing year it becomes harder for the congressman with outside interests to know what is right. There is every reason to believe that, as the average citizen's participation in the economy spreads, the ethical role of the legislator will become more difficult.

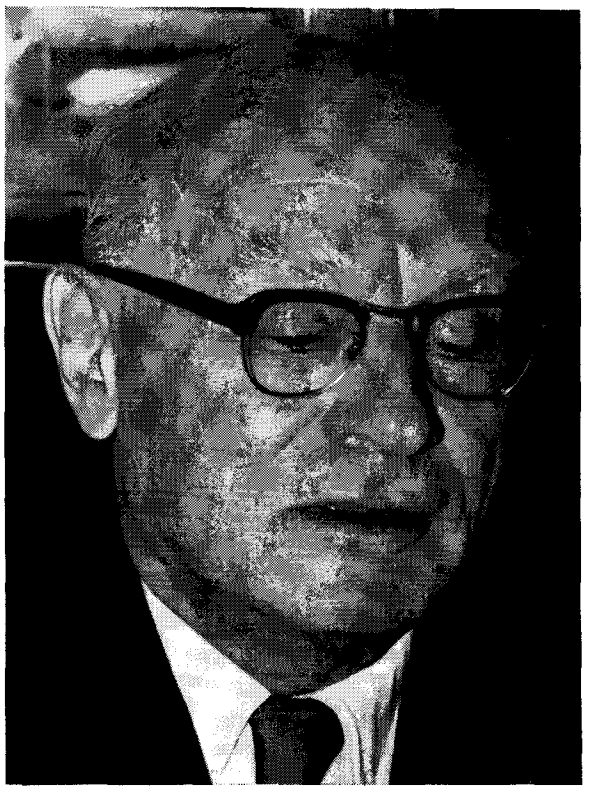
If this be not sufficient reason to develop a rational code of ethics, another should impel a reluctant Congress to act. In the last two years there has been an unmistakable shift of power from Congress to the executive, partly because of a vigorous President and partly because Congress has failed to adapt itself to modern needs. Unless Congress can keep its own house in order—and convince the public that it is doing so—it cannot hope to maintain its traditional role as proctor of the other two great branches of Government. If its own members cannot agree on what is ethical for a congressman, Congress will weaken its authority on what is proper in the society at large.

There is a lengthy literature on proper behavior in the judiciary and in the executive, but the pages are sparse on the role of Congress. Perhaps the most authoritative work so far on conflict of interest in the executive branch is a 336-page book by the Bar Association of the City of New York, whose five-year study deliberately avoids the tangled web of the legislature with these melancholy sentences:

"The congressional conflict-of-interest problem . . . is current, complex and controversial. It is also largely unsolved." **THE END**



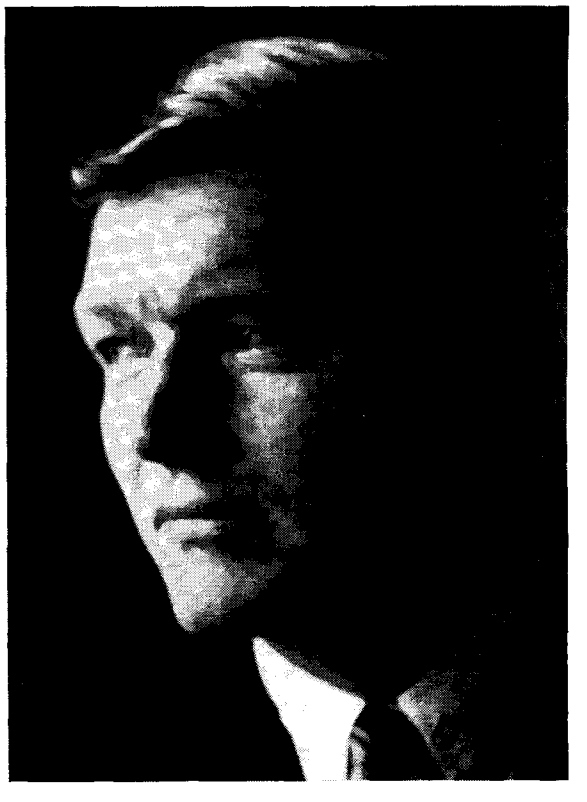
Senator Hubert Humphrey (Minn.)
"The time has come for a good, objective look at the whole matter so we will have some rules to go by in Congress."



Congressman Emanuel Celler (N.Y.)
"I don't think the problem in Congress is very serious," says this expert on conflict-of-interest laws.

Senator Robert Kerr (Okla.)
"I repudiate the intimation that any member of Congress has a conflict of interest in any vote he casts."

Congressman John Lindsay (N.Y.)
"A study would be useful," says another expert. "But Congress cannot do the job itself."



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Geraldine Page: Diamond

A former hat-check girl, she shuns the frills of Hollywood but still wins acting awards.

One day some months ago Geraldine Page, the only ex-hat-check girl ever to be rated among the finest actresses in America, was on her way to work. In this era of the Marlon Brandos and Elizabeth Taylors, who demand speedboats and chauffeur-driven limousines to transport them to their cinematic labors, Miss Page hailed a taxicab to take her from her Los Angeles hotel to the M-G-M studios, where she was making *Sweet Bird of Youth*. The driver asked her if she worked at the studio. Miss Page allowed as how she did. "Are you an actress?" asked the driver.

"Yes," said Miss Page.

The driver thought that over and, when he let her out at the studio gates, he said, "Well, young lady, I wish you all the luck in the world. I hope you make it."

At that point Miss Page, already a superstar on Broadway, had starred in two pictures, *Hondo* and *Summer and Smoke;* she had won Academy Award nominations for both (akin to a baseball player's batting 1.000), and she was working in a third film which is almost certain to bring her another nomination and quite possibly the 1962 Oscar as well.

It may be that Miss Page is the most offbeat movie queen of our generation. Though she is under contract to star in eight major Hollywood films (her next is *Toys in the Attic* for United Artists), she prefers a little apartment in New York's Greenwich Village to the magnificence of a 10-room California pad; she does not like to talk about herself; she has never been to Chasen's or Romanoff's restaurant; she wouldn't know a Hollywood status symbol (like a $1,000 Zsa Zsa Gabor-type wig) if she saw one. She does not demand script control of a picture or 75 percent of the profits; she invariably arrives at work on time, and speaks her lines loudly enough to be heard by her leading man. She is aware that a world of crises exists beyond what is reported in Hedda Hopper's column; she has been invited to dinner at the White House without even knowing Frank Sinatra or Peter Lawford; and she is philosophical, rather than frenzied, when a Los Angeles taxi driver fails to recognize her.

Hangout for Unpretentious Stars

Such a phenomenon must be seen to be believed, and, curious though skeptical—like a jewel expert suspecting flaws in the Hope diamond—I set out to find this gem. I finally came upon her in New York—not in Sardi's, not on *What's My Line?* but in a grubby little room in the slums of Hell's Kitchen that serves as headquarters of the Actors' Studio. Miss Page was wearing a simple brown non-Hollywood-type dress and a tousled reddish-blond hairdo over her unremarkable but expressive Midwestern face. As I approached, she crossed her long, shapely legs (she is nearly five feet, nine inches tall) while she wrestled with some Actors' Studio documents (she is on that organization's board of directors). After greeting me quite pleasantly, she shoved the papers under my nose.

"Here!" she shouted triumphantly, "maybe now you'll believe that we teach the classics and speech here—and that we don't all scratch and mumble and belch."

I brightened, expecting an attack on Marlon Brando, the foremost scratch-mumble-belch alumnus of the Actors' Studio, but Miss Page sidestepped the issue by talking about Steve McQueen.

"Now *there*," she said, "was a mumbler. He even mumbled to himself, studying his own lines during class, and never paid attention to anyone else. I did my first scene with him when I first came to study at the studio in 1955, and I could hardly hear him. Now he hollers pretty good, so I guess he learned something here."

Lecture From a Missionary Zealot

By 1955 Miss Page already had starred in *Summer and Smoke* and *Mid-Summer* on Broadway and was good enough in *Mid-Summer* to share the 1953 New York Drama Critics' Award with Shirley Booth; so I asked her what in the world she was doing reading scenes with Steve McQueen at *that* stage of her development. Her green eyes flashed, her mobile face became threateningly beautiful, and I knew I was in for a lecture by a missionary zealot.

"Well!" she said. "Did Fritz Kreisler stop learning about music after he appeared at Carnegie Hall? Did Picasso stop studying painting after his work became well known? You *never* stop learning about acting. I come here to work on defects in my craft—and it's like going to a medicine chest, not to take all the drugs on the shelves, but just those which you need to cure a specific ailment.

"For example, I'm basically very shy, and I make all sorts of fluttery movements with my hands in my acting to cover it up. I guess I used to average about 50 gestures per syllable. Here, at the Actors' Studio, I have to get up in front of a lot of other actors and do scenes in which I barely move—in order to control that. Believe me, it takes courage. Oh, the courage it takes! But it works. If it weren't for the classes here, I'd be playing nothing but fluttery spinsters. But Lee Strasberg made me play temptresses and wicked women, and I began to *believe* I was beautiful and sexy enough to do roles like that—and now I'm doing them."

I remarked that she had convinced me of both her beauty and her wickedness in *Sweet Bird of Youth*, in which she portrays an unregenerate, licentious, whiskey-drinking, marijuana-smoking, fading movie star. I wondered aloud why the film industry did not follow its usual practice of casting a Tuesday Weld, say, in the role created by Miss Page in the New York stage play.

"Don't knock the Tuesday Welds," she said. "Remember that this is a director's medium. Just look at what Vittorio De Sica did with Sophia Loren in *Two Women*. Could you have believed even five years ago that Sophia was capable of a performance like that? *Everyone* has some acting talent, because when we're children our play is all acting. That's why a great director like De Sica or Elia Kazan can literally take someone off the street and get a good performance out of him—one performance. But to give a *sustained* series of good performances, you must have long years of training, just like a musician."

I was reminded of what director Richard Brooks had told me about Miss Page, using a similar music analogy. He had said, "I've worked with dozens of fine performers like Elizabeth Taylor, Paul Newman, my wife Jean Simmons, but Geraldine is the most professional. She's like a Stradivarius violin and can play any role whatsoever. Sometimes she's not in tune, but that's only because of the elements around her—less talented performers and so on—like leaving the violin out in the snow."

Miss Page said, "It's funny, but my first ambition was to be a musician. My father is an osteopath, you know, but he also is a wonderful satiric writer and a lover of the arts and, after we moved from Kirksville, Missouri, to Chicago, when I was a little girl, he encouraged me to study the piano. I wanted to be another Paderewski, but I gave that up at the age of ten, right in the middle of *The Skaters' Waltz*. Then I decided to be an artist, and I studied *that*, and I still make sketches of people as I ride the New York subways. The acting bug got me when I was seventeen, and I played in *Little Women* in a church play. I guess my father realized I had found my métier, because he let me go to the Goodman Theater Dramatic School in Chicago for three years. Then the real work began. Oh, the work! While I was learning my craft, I must have appeared in a different play every week for five years—in little-theater groups, in summer stock, even in winter stock."

Next to the Cheesecake Counter

I said, "And where did that lead you—to checking hats and modeling negligees?"

She snapped back, "Right. And to winding spools in a thread factory too. I came to New York in 1951 to study acting under Uta Hagen. I was 27, and I felt it was terribly important for my parents to know I was making my own living. I had to take jobs that would leave my mornings free for my classes. Hat checking was perfect because I could phone up either of two big companies that had concessions in restaurants and nightclubs all over New York and get a job any time for a girl who was sick or on vacation. I worked at places like Lindy's and the old Leon and Eddie's nightclub. It's a terrible business. The tradition is that you're supposed to steal a dime out of every quarter, but if you're an idiot at mathematics, as I am, you can't keep track.

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Who Likes It Rough

By BILL DAVIDSON

The biggest tip I ever got was a dollar from John Payne, but I haven't discussed it with him, and I'm sure he doesn't remember it. In Lindy's I worked right next to the cheesecake counter, and I've never been able to eat cheesecake since."

I asked, "How about the negligee modeling?"

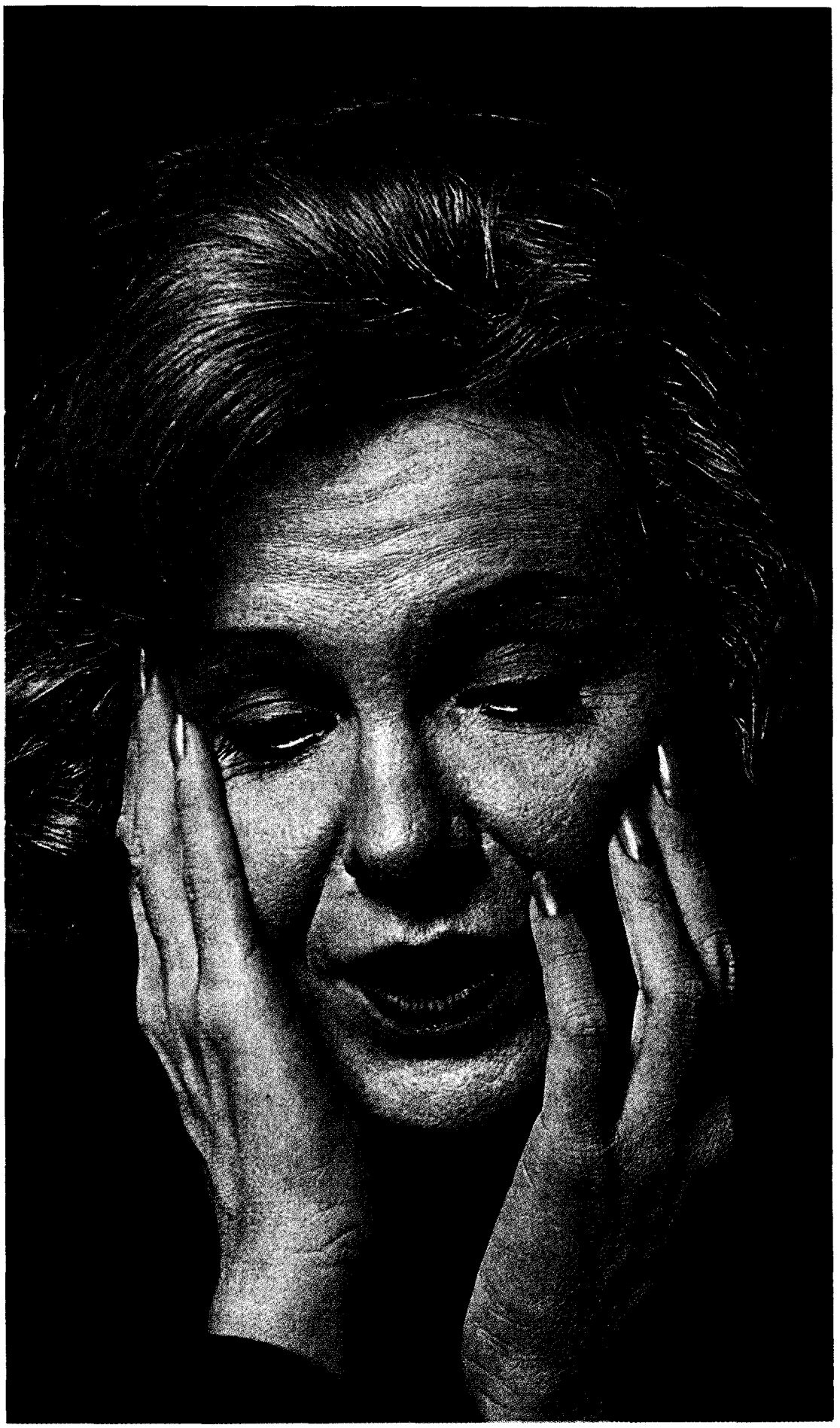
"That came later," she said. "I worked for a nice lady named Mamma Weinberg who used to fire me every day. She'd say, 'Look at you. You call yourself a model? Don't bother to come back.' But the next day I'd come back, and she'd greet me with a warm 'Good morning,' as if nothing had happened. I was the only model. Mamma Weinberg and her seamstresses made very demure negligees for older women. My trouble was that I was trying to memorize *Romeo and Juliet*, or something like that, and when Mamma Weinberg asked me to put on negligee Number 329 for a customer, more than likely I'd come out in Number 426. When I finally got my first big acting break, doing *Summer and Smoke* for José Quintero in the Circle-in-the-Square in Greenwich Village, Mamma Weinberg couldn't believe it. She said, 'How can she remember her lines when she can't even remember Number 329 and 426?' But they're wonderful people, and we still exchange Christmas cards every year."

Characteristics of a "Great Lady"

Summer and Smoke, of course, was the real beginning of the Geraldine Page career. From there she went on to do such plays as *Mid-Summer*, *Separate Tables*, *The Rainmaker*, *The Immoralist* and *Sweet Bird of Youth*. Today, both on Broadway and in Hollywood, she is considered one of the hottest stars in the business. She is, at 38, what Helen Hayes was 20 years ago—a Great Lady of the Theater with superb acting talent, an expressive face that can be plain or beautiful according to the role, and a rare ability to play almost any heroine between the ages of 25 and 55.

Did I find any flaws in the diamond? Only three minor ones. First of all, her little-known marriage to concert violinist Alexander Schneider was a stormy one, ending in divorce, as she puts it, "after three years of mutual temperament." Second, director Richard Brooks, who did the film version of *Sweet Bird of Youth*, told me, "Someone once made her believe she isn't beautiful, and I had to remind her not to make those fluttery gestures with her mouth and her hands, which, I think, are a subconscious effort to cover her face." Third, she launched a tirade against certain Broadway directors. "They think they're gods," she raged, "and they're treated like deities by the producers. They tear perfectly good plays apart. They write, philosophize, try to act like priests and rabbis. They seem to want to do everything but direct."

Miss Page had been so intelligent and unemotional in her talks with me that I had almost forgotten she was an actress. Now I knew. She belongs to the sisterhood. **THE END**



Her "unremarkable face" can be beautiful or plain—depending on the role.

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WHY I QUIT The Ministry

America's religious revival, which has lifted church membership to a record 114,000,000, is threatened by a critical shortage of clergymen. Many pulpits, both Protestant and Catholic, lack full-time ministers, and recruits are scarce. Protestant seminary enrollment dropped five percent last year to a five-year low. Ordained clergymen are resigning in unprecedented numbers. Here, under the cloak of anonymity, one such man of the cloth tells the frank, disturbing story of why he quit.

By An Anonymous Clergyman, as told to Alfred Balk

I never expected life as a minister to be easy. If I had, that notion should have been dispelled during my senior year at a small Midwestern high school. After I announced my intention of becoming a minister, classmates began to view me with a mixture of curiosity and discomfort. My own father, who was a plumber and an infrequent churchgoer, thought that I was being "carried away by emotion." My mother, who had entertained hopes that I would become a lawyer, told me, "You're throwing away your chance to be somebody."

But I wasn't seeking the approval of others. Since becoming closely acquainted with a Christian businessman in town, reading the Bible and attending church on my own, I had become an ardent believer in Jesus Christ. His revelation of a God who created us all and cares about us all, His promise of a life far more rich and satisfying than one lived according to conventional standards, His formula for this, based on concern for others and harmony with God's laws—all this seemed to me to be what life really is about.

How could I be satisfied with attaché-case living, knowing of the masses of humanity who each night go to bed in hunger while I was filled? What could I find challenging about country-club membership when I could become personally involved in the greatest problems of our day—war, crime, delinquency, divorce, mental illness, race prejudice and the like?

"The teachings of Jesus Christ go to the root of all this," I told my father. "This is what I must give my life to."

I knew that the church as an institution was far from perfect. Even as a youngster I had been appalled by the un-Christian activities of many who were pillars of the church. Yet, knowing the power of Jesus's teachings and the capacity for good that lay in many people around me, I didn't see why the church had to be that way. *After all,* I asked myself, *isn't it a minister's job to correct these faults in the church? He is called by his congregation to help do that.* I didn't see why he couldn't, if he were well trained and tried hard.

So my decision was made, not emotionally in anything resembling a thunderclap "call," but after thought, prayer, pondering the Bible and observing the world around me.

Paying for four years of college and three years of seminary entailed hauling ashes, working evenings in a warehouse, and other part-time jobs. Like many other seminary students, I married while in school; my wife is a minister's daughter who shares my religious convictions. But four years ago, when at the age of 26 I finally was graduated from seminary with honors, all the sacrifice seemed worth it. I was invited to my first full-time pastorate, a Presbyterian church in a suburb of 10,000 persons in the East.

What could have been more appealing to a young minister? Isn't it to the suburbs that the most successful, responsible people are said to be flocking? Among the 114,000,000 church members in America, aren't the most active, best-educated groups usually the suburbanites?

Certainly I had no reason to doubt these things at first. My suburb was beautiful: clean streets, well-maintained lawns, and a mixture of old mansions and newer ranch houses. My church, First Presbyterian, was a handsome stone building with an eight-room parsonage next door. Its membership of 800 was far above the national average in education and income. It was the "prestige" church in town. "Its members are good, solid people," I was told by one of the church regional officials. "They want a top young man like you. You'll be happy there."

And the salary! It wasn't the starvation stipend that many ministers have come to expect. Counting my free housing, pension and other fringe benefits, it amounted to approximately $8,000 a year.

On my arrival I was greeted warmly enough—ministers usually are. Then I preached my first sermon and stated my beliefs. I said that I didn't believe Christianity is a long-faced religion which requires the sacrifice of socializing and fun. Nor should its emphasis be negative—"Don't smoke," "Don't take part in the normal activity of society," and the like. I told the church members that Christianity is the key to finding what is relevant and meaningful in life.

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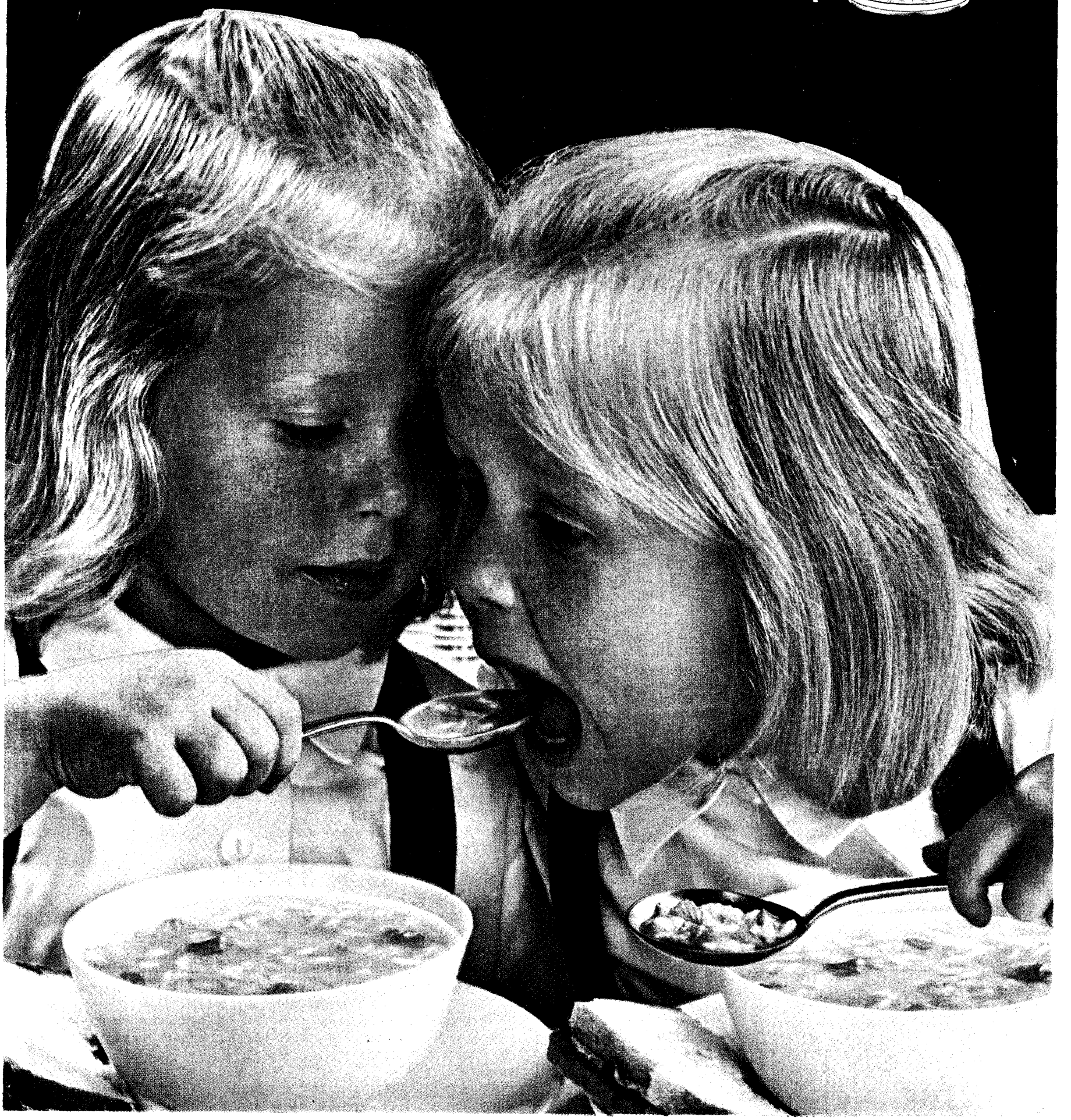

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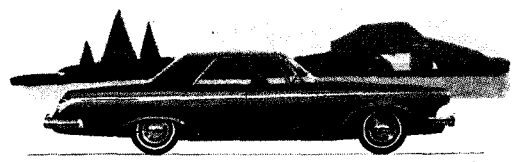

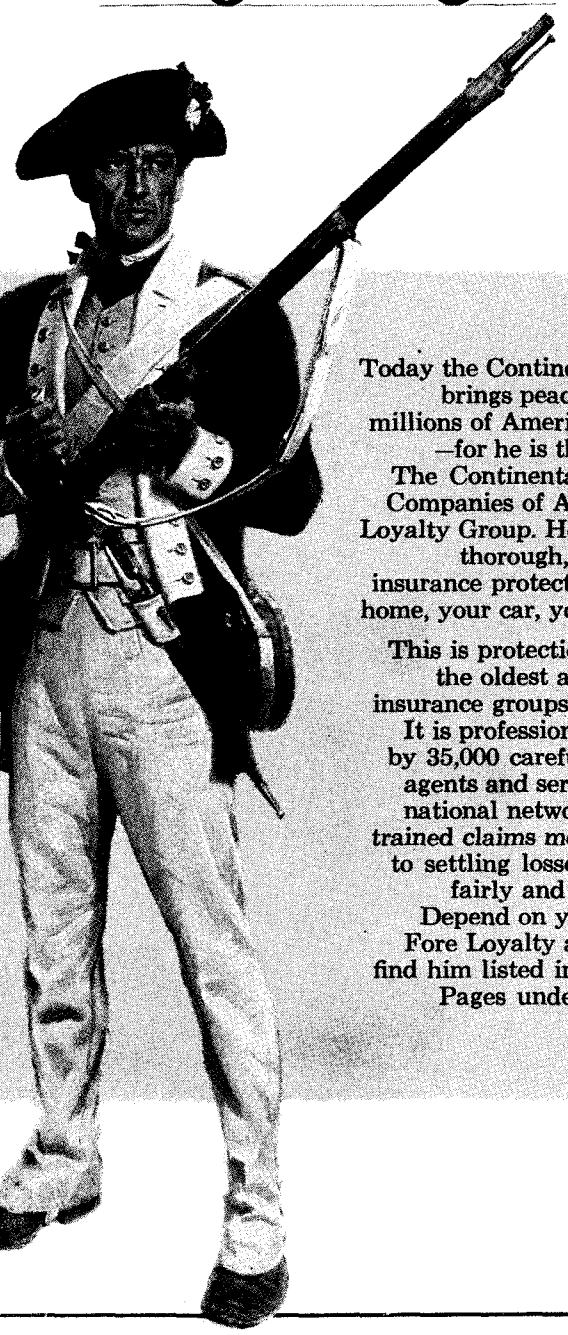

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"They'd smile shyly, change the subject, then rush me outside."

Ministry "But God isn't a divine bellhop awaiting your call for service," I said. "Christ lived for more than that. And He died for a cause that requires your acceptance of a conception of men as brothers, a standard of values based on unselfishness and love, a commitment to change man and society no matter what the cost to your comfort. Christianity must be practiced seven days a week."

I had won a preaching award as a student, and 400 persons were there for my first sermon. Except at Christmas and Easter, the members never came in such numbers again. As one woman, a personable mother of four whom I came to consider one of the congregation's most serious seekers of religion, put it, "The people would rather hear about *their* idea of Christianity than Christ's."

The Clique That Ran Things

Not only didn't they want to hear about it; they didn't want to talk about it. On my first round of calling on members I did little more than joke, make small talk and otherwise get acquainted. This approach of the religious ward heeler, I found, made me a big hit. One member, a rotund trucking executive with a cigar, expressed the general reaction when he slapped me on the back as I left.

"You know, Pastor," he said, "you had me a little worried that you were going to be a stiff-neck about this job. But you're all right."

On the next round of visits, I began to talk religion as part of each call. It was a low-pressure approach, mainly telling members what I thought were the main doctrines of our church and asking if they had any questions. Almost every time they would cough, hesitate, smile shyly, try to change the subject and as soon as possible rush me to the door. Soon it became difficult to find members at home. When they were home, many preferred talking at the door to inviting me in.

This was only the beginning of what was to trouble me. Four fifths of our members were contributing almost nothing to the church. They accounted for only one fifth of our annual $50,000 budget (which always proved hard to raise). Several lived in $60,000 homes and earned at least $30,000 a year. Yet they were giving what amounts to a "tip"—around two dollars a week each. And what did the church's check stubs show? At least $45,000 of our income was spent on our own activities. Only $5000 if we could raise it, went for benevolence and Christian missionary work at home and abroad.

Then there was the clique who controlled the church. (As in most other Protestant churches, the congregation's authority exceeded mine.) The Session, or church governing board, included a businessman of questionable ethics, a doctor who refused treatment to at least one indigent family and a real-estate man who, along with others in the area, was instrumental in keeping Negroes from buying homes in our suburb. The congregation, like almost every other suburban congregation, was all-white.

"Two well-dressed Negroes from the next town did come to a worship service five years ago," my secretary told me. "But when they sat down, another family got up and walked out. The Negroes never came back."

I also found an inch-thick file of requests for church members' spare-time help at youth agencies and settlement houses in underprivileged areas of the central city. Almost all had gone unfilled. Yet the church maintained a flourishing social schedule, including bridge tournaments, weekly travelogues, a bowling league, and square and social dancing.

It pained me to realize that there was a cluster of good people who seemed seriously to be seeking religious depth and were diverted from their objective. Perhaps even more pathetically, members with genuine personal problems which a healthy religious influence could have alleviated were dragged more deeply into difficulty. Two couples with young children had filed for divorce, for example; a brilliant young engineer was being ruined by alcoholism, and a dozen teen-agers were becoming so sexually promiscuous that they made the book *Peyton Place* seem tame.

For Everyone Special Rules

Then, too, there were the superstitions, misconceptions and incomprehensible garblings that even among lifetime members passed for knowledge of Christianity. All of us called ourselves Presbyterians. Yet each appeared to believe something different from everyone else. Only a handful knew anything of the importance of modern Biblical translations or could separate mythology from probable fact, as other student ministers and I had been taught to do at our Presbyterian seminary.

The realization of how things really are in a church, and how different they are from what we have been led to believe, shocks almost every minister. One disheartening discovery comes after another, like a series of blows for which the classical seminary curriculum cannot prepare one. I must admit I was stunned.

You ask yourself if this is the religious revival of which church leaders are so proud. Still, if you take your

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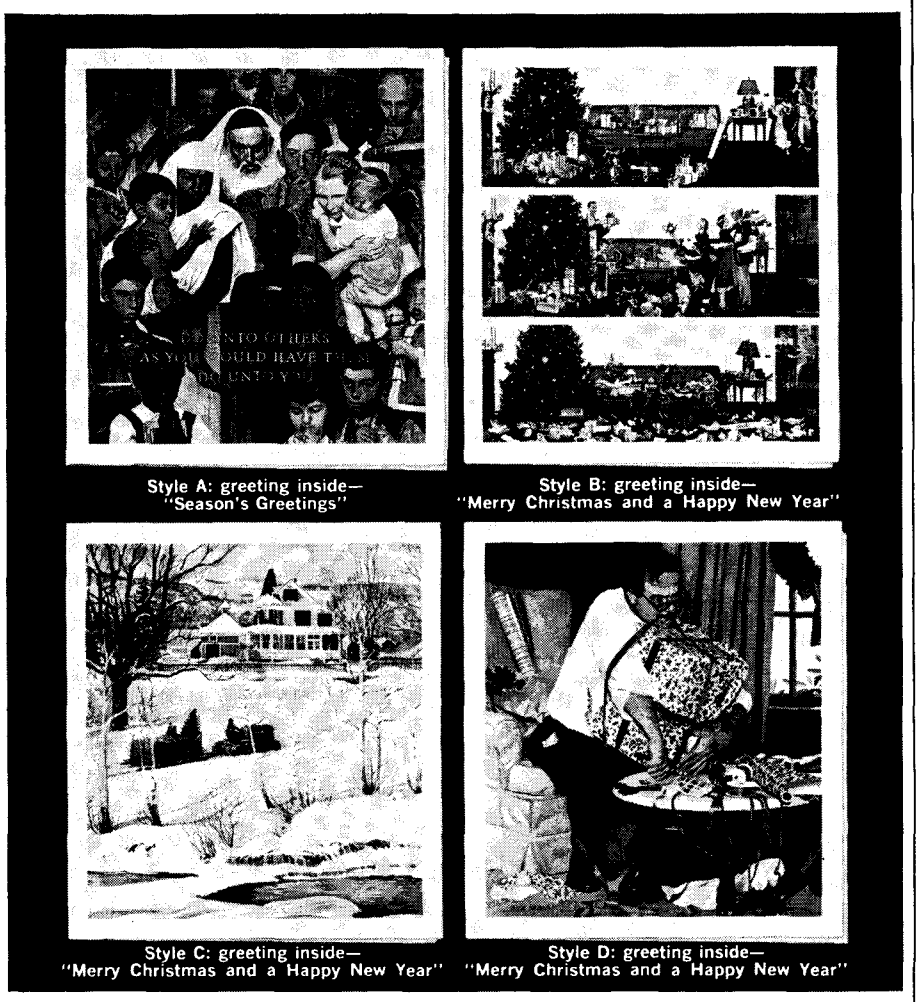

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"We hadn't even the standards of membership of a Kiwanis club."

Ministry commitment to the ministry seriously, you don't quit. I had always believed that. Nor would I accept this tepid interpretation of religion and become merely a gentleman lecturer and recreation director.

I told my wife to take heart. "What is here now isn't the test," I said. "The test is in changing it. I'll work. I'll pray. I'll try everything I was taught in the seminary. I'll try to make my ministry worthy of something to sacrifice my life for."

As a first measure I concentrated on trying to improve Christian education in our Sunday school. In keeping with the philosophy of good schools and various professions, I planned a "refresher" training course for Sunday-school teachers. Most of them were not prepared for teaching sophisticated youths and adults.

One teacher said of Easter, "I never discuss the idea of death with my young students. After all, Easter should be a season when you talk about bunnies and the coming of spring." When my course was announced, many instructors balked at enrolling.

"I've been teaching for ten years—why should I need a course in religion?" I overheard one of them say to another. "What's the matter?" another asked. "Isn't what we used to have good enough for today's people?"

Six longtime teachers, all popular women in the congregation, passed the word that they were "too busy" and that "if this keeps up we'll resign." The Sunday-school chairman, a hardware dealer, became distraught. "We can't staff the Sunday school without them," he told me. "We'll have to back down." So the course ended after two poorly attended sessions.

In another effort to develop members spiritually, I tried a church-wide program of small-group discussions in members' homes. No more than 10 persons ever attended. Within two months the program was dead.

Hitting a Blank Wall

Thinking that insulated suburban life kept members from a realization of the many social problems which true Christians should not ignore, I conducted a tour of settlement houses in inner-city Negro and Puerto Rican neighborhoods. I also led a visit to migrant-labor camps near our suburb where families paid high rents to live in rat-infested, dirt-floor chicken coops, some of them owned by a longtime church member. Only a handful of members, the usual devout, well-meaning group that was interested in expanding religious horizons, turned out.

Seeing that little could be changed for the better unless the church leadership was in the hands of more devout individuals, I asked that the Session nominating committee select people who would regard their offices as more than honorary. The banker, corporation president and real-estate man who controlled nominations slated instead a group of passive, theologically uninformed business and professional men with whom they felt comfortable. The 50 members who attended the annual business meeting approved the slate of nominees without dissent.

So my first year ended in defeat. And attending meetings, preparing sermons, counseling members, officiating at weddings and funerals, visiting the sick, visiting the well—this schedule, 70 hours a week, week after week, is a drain at best. That I was continually hitting a blank wall made it even worse. My resolve weakened.

Weeding Out Ex-Members

The next year I concentrated my efforts upon making membership in the church meaningful. Early that year it appeared that finally there might be a break-through. It long had troubled me that we listed 800 members and only half ever came to church even periodically. At least 100 "members" no longer even lived in the suburb. Why should we continue to carry this deadwood? It cluttered up the rolls, demeaned the image of the church, deceived the inactives into thinking that they had religion of which the church approved, and heightened the impression given active members that ours was an "anything-goes" organization. Why, we hadn't even the membership standards of a Kiwanis club.

"The Presbyterian constitution gives the Session responsibility for membership discipline," I told its members one evening. "Let's begin enforcing this, at least with minimum requirements that members attend worship frequently and consistently support the church financially."

"We'll think about it," the banker who headed the Session told me. But "thinking" is as far as it got—Session members, many of whom had business relationships with the "respectable" inactives, were afraid to move.

Then, in my third year, the crisis came. A teen-age boy, one of six children of a young schoolteacher and his wife, became seriously ill. Despite treatment by specialists, he died within three months. His family was left $5,000 in debt.

About the same time a moderately wealthy 84-year-old woman parishioner died. Through a local funeral director who also was a member of our church, her 70-year-old brother arranged a funeral which most charitably could be described as ostenta-

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"I'd waste my life in directing my mutual-admiration society."

tious. The ornate casket alone cost as much as a new car. Total expenditure on this final "tribute"—$5,000. Arriving to officiate at the funeral, and remembering the teacher's debt, I was heartsick.

Christian View of Death

Shortly afterward I preached a strongly worded sermon on the Christian view of death, as leading religious authorities of various faiths interpreted it. I also wrote a pamphlet about the subject, with reasons why an expensive casket and more than a simple display of flowers are questionable as Christian tributes. I announced the establishment of a memorial fund for contributions which could tastefully honor deceased church members. Though I had observed the courtesy of discussing my position in advance with the funeral director and two florists who were church officers, after the service all three howled as if they were in pain.

"You're picking on our business!" said a florist.

"Funeral costs are none of your business," complained the undertaker.

"If such things aren't the church's affair, then what is?" I asked them. I added that I hoped their businesses would be successful. But I pointed out that a Christian considering success must be satisfied on one question—success on whose terms and at whose expense?

Still they were adamant in their opposition to my action, so much so that they began phoning other prominent members. Soon the grapevine—and a church, like any other organization, has an active one—had twisted what I had said. A resistance movement grew.

As usual, a serious-minded minority in the congregation was with me. But the power structure of the congregation placed pressure on the banker who dominated the Session. Finally he felt that he had to act. Courteously, he visited my office.

"You had better go slow on this," he told me. "We like you. But if you get too controversial we'll have to ask you to leave."

That was it. No shouting. No recriminations. No name-calling. Why should there have been? Were we not both cultured men of goodwill, merely attempting to settle an organizational disagreement?

So it might have seemed. But my wife and I, discussing the whole question, weren't so sure. Over the next few weeks, night after night, we talked it out. We were not troubled by just this incident, or just our church, but by what the ministry in general had come to mean. We thought of my fellow ministers in our area. All considered themselves Christians. Yet we seemed to be competitors—for the largest membership increase, the most impressive building, the most prominent prospective members. One minister even went so far as to proselyte a wealthy family from another minister's church.

We thought of my fellow Presbyterian ministers. Some politicked shamelessly for the friendship of others who might assist in their promotion to more prominent churches. Certainly we never discussed theological questions or how to meet better the spiritual needs of our communities.

At ministerial meetings the talk was mostly about buildings, salaries or membership-campaign gimmicks. The building of new churches was encouraged. But rarely did anyone acknowledge the need to close a church, no matter how pathetically it might have declined.

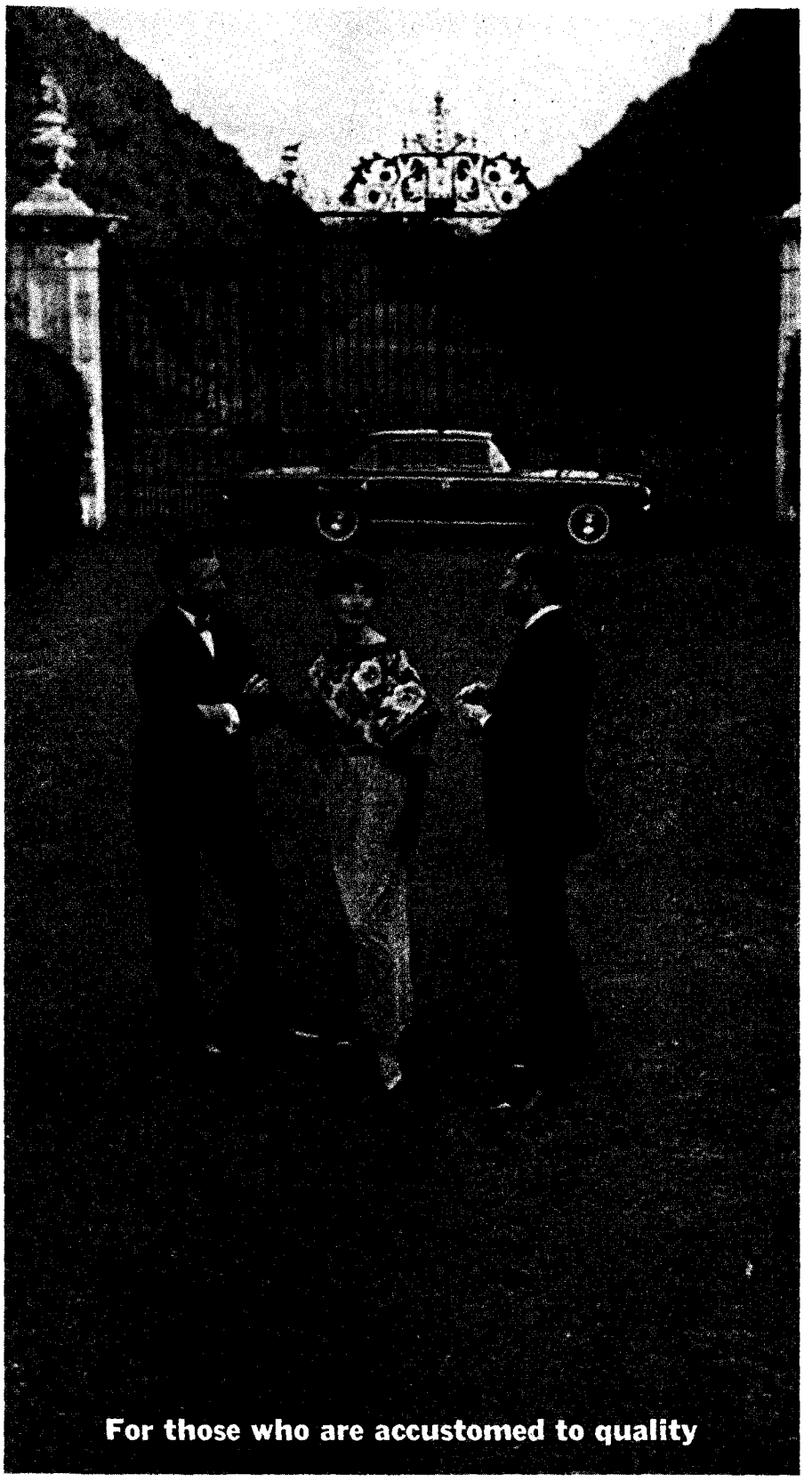
In those few weeks my wife and I experienced what seemed to be a lifetime of anguish. But finally, out of prayer and contemplation, came my painful decision. This was not the ministry to which I had felt a call. Nor did there appear to be any hope that things would change for the better in my lifetime. Soon I would have a larger family. And, as is the case with many other ministers who want to quit, I would be trapped. My life then would be wasted as a recreation director for what essentially seemed to me to be little more than a U.S.O. for civilians or a Sunday-morning mutual-admiration society. *Why not quit now*, I reasoned, *study sociology, then make my life count by taking Christianity into the mainstream of life? I could become a university instructor and be able to influence young minds. Then, sometime, perhaps I would have a chance to enter public service.*

Members Refuse to Care

I still believe in Jesus Christ. I still want to serve Him. For it is He who taught me to care—about man, God, and the deepest questions of life.

This is why I quit the ministry. The majority of today's church members refuse to care. In this refusal, most remaining members and much of their chosen church hierarchy blandly acquiesce. How then can a minister rationalize devoting his life to the organization which results, a superficial extension of society? How can he live with himself if he does?

More and more this is a question that young ministers are asking. If you are a church member, you had better ask it of yourself too. Unless you and your fellow members can come up with satisfactory answers, you are likely to wind up as a flock without a shepherd. **THE END**



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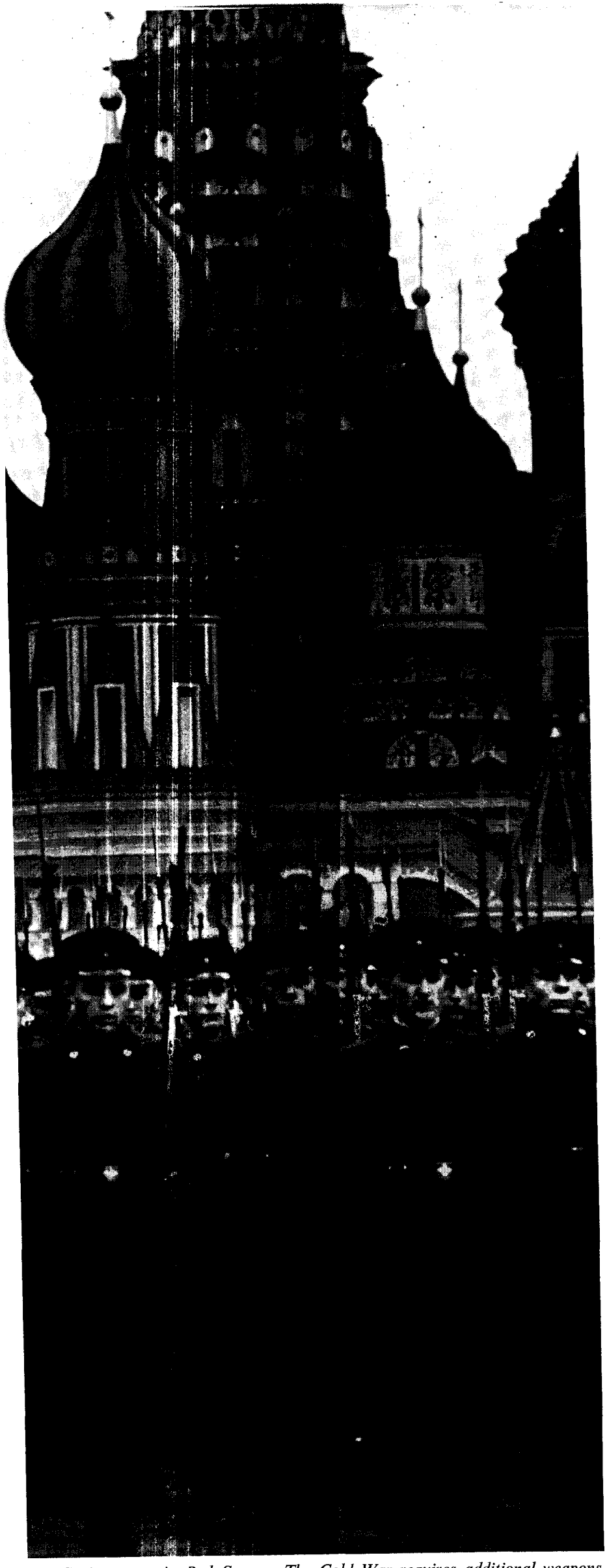

Soviet power in Red Square. The Cold War requires additional weapons.

The Hidden Weaknesses of Communism

The world's new nations see that Moscow won't provide progress and freedom, says a British expert.

By EDWARD CRANKSHAW

The challenge of Communism is one of those things we often talk about but rarely think about very carefully. Just after the last war, when the Soviet armies had penetrated far into Europe, there was no urgent need for deep analysis of this challenge, for its nature was obvious. It took the form of Soviet armed might and of subversion through national Communist parties. It had to be checked, and checked it was, mainly by the establishment of NATO and the Marshall Plan. Communist power not only has failed to advance an inch in Europe since 1948 but has actually receded.

The main threat now makes itself felt in other parts of the world, and Khrushchev has combined simple military power with economic growth, a flexible diplomacy and the propaganda value of his government's achievements.

The Soviet Union has quantities of the most appalling weapons of destruction, and her spaceships have circled the moon. She has become the world's second industrial power. Khrushchev is very proud of his statistics of growth. They prove, he insists, the absolute inevitability of continued Communist gains. More and more, he says, the peoples of the world will choose the Soviet example, forcing Communist governments on their countries, either by violent revolution or by comparatively peaceful means, until the day when the hammer and sickle reigns supreme throughout the world.

But this is an apocalyptic dream. We ourselves help foster it, out of ignorance and a failure of the imagination, simply by behaving as Khrushchev wants us to behave and regarding what we erroneously label "Communism" as a monolithic global force with a clearly envisaged goal and an infallibly planned strategy. Khrushchev knows better. He knows of the divisions and contradictions within the Communist movement. It is time we knew better too.

What would one think of a wartime intelligence service which lumped all the manpower of an enemy coalition under the general head of combat troops, which took no account of differences between clever generals and stupid generals, between obsolete and up-to-date equipment? Yet much of what passes for thinking about the Communist challenge is on just this level. The challenge is a very real and dangerous one indeed. And we cannot deal with it rationally unless we understand how it has changed in recent years and what it is today. Otherwise we will too frequently underestimate its real strength and fail to see its real weaknesses.

Much water has flowed under many bridges since Stalin died in 1953. What he had he held in an iron grip. But even Stalin had his defeats, which should have been seen as symptoms. He was heavily and critically rebuffed by Yugoslav nationalism in 1948. And, in the same year, he had to accept the *fait accompli* of the Chinese revolution which, from his point of view, was premature. He knew that Moscow would never be able to exercise over Peking that absolute domination, as of master over slave, which was the only sort of relationship he understood. In Eastern Europe he made not the least attempt to weld his satellites into a prospering community of nations. He simply tyrannized over them and exploited their resources—looted them—in the short-term interests of the Soviet Union. As for the rest of the world, he was content to exploit revolutionary attitudes and moods in a purely negative way. He used foreign Communists not to assist the spread of revolution, but to create trouble to embarrass and weaken the NATO powers.

This was the situation which Khrushchev inherited. It had to be changed. In Stalin's last years the stagnation of tyranny was becoming critical; no proper use was being made of the immense human resources of the Soviet Union, and food production was on the edge of

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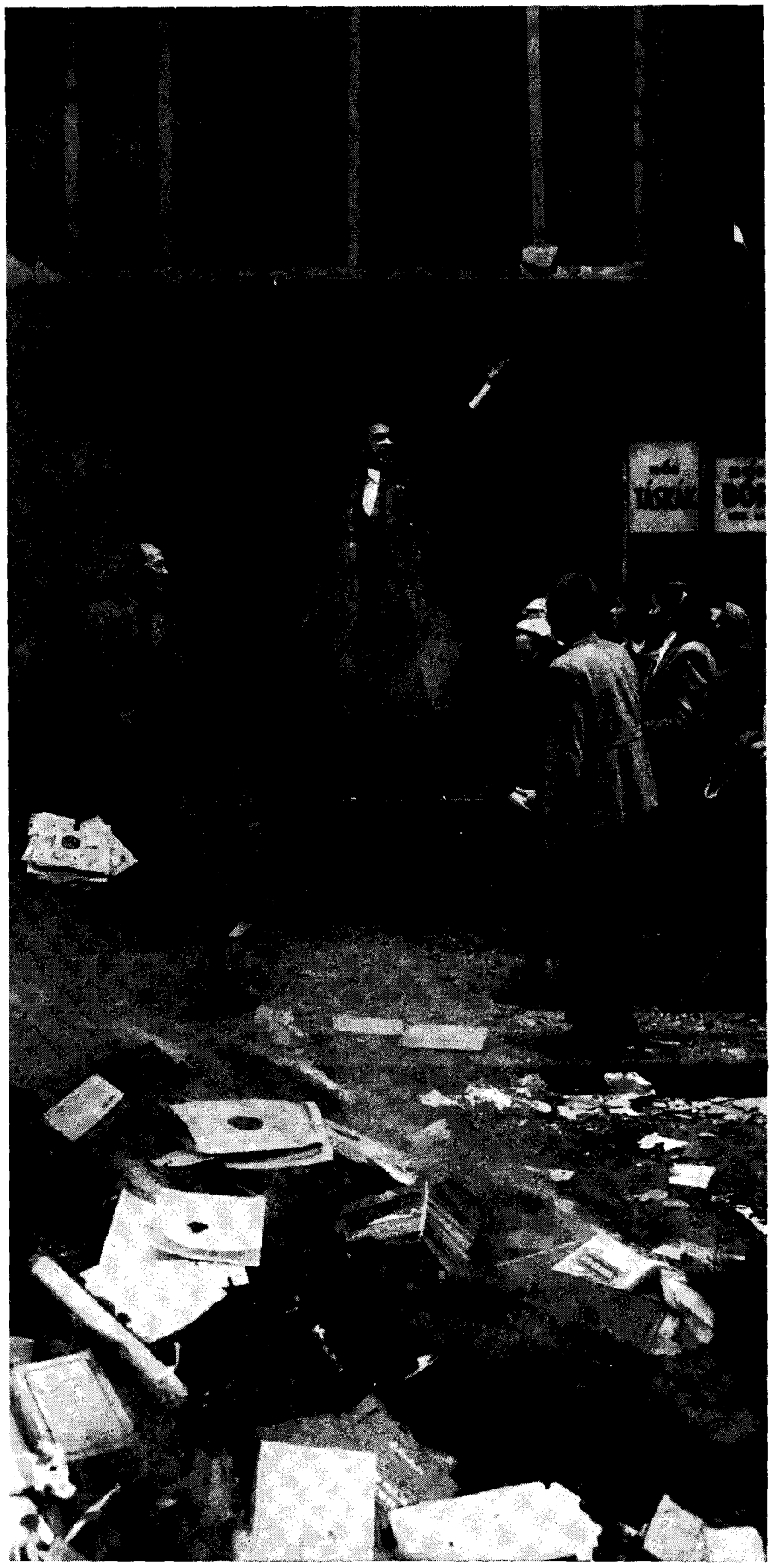
A contradiction: What helps Russia may not help world revolution.



Hungarian revolt revealed deep nationalist hatred of Russian rule. Soviet suppression badly hurt Communist parties in Western Europe.

Communism

breaking down. The European satellites were squeezed dry, their peoples battered by police rule into sullen, unproductive apathy. Western Europe, on the other hand, was moving swiftly into its great economic and moral revival. Although in Africa and Asia the ex-colonial nations were seething with nationalist fervor, there was little sign of the move toward Communism that Lenin had predicted, except in certain areas where Chinese influence was stronger than Russian. In South America the opposition to the most corrupt and tyrannical governments failed to show any love for Communism. The Communist parties of France and Italy, two of the strongest parties outside the Sino-Soviet bloc, never looked capable of seizing power.

Khrushchev had three main tasks. He had to do something fast to reinvigorate his own people to release their latent energies, to supply them with moral and material incentives, to bring them out of their apathy and fear—above all, to feed them adequately. At the same time he had to restore self-respect and national pride to the satellites by curbing the nasty little tyrannies of their puppet governments and giving the peoples something to hope and work for. His second main task was to steer clear of the danger of nuclear war without giving ground in the East-West conflict. His third task was to present the Soviet Union to the outer world as the leader of a worldwide revolutionary movement and the champion of backward nations struggling to rid themselves of Western masters.

His efforts to carry out these main tasks have been the history of the past seven years. He has undertaken de-Stalinization, with its highly selective condemnation of some of Stalin's policies and methods. He has engaged in various summit conferences and stayed out of war. But in spite of all Khrushchev's efforts he has still a long way to go. Nearly 10 years after the death of Stalin world revolution seems as far away as ever. Except in Cuba and Southeast Asia, the threat of Communism as a force has even been weakened. It would have been weakened even more if the West had been quicker to perceive, acknowledge and exploit the contradictions in the Communist bloc, and the hopes and fears of the smaller nations and the neutralists—above all in Africa, Asia and Latin America.

Khrushchev vs. Khrushchev

I think we must deal with these contradictions in Communism first. Without some understanding of them it is impossible to appreciate the real or potential danger of Communism outside what is misleadingly called the Soviet *bloc*.

The basic contradiction is to be found in the Soviet Union itself. There have been moments during past years, particularly in late 1959 and early 1960, when Khrushchev, exulting in Eisenhower's formal recognition of him as an equal, almost forgot to talk about Communism and world revolution, almost seemed to forget the existence of the Communist camp. He went about behaving not at all like the secretary of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union, but rather as the head of a great power. A striking example occurred in his speech to a visiting delegation of American state governors in 1959: "Our country and the United States," he declared, "are the two most mighty powers in this world. If other countries fight among themselves they can be separated; but if war breaks out between America and our country, no one else will be able to stop it. . . ." *Our country*. . . . This was no way for the head of an international Communist movement to talk.

This brings us to the heart of our first basic contradiction, the contradiction between the needs and aspirations of the Soviet Union as a power, like any other power, and the ambitions and strategy imposed upon the Soviet leaders by virtue of their revolutionary ideology. To simplify: Khrushchev the great national leader devoted to the task of catching up with America is frequently at odds with Khrushchev the revolutionary leader seeking to inherit the mantle of Lenin. For what is good for the Soviet Union is by no means always good for the world revolution, and vice versa.

This contradiction is at the bottom of Moscow's conflict with Communist China. The Soviet Union is on the way to becoming a "have" power; Communist China is still very much a "have not." The Soviet Union has a great deal to lose. Communist China has very little to lose. The Soviet Union would like to devote the best part of its energies and resources to building itself up, achieving prosperity, conserving what it has already built and maneuvering to shift the international balance of power in its favor.

China Fans the Flames

China, by contrast, is a ravaged land, still deep in the sacrificial stage of revolution, still filled with militant ideas about the spread of revolution, cut off from all the world, ostracized by the United States, outlawed by the United Nations. It passionately believes that the cause of revolution, and of China, is being betrayed by a Soviet Union intent on its own comforts. The Chinese are therefore in a mood to exploit the revolutionary dynamic wherever it may be found and regardless of the consequences.

This divergence of attitude comes out in differing ways. On the one hand Russia, fearing that China may drag her into trouble, has refused to give her atomic weapons, to support her actively in her quarrel with the United States and Chiang Kai-shek. She has opposed China's aggressive behavior on the Indian border, has tried to restrain her from fomenting revolutionary violence in Asia.

On the other hand Russia cannot, as she sees it, surrender her Leninist inheritance, her leadership of the global Communist movement, to the Chinese. She has to assert herself as the great revolutionary force she once was. She has to prevent the Communist parties of the world outside the Communist bloc from looking to Peking for inspiration, leadership and support. This means that Khrushchev has to talk all the time at the top of his voice about the coming worldwide revolution, about "burying" the capitalists, about supporting the downtrodden and oppressed, whether classes or whole peoples, in their struggle for liberation. He has other reasons for talking like this. But if he had no other reasons at all, he would be compelled to do so in the attempt to outbid the Chinese. It is important to note that while Khrushchev talks very loudly about supporting revolutionary movements abroad, he usually does little to help them.

The consequences of this contradiction now run through the whole Communist

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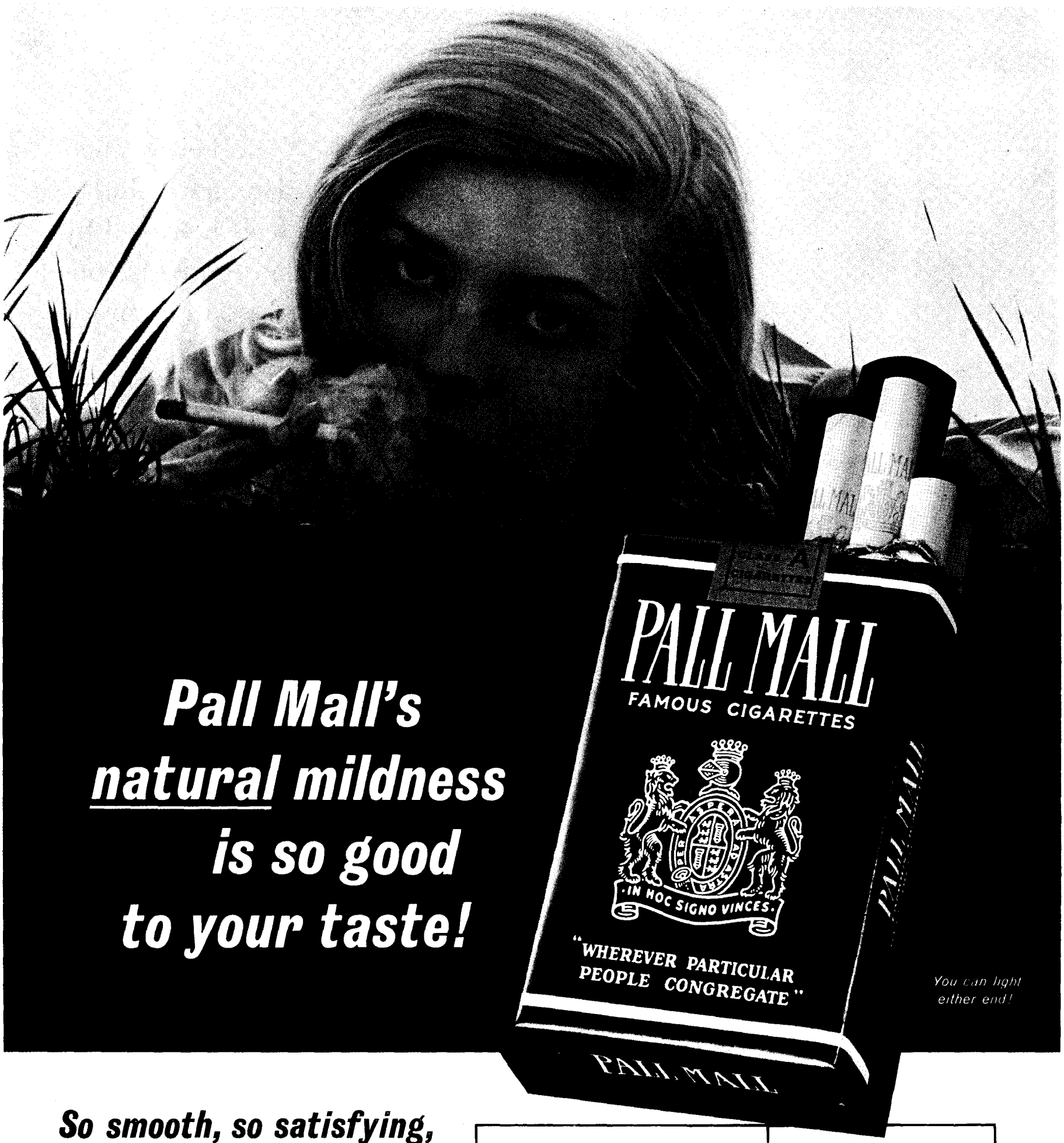

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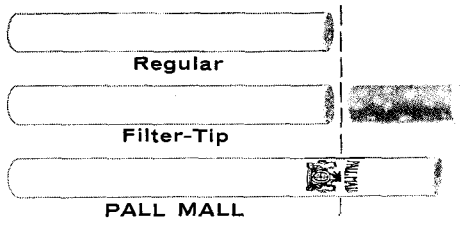

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The misery of China's millions shows in the face of a refugee.

Calls to revolution seem remote in a festive Moscow night spot.

Another conflict: Hungry China feels betrayed by more-prosperous Russian comrades.

Communism

camp, and especially through the Communist parties which eke out a precarious existence in non-Communist countries. These parties, although financed and guided by Moscow, can for the time being expect no decisive support. They have to watch Soviet aid being channeled to the governments of the countries in which they live, often to governments which actively persecute them. This is another cause of trouble between the Russians and the Chinese, who bitterly resent Khrushchev's helping "bourgeois" governments in Africa and Asia.

This question of how to deal with non-Communist underdeveloped nations is of crucial importance. It is also of immediate relevance to our own problem: how to prevent the spread of Communism.

If war is ruled out as an instrument of Communist expansion into this area, the Russians must rely on intrigue, subversion, blackmail, offers of material aid and *the mistakes of the West*. They have a rich field to cultivate. How rich! The great colonial empires have dissolved, or are in the process of dissolution. Latin America ferments with resentment against American "economic imperialism." Lenin, a fair prophet up to a point, was sure that one day all these things would happen. But he expected the empires to break down in violence, and he also took it quite for granted that the many colonial and semicolonial peoples, liberating themselves by force, would automatically turn to the Communist solution. Here he was wrong.

Khrushchev sees a different picture, one that has taken some getting used to. But he has glimpsed the truth, and it is for him a humiliating truth. Out of all this seismic upheaval, in the bush of Africa, the deserts of the Middle East, the plains and jungles of the Indian subcontinent and Southeast Asia, only two or three of the scores of new nations have chosen to tread the Communist path. These multitudinous and varied peoples are offered guidance along the highroad to the future, they are invited to ride with the Soviet Union on the crest of the wave of history—and they refuse the invitation. Communism is not for them. Not yet.

It is, when one comes to think of it, a most extraordinary, an almost incredible, position. In a revolutionary situation on an unprecedented world-wide scale, Moscow has managed to capture only one country by means other than force: Cuba. North Korea and North Vietnam were won by their great neighbor, China.

Communism has been rejected by a host of new nations for the simple reason that they have seen deeper than we have seen. They know that Communism as represented by the U.S.S.R. is not a great ideological movement, whatever it may have been once, but another name for imperialist power.

And we, instead of rejoicing and treasuring our luck, hardly recognize the miracle that has happened. Instead, in our indignation with the neutrals for being neutral, for refusing to be wholly for us, for accepting material aid where they can get it—from the Soviet bloc as well as from us—we carp and criticize and bluster and, in a word, do our best to drive them into the Soviet camp.

This is just what Stalin used to do. Take the classic case of India, the first of the neutralists, and the biggest and most important. In his attitude toward India's independence, Stalin made one of the worst mistakes of his career and one for which Khrushchev is still paying. He refused to believe that India was in fact independent. Incapable of understanding that the British had given up India, he insisted on treating Nehru's new Government as a front for British and American power. Instead of courting the Indian leaders, he vilified them as "lackeys of imperialism." In so doing he did untold harm to the Communist cause. He displayed that same ossification of the brain that too many of us now display when we slander neutral leaders as "pro-Communist" if they display what seems to us an unhealthy interest in Russia or an ungrateful reserve toward us.

Khrushchev is wiser. In due course he saw the light and applied himself assiduously to winning India's friendship. And not only India's. As more and more peoples won their independence, often led by strongly anti-Communist—but at least equally strongly anti-Western—politicians, he lavished flattery upon them, strove to build up a network of "cultural" ties, invited university students to study in Moscow, pressed upon them material aid, which, he insisted falsely, was totally disinterested and without strings. All he means by "without strings" is that he does not, at this stage, demand declarations of loyalty to the Soviet cause or criticize the governments concerned for receiving aid from the West. So, for example, in Egypt, a land whose government is as sharply anti-Communist as it could be, where the Communist Party is in fact illegal and sharply split at that, we find Russia stepping into the breach made first by John Foster Dulles and helping to build the Aswan High Dam.

Lenin's Line Repealed

This sort of thing is a reversal not only of Stalin's policy but also of Lenin's way of thinking. In nearly every case the new governments of Africa and Asia are examples of what the Communists call "bourgeois nationalist" governments—that is, the lowest of the low. Some are strongly socialist; some are right-wing dictatorships, some aspire to liberal democracy; but insofar as they are not Communist, insofar as they are "bourgeois," *all* are, or should be, held in contempt by Communists. In theory Moscow should be straining every nerve to help the workers and the peasants of these lands to overthrow their "bourgeois" regimes. In fact, it works very hard to attach those regimes to itself. Those governments do not want to be attached to Moscow, however, and this is our great opportunity.

Khrushchev's line is that the logic of history will sooner or later sweep away the "bourgeois nationalist" governments and that their successors will then turn to Moscow, or at least leave vast areas wide open to Soviet penetration. He may be right; it will be our fault if he is. He also believes, or says he believes, that the advanced societies of the West will sooner or later be forced by economic crises into the same path. He may be right; it will be our fault if he is. Meanwhile he is prepared to play a waiting game, contenting himself with encouraging disruption wherever he may, between classes, between nations—always provided that he does not risk war. His general aim is to weaken the conviction and cohesion of the West and to detach the neutrals from ties with the West. This is what he means by coexistence, a long-drawn-out process of sapping and mining.

The result of the divisions and uncertainties within the Communist bloc is that the Communist parties of the world are not making much of a showing just now. Many of them still have not yet recovered from the two great shocks of 1956: Khrushchev's own exposure of Stalin and the brutal crushing of Hungary. The British, French and Italian parties were badly split by the events of 1956—in Italy, too, the valuable alliance with the Nenni Socialists came to an end in that year. The Indian party has been damaged further by Chinese aggression on the Indian border—membership has declined by more than 20 percent in the last four years. Other smaller parties all over the world also have suffered. Nowhere, except in Indonesia and Cuba, has there been a strong increase of numerical strength in recent years.

In the Middle East, in Africa, in Latin America, the Communist parties are weak or nonexistent as organized forces. In many countries they are banned. Thus, in the Middle East the Communist Party is illegal in Egypt, Syria, Lebanon, Jordan, Saudi Arabia. In Iraq it is only about 500 strong, having lost public confidence as a result of its unscrupulous violence during rioting in 1959. In Iran the Communist Tudeh Party—banned since 1949—was made harmless after the fall of Premier Mossadegh in 1953. In Turkey the Communist Party has been banned since 1922 and has few sympathizers

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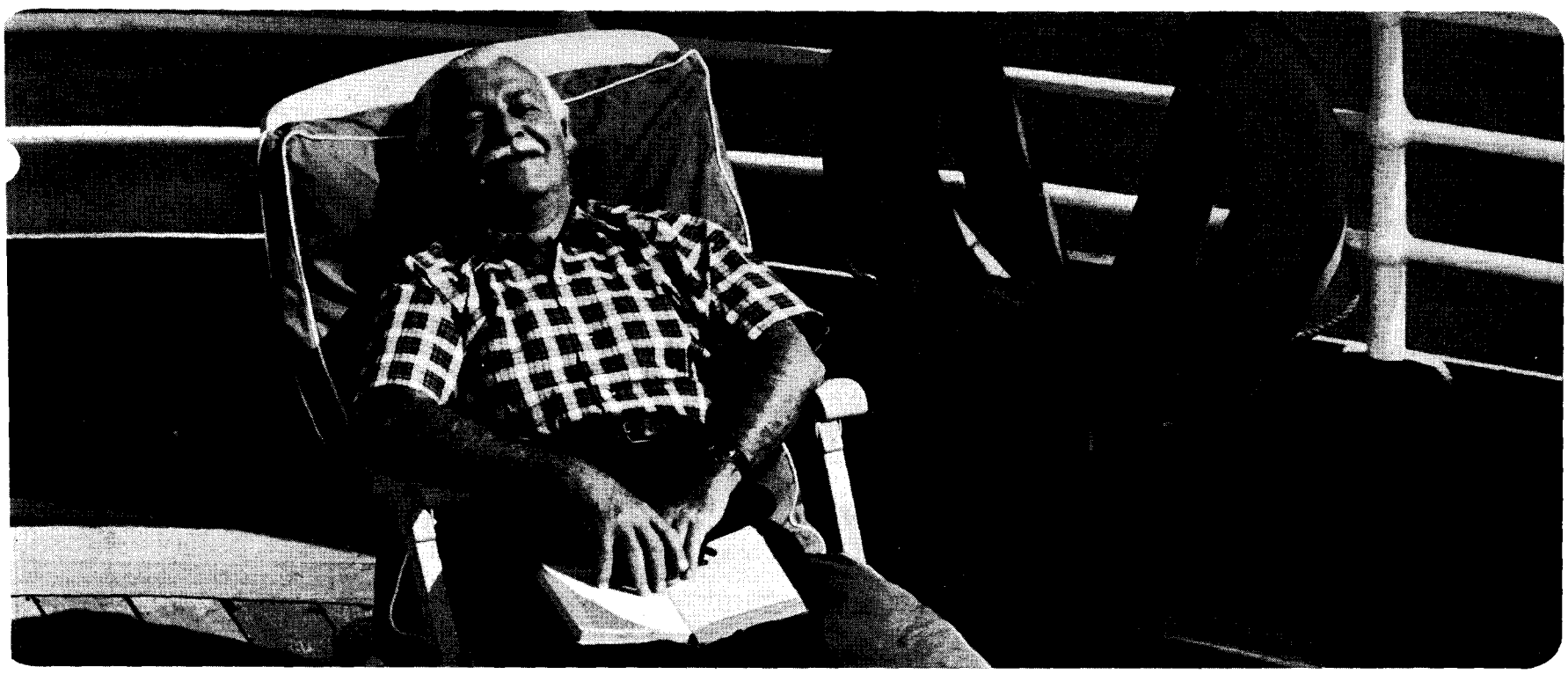

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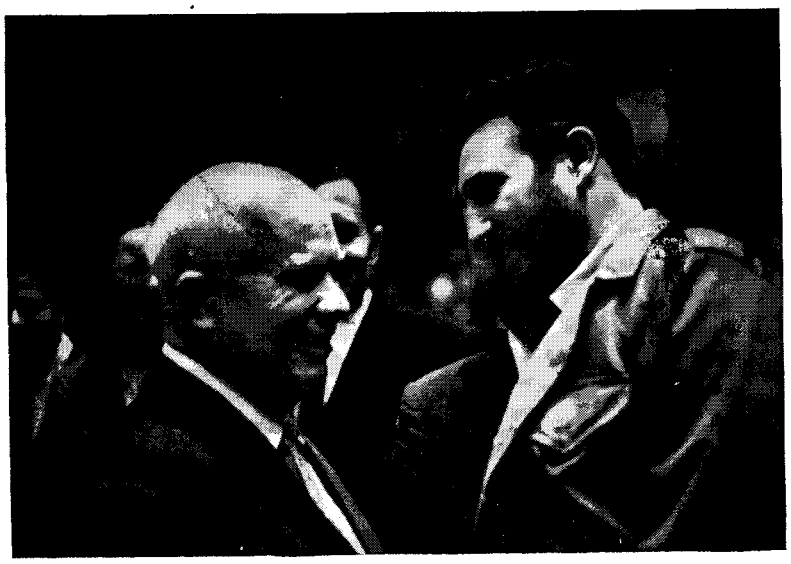
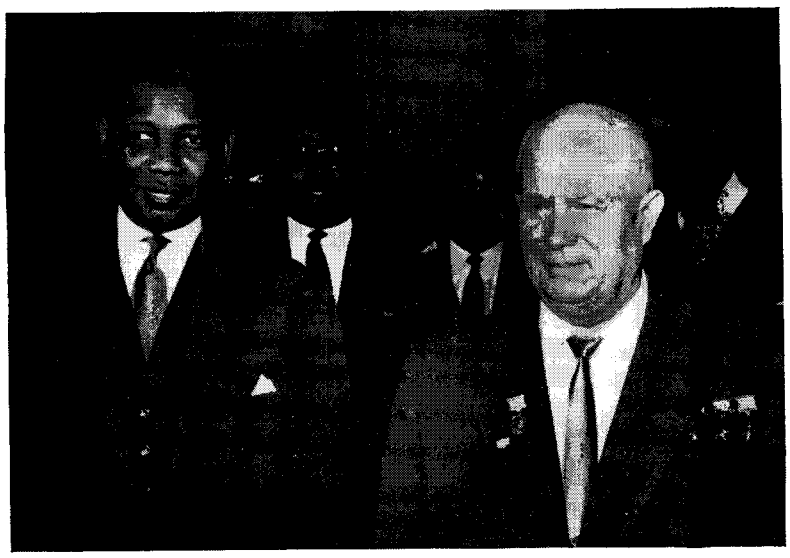
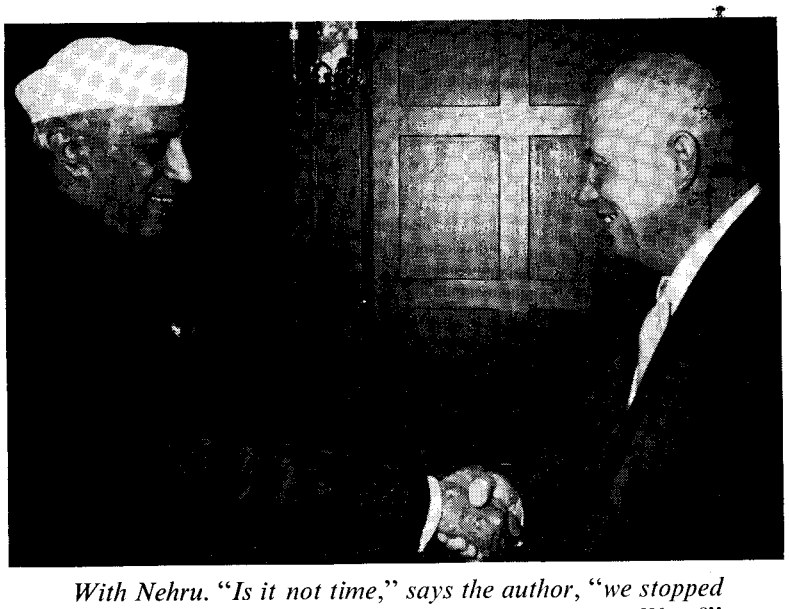
"Communism's strength lies in our failure to live up to our ideas of progress."



Khrushchev as host. "Misrule and lack of imagination by the U.S. may produce a new Castro, or even a Latin Lenin."



With Premier Dia of Senegal. "Independence in the case of poor nations means taking aid where it can be found."



With Nehru. "Is it not time," says the author, "we stopped carping at Nehru because he is not 100 percent pro-West?"

Communism

because it is regarded as the tool of the hereditary enemy, Russia.

In Africa, where Moscow had high hopes only a year or two ago, the situation from the Communist point of view is chaotic, and Khrushchev has recently admitted as much. As an organized body, the Communist Party does not exist in any of the newly independent countries, although there is a certain amount of revolutionary activity in Togo and the Cameroun Republic. Even in Guinea and Mali, where there is an appreciable number of highly placed sympathizers with the Communist cause, and Soviet aid has been actively sought, the newly independent governments are touchy and resentful of open patronage by Moscow. The Russians have belatedly realized that the African scene is a great deal more complex than they imagined, and they are settling down to wait, as was shown most vividly in their philosophical acceptance of their expulsion from the Congo. Khrushchev has also had his difficulties with the vaunted influx of African students, which has aroused racial disturbances between the Africans and East Europeans, who once prided themselves on having no color feeling.

In South America the situation is complex in a different way. Whereas in Africa the new countries have to work through their growing pains before their attitudes toward Communism, or any other kind of "ism," can begin to crystallize, some South American countries already suffer from conditions of poverty and discontent that could breed strong Communist movements, directed both against inadequate national governments and against the United States. But even here the Communist advance has been surprisingly limited and slow. Good government at home, together with forbearance on the part of the United States, can still limit it. Bad government at home, and lack of imagination on the part of the United States, can fashion the sort of arena in which a new Castro, or indeed a South American Lenin—a very different creature—can prosper.

Who Helps the Common Man?

No government, no social system, is or ever has been perfect. The Russians, whose governmental system in practice is bad, nevertheless know how to appeal to the oppressed, the discontented, the impatient, so that the Russians appear to be on the side of the common man. Now the Chinese also are taking up the torch. It is time that we, too, began to think more about people and less about governments.

We are faced with two problems. In many new countries new governments are trying to strike out on new lines of their own, independent of Communism, independent of capitalism. This, considering past history, is natural enough. The Russians, but not yet the Chinese, have belatedly seen this. They are still Russians—clumsy, that is, and, as statesmen, deceitful—so that they have not yet been able to profit much by their new insight; but if things go on as they are going now, they will begin to profit more and more. It is time we began to share their insight.

Independence means independence. It also means, in the case of backward nations, taking help—above all, material and technical help—wherever it can be found, from Russia, from America, from everywhere, at the least possible immediate cost. This may not be a very far-sighted policy, but it is a very human one. Why should we expect a newly born African or Asian nation to behave more farsightedly, more nobly, more intelligently than the older and richer and more experienced nations? If an African leader is flattered by the Russians and nagged at by us, why should we call him a Communist simply because he speaks foolishly in praise of Russia and in disparagement of us? What surer way of driving him straight into the arms of Moscow? Is it not time we stopped carping at Nehru—as Khrushchev has stopped carping, but not the Chinese—because he is not 100 percent pro-West in every way? Why should he be pro-West? It would save much anger if we devoted a little more thought to India's almost overwhelming difficulties—they may, indeed, unless we help more actively and imaginatively, prove totally overwhelming—as her leadership tries to bring this teeming, backward nation into maturity without becoming a satellite of either Russia or America, or of China.

Help Them Be Themselves

So much for new and uncertain governments, imperfect but striving. Moscow gloats over their imperfections. We should try more actively, more humanly, to understand their problems, to help them to be not like us but like themselves.

But there are also new peoples, or awakening peoples, living under old governments—corrupt, tyrannical or otherwise obsolescent. Many of these governments say they are on the side of the West and enlightenment, and they receive subsidies in return for resounding assurances of loyalty. But they are not on our side. They are only on their own side. Can we afford to have them even seeming to be on our side? Are they worth keeping in being for the sake of a military base?

This is a new problem. Because too often it means that the people, awakening, struggling to throw off corruption and oppression, must be against us if they see that their governments are on our side. Is it not one of the great ironies of history that so many striving, ignorant, hungry peoples, seeking freedom, should see in America the stay and support of their oppressors—America, who won her own freedom by revolutionary violence? America, who sometimes seems so hypnotized by the Communist menace that many of her citizens apparently can no longer see the fundamental differences between Communism and socialism and even liberalism? Should we not ask ourselves if this is our fault, and, having decided, take steps, however difficult, to remedy the fault?

I have tried to show where the Communist challenge has failed. Communism is not strong as a world force. Much of the world has realized that Communism is not synonymous with the fight for freedom, for national dignity, for liberal laws, for an ordered society. It is not synonymous with socialism. It is not even synonymous with revolution—there have been plenty of revolutions which were not Communist; there will be many more.

It is only by insisting that all these things, some of them representing the noblest human aspirations, are synonymous with Communism that we can make Communism strong. Apart from the armed might of the Soviet bloc, Communism, so-called, has only one real source of strength—and that is our failure to live up to our own ideas of human progress and also to pay for them. **THE END**

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The Sand Pebbles

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By Richard McKenna

Hello, ship," Jake Holman said under his breath. It was after midnight. The ship was asleep and did not hear him. He lowered his big canvas seabag to the ground and stood there in the moon shadow of a dockyard wall and had his long first look at her.

The *USS San Pablo*, all white except for her slender black smokestack, looked stubby and blocky at the edge of the rolling river. She had a gun on her open bow and a doubled, man-high steering wheel on her open fantail aft, but in between she looked more like a house than a ship. Curtained windows and screened doors opened on a galleried main deck like a long, narrow veranda and on a pipe-railed boat deck under white awnings. In a few minutes he'd go aboard and find a bunk and wake up with the crew in the morning like a strange bird in their nest.

Jake Holman knew he was a strange bird, and he was used to being with new crews. By the time they realized they were in a struggle he would already have made for himself the place he wanted on their ship, and they could never dislodge him. It was going to be the same on the *USS San Pablo*.

She was one of the ancient gunboats captured from Spain and sent to form the Yangtze Patrol during the Boxer Rebellion. They were all relics now, in June of 1925. The others sometimes appeared in Shanghai, but the *San Pablo* never came farther downriver than this dockyard in Hankow. She did not even operate on the Yangtze, but on tributaries from the south, and on a big lake that was said to expand and contract mysteriously, and to have mermaids in it. From the legends, the *San Pablo* spent half her time high and dry on sand bars on the nameless rivers. Holman did not believe the legends, but he thought she was still a funny looking ship. He stood there, a sandy-haired, squarely built powerful man, looking her over. At last he picked up the seabag and started down the plank walkway to the flat steel pontoon. "Here I come, ship," he said softly.

The man on watch was tall and skinny and heavily tattooed and he had a drooping brown moustache. "Reckon you're Jake Holman," he said. "Was wondering when you'd get here, all the trouble they're having downriver."

Holman nodded and handed him his orders. The man lifted the hinged top of the log desk, dropped in the envelope.

"Now you're a Sand Pebble," he told Holman. "That's what we call this ship, the *USS Sand Pebble*." He had a slow, lazy voice. "I'm Frenchy Burgoyne, first-class water tender." He held out his hand.

"How come an engineer on watch up here?" Holman asked. "You standing by for somebody?"

"All hands stand topside watches," Burgoyne said.

That was the first bad thing, but Holman did not let his face show it.

"How's the chief engineer?"

"Ain't got one, less'n you figure it's Lynch, the chief machinist's mate. We only got two commissioned officers, skipper and exec." He smoothed his moustache with a knuckle. "You want to turn in now?"

"If you don't mind, I'll go down to the engine room and shoot the breeze with the watch a minute," Holman said.

"I got the engine-room watch."

Holman looked at him, shocked.

"Oh, I got a bilge-coolie helper down there handling the routine," he said. "He'll call me if something's wrong."

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(For the story of how this extraordinary novel was written, see page 3.)

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Sand Pebbles

Holman thought that, too, was bad.

"We got a dozen bilge coolies. They stoke, help out on watch, clean up and all. Hell, we got it good."

"So that's how come the black gang has time to stand topside watches?" Holman was trying not to show his dismay. "I don't know anything about this topside military crap," he said. "I started forgetting that crap the minute I left boot camp."

"It's different on here," Burgoyne said. "The old *Sand Pebble*'s a home."

"I guess," Holman said, "I'm going below and look around anyway."

Four things were important on a ship: bunk, locker, place at the mess table and the engine room. The engine room was most important, because it was always Jake Holman's sanctuary from the saluting and standing at attention and saying "sir" that went with life on the topside. Jake Holman loved engines in the way other men loved God, women and their country. He loved the main engines most of all, because they were the heart of any ship, and all the rest was trimming.

He stepped through the door onto the gratings and into the smell and noise. This one smelled clean. He went down to the floor plates and walked slowly around taking it all in. This one was a big, heavy engine, massive and truly made, he saw. The pumps were old Davidsons and Camerons, and the running ones clanked and ran jerkily. When Holman shook the valve gear on the idle pumps, he found play in all the bushings. But the pumps were clean and shined and oiled. There was a lot of look-see pidgin in this engine room, but under his controlling hands it was going to come alive.

"Hello, engine. I'm Jake Holman," he said.

He went over to the head of the engine, where two steps led down to the narrow passageway between the boilers, and then stopped. He saw the glass tube on the steaming boiler, dirty-brown inside from scale. Sometimes scale lodged in a valve and the glass showed a false level. You might think you had plenty of water and all the time your crown sheets were melting, and when they let go it could blow the ship apart like a busted cigar. You had to blow the glass down every hour and let the column reform, to be sure.

Holman opened the blow down cock. The glass emptied with a roar and steam billowed under the floorplates.

A half-naked Chinese came running from the fireroom and Burgoyne clattered down the ladder.

"What the hell?" Burgoyne was frowning.

"I blew the glass," Holman said.

"We only blow down once a watch," Burgoyne said. "I blew the glass when I came on watch."

"I blow 'em once an hour," Holman said.

"You blow 'em every half hour if you want, when you got the watch. Right now I got it."

Holman was angry. You did not interfere with another man's watch, but if he turned it over to a coolie. . . .

"I'm sorry," he said slowly. "I been down here twenty minutes, maybe more, and your coolie ain't been in the engine room once to check the plant." Holman halted his quiet rage. "I'm sorry I blew the glass, Frenchy."

"It's all right, Jake." Burgoyne started up the ladder. "Ain't supposed to leave the quarterdeck, unless Po-han calls an emergency."

"All thing plopah," the coolie said. "You makee look-see, mastah. Any side plopah." Po-han was grinning. He had short black hair above his head rag and a smooth, squarish face.

"My takee look-see," Holman said, to break the encounter.

He walked around the engine. He knew the gunboats stationed permanently in China kept coolies living aboard to do all the hard and dirty work, bilges, passing coal, garbage detail, that stuff. But coolies tending machinery: He could not see that, and it was going to make things unexpectedly complicated for Jake Holman.

On the port side Po-han was adjusting the boiler feed. He was shorter and lighter than Holman but built to the same plan, stocky and well padded

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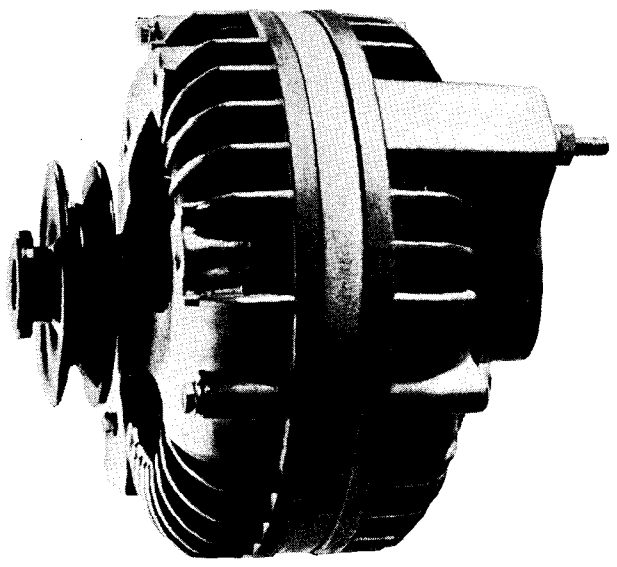

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with muscles. He did not look like a coolie. Coolies were scrawny and corded. This coolie was what a Chinaman could look like when he had enough to eat and still had to work.

What the hell? Holman thought. *That coolie's all right. He seems to know what he's doing.* Machinery only cared about what a man knew and what he could do with his hands, whether he was a coolie or an admiral, and that was the secret, very good thing about machinery. The coolie was an engineer; he was another engineer like Jake Holman.

Po-han caught Holman's gaze and came over grinning. "All thing plopah, mastah?"

"*Ding hao!*" Holman made the double thumbs-up sign. "You no moh speakee my name mastah," he said. "You speakee me *Jake . . . Holman.*" He pronounced it very distinctly.

"Jeh-ki," Po-han said. "Ho-mang."

"Jake."

"Jehk. Jehk."

"Keep her steaming, Po-han," Holman said. He had seen the engine and he could go to his bunk now.

But he could not go to sleep. The first night on a new ship always led his mind back to the past. He had wanted very badly to finish high school, so where he had finished was in the jail in Wellco, Nevada, because that was how things worked in Wellco, Nevada. The town marshal was beating him up in a little room with a rough cement floor. Holman could not seem to fight back. At 16 he was too near being a man to break and cry, and not yet man enough to go for the throat and die fighting. The marshal's face never changed, lean and leathery, not angry, not enjoying it, just doing a job in the same way he sometimes broke remounts for the U.S. Cavalry. And so he broke Jake Holman down at last to his hands and knees in a mess of his own blood and vomit.

Holman shuddered convulsively in his bunk. He was sweating all over.

It was easier in court. The school superintendent was there, his eyes still blacked. Judge Mason would not take Holman's word about the lie, but he did fix it up about Holman's age and got him into the Navy.

The Navy made Holman a fireman, because of his husky build, and when he got a ship he could go ashore with a little money in his pocket for the first time in his life. He made no friends on the ship and he avoided civilians ashore. Aboard ship he hated everything military, and when he heard that in the Asiatic Fleet there was a lot less of it, he decided that he wanted to go to China.

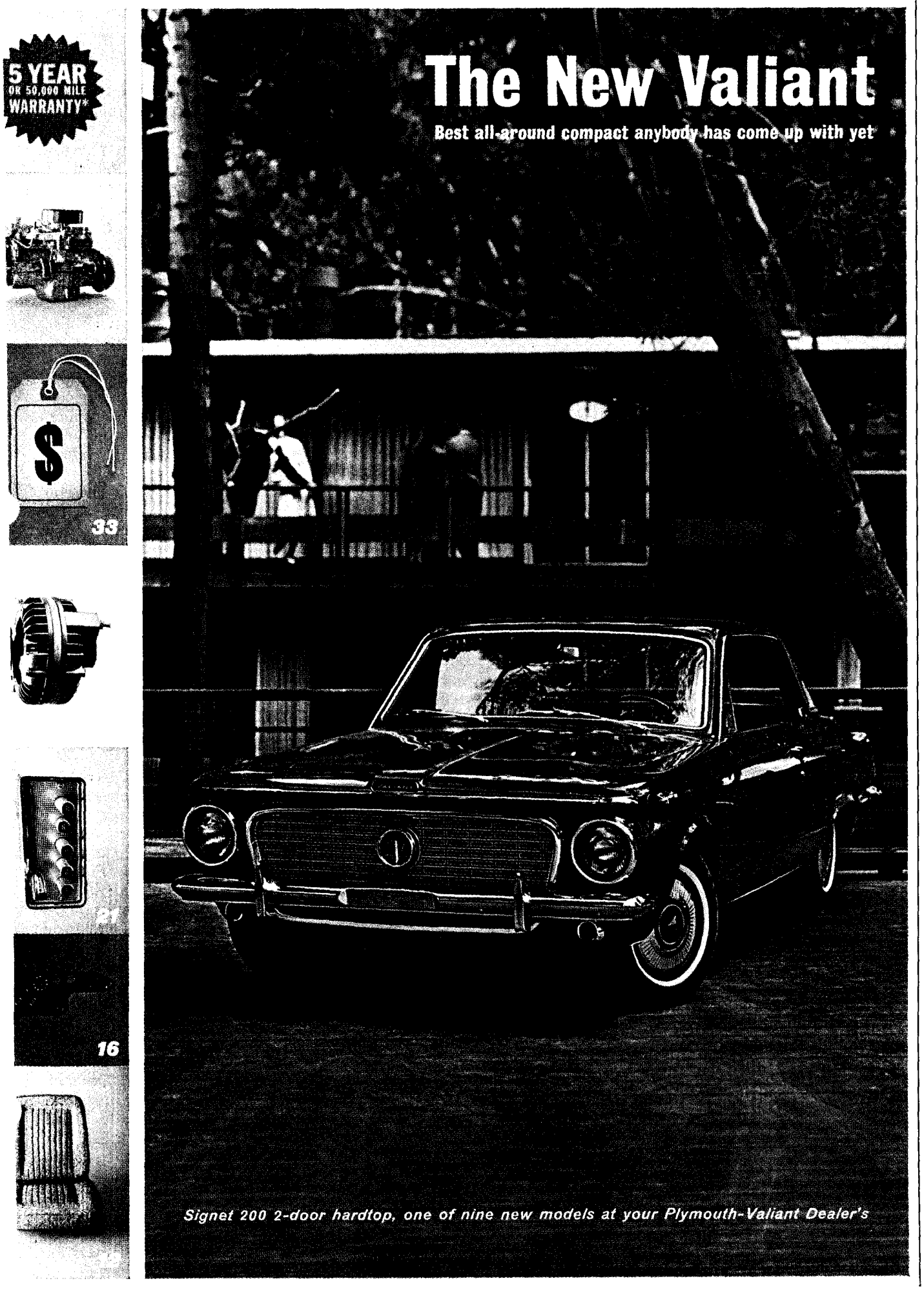
Holman sighed and relaxed.

It was much better in China, and he began coming out from behind his dream-screen. He liked junks and sampans and rickshaws. He liked the noisy, crowded, smelly streets of open-front shops full of everything from dried duck gizzards to lacquered coffins. He loved the hanging red-and-gold signs he couldn't read and the yelling Chinese arguments he couldn't understand. It was a long way from Wellco, Nevada. He began taking more interest in his work aboard ship, and discovered the big secret.

The secret was simple: They could not get along without the machinery. If it did not run, the ship would be a dead hulk in the water. Jake Holman began to love machinery. His senior petty officers were secretly afraid of their machinery, and when they were convinced that Jake Holman knew more about it than they could ever learn, they were happy to let him take care of it and keep them out of trouble. The only favor he wanted in return was to be excused from all musters and inspections and topside military crap. That was an easy favor to grant, and they always granted it. Whenever he could, Holman always transferred to a smaller ship. The smaller the ship, the less they had of military crap. This ship was the smallest yet.

Holman yawned and stretched his arms.

His last ship had dumped him in Shanghai with new orders, and he had taken a commercial steamer upriver to join the *San Pablo*. He thought of the missionary girl he had met on the steamer. She was new in China, going to her first mission job. That first



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Sand Pebbles

morning in the lower Yangtze she had asked him if they were really in a river. The starboard shore was out of sight across choppy brown water.

"It's so huge," she said. She was blond, fresh and clean-looking in a sleeveless brown dress, but not very pretty. "It's just so enormous."

They talked for half an hour. She did not know it hurt a missionary girl's reputation to be friendly with a sailor. Her name was Miss Eckert, and she called him Mr. Holman.

"I've so much to learn," she said. "It's so confusing, so far."

It was indeed. Holman was confused with the talk he heard at meals with the other passengers. They were three businessmen and two buck missionaries. They wrangled about China. Riots were going on in Shanghai and a naval landing force was ashore. The businessmen ganged up on the oldest missionary, Miss Eckert's new boss, a tall, bearded man named Craddock. They asked him how often he had sought refuge in an American gunboat.

"Twice, to my shame," he said, glaring at them. "I will not flee again."

Holman learned that the missionaries wanted the gun boats pulled out of China. They wanted to turn customs and salt-tax and postal-system control back to the Chinese. They wanted all the palefaces to be under Chinese law.

The businessmen said it would be time enough to think about giving China equal treaties when China was able to form a stable and civilized government.

Craddock thumped the table. "You well know," he bellowed, "that China will remain helpless to put her house in order unless you first put away your enslaving treaties."

Near Chinkiang the river narrowed and low green hills humped along the south bank. A pagoda stood on a wooded point. The destroyer *Paul Jones* passed making 30 knots, deck guns manned and boats swung out. She hailed, saying there was rioting in Chinkiang. The steamer people made a great fuss slamming the steel gratings that shut the Chinese deck passengers away from topside. All white male passengers were called to the pilot house. Someone thrust a rifle at Holman—"Keep the deck passengers in hand"—and sent him to the cabin deck.

Miss Eckert came by, smiling, understanding his uneasiness. She had a fresh, soft, sweet look to her face, and a curving body. Her straw-colored hair was bobbed and shingled. He tried to smile back at her.

They could not say much. Old Craddock came and insisted that she take shelter. But for the rest of the trip to Hankow it was different between them. It was clear that Craddock did not like Shirley Eckert to be with Holman, and also clear that she was ignoring Craddock's advice. On the last day, after dinner, she joined Holman on deck. It was dark. They would reach Hankow in a few hours.

"China Light is hidden away down in Hunan, just like your gunboat," she said. China Light was the name of her mission, where she was going to teach English. "It doesn't matter what the ships are like," she went on. "They're all manned by brave American boys. That's what really counts."

"China sailors ain't exactly clean-cut American boys," Holman said. "The clean-cut boys don't stay in China." He knew it was a good thing that he would not see Miss Eckert again after they reached Hankow.

Holman woke to reveille on a bugle. The washroom opened off the rear of the *San Pablo* bunkroom, a clean, airy place with plenty of fresh water. When Holman came back, a Chinese messcook was putting pitchers of hot coffee on the mess tables.

"You'll sit across from me," a red-bearded man said. "I'm Farren." A lanyard came from under his beard to a bosun's pipe in his shirt pocket.

"Thanks," Holman said.

The other men on his mess, his new messmates, came up and poured coffee and sat down. One was Frenchy Burgoyne.

"Morning, Jake," he said. "What you think of the old *Sand Pebble?*"

"A coolie made up my bunk for me," Holman said. "Do they always do that?"

"Every blessed morning." Burgoyne grinned.

"They pick up your dirty clothes and wash and iron 'em and stow 'em back in your locker," Farren said.

"They mend your clothes," the round-faced machinist's mate said. His name was Wilsey. "Something wears out, they make you a new one."

"It's a good deal," Holman said. "How do you pay for all that?"

Farren shrugged. "They squeeze," he said. "And the ship's No. 1 boy, Lop-Eye Ching, collects from us on payday."

"Like club dues," Restorff said.

Restorff was a blunt-faced gunner's mate, and he sat on Holman's right. Farren sat across from Holman. On other ships the engineers lived and messed separately. It was going to be strange eating with topside sailors.

Burgoyne asked a messcook for bacon and hot cakes. "Jake, we run a short-order breakfast," he said. "Wong'll fetch anything you want."

"And all you want," said Harris, a craggy, white-haired electrician.

"I love fried eggs," Holman said.

On Fleet ships you got eggs scrambled and padded with cornstarch. When Wong brought his order, Holman looked fondly at the six hotcakes and the dozen fried eggs, the yolks standing up unbroken.

"By God, she *is* a home!" he said.

"She ain't much to look at, but she's a home," Restorff agreed.

In the captain's day cabin Lieutenant Collins and Ensign Bordelles sat at the green baize-covered table, studying Holman's service record.

"Tom, I doubt the man," Lieutenant Collins said. "I never saw this pattern before in a service record." He tapped a sheet with a pencil. "Eight ships in eight years. Only bad apples get bounced around like that."

"Bad apples don't get these four-oh marks and letters of commendation," Bordelles said.

"He's been commended for difficult emergency repair jobs. No doubt he's a fine engineer."

Bordelles shrugged.

"Tom, these service records don't always give a complete picture of a man." Lieutenant Collins's thin, dark face was thoughtful and he shuffled the papers before him restlessly. "I saw you watching Holman at quarters. What's your impression of him?"

"Hard. A bruiser," Bordelles said. "I couldn't tell anything from his face."

"Hides his feelings. I thought I saw a trace of sullenness," Lieutenant Collins said. "Or it might have been quiet contempt. It was just enough to make me uneasy, even before I looked at his record."

"We've only a few days. If we start the summer cruise with him, we're stuck for a year."

"See what the chiefs think of him, in the next few days. I'll have a talk with Holman myself."

"Yes, sir." Bordelles gulped the last of his coffee and stood up. "It's almost time for battle drills, sir. What shall we run today?"

"Repel boarders. Starboard," Lieutenant Collins said.

A bugle blasted and Holman heard Franks, the chief bosun's mate, shout from the boat deck, "All hands! Repel boarders, starboard!" Sailors exploded out of the compartment. Holman ran for the engine room to get out of the way, but Lynch, the chief machinist's mate, grabbed him.

"Stand by here, Holman. You're in the waist party." He handed a riot gun to Holman and motioned to him to join the men kneeling along the bulwark. Burgoyne knelt beside him gripping a steam-hose nozzle.

"Waist party ma-a-anned and ready!" Lynch yelled. The bow and stern parties reported manned and ready. Holman sighted along his riot gun and felt stupid. A crowd of ragged, cone-hatted coolies was up on the bank watching, and 20 or more were down on the pontoon gazing stupidly into the gun muzzles. Ensign Bordelles came down the ladder to the quarterdeck. Lynch said, "Manned and ready, sir."

"Get steam on that hose!"

"Aye, aye, sir! Stawski! Cut in the root steam. Crack it in slow. Frenchy, aim the nozzle down the side." Lynch waved his cutlass at the coolies on the pontoon. "*Cheelah!* Stand clear, you dumb slopeheads!"

Stawski cut the steam in fast. Scalding water sprayed out with a spluttering roar over the coolies, and they pulled back with yells of fear and pain. Then dry steam came in a roaring, billowing cloud.

"Throttle off, Frenchy," Lynch said.

Someone laughed on the boat deck. Bordelles ran up the ladder and snapped, "Silence during drills!" The scalded coolies were running away.

When they secured, Holman spoke to Lynch. "Chief, do you have quarters and battle drills like this every day on here?"

"All but weekends. Some days we skip the battle drills."

The San Pablo *was stubby and top-heavy at the edge of the river. "Hello, ship," Jake Holman said.*

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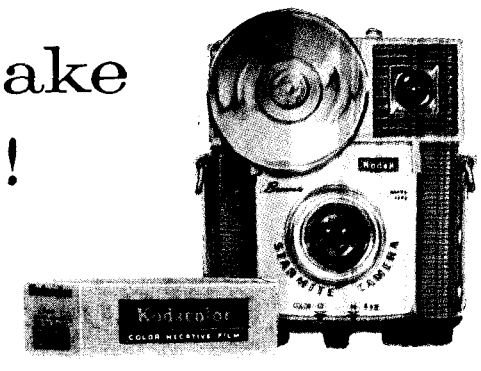

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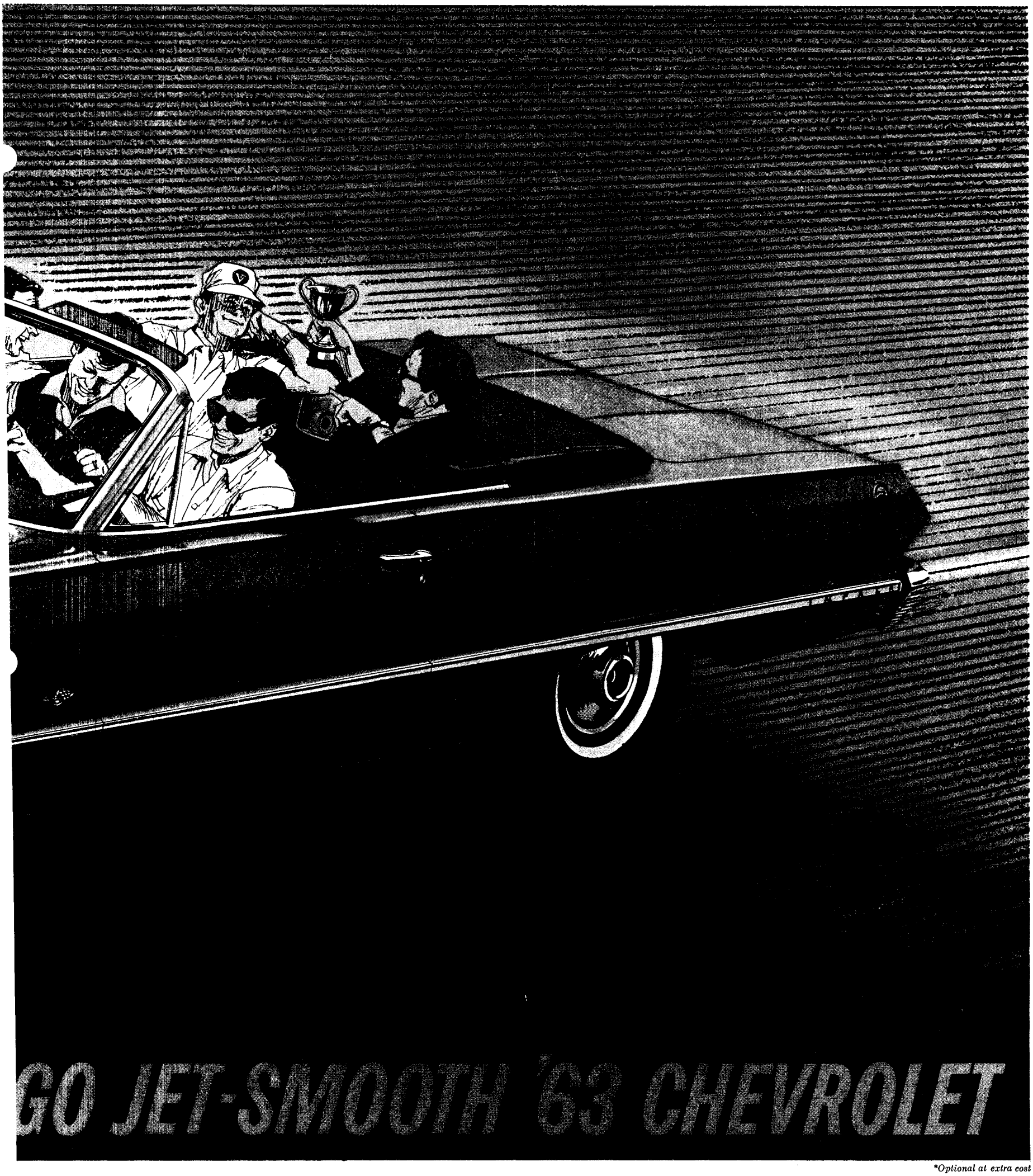

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Sand Pebbles

Holman did not let his dismay show on his face.

It was not until after dinner that he could get into dungarees and go to the engine room. Seven or eight half-naked coolies were scrubbing and shining. One was Po-han, and Holman winked at him.

He started at once to learn the plant. The piping was hardest to learn. On any ship the piping had hundreds of valves and fittings, and it snaked behind things and through bulkheads and in and out of the bilges until a man's eyes became dizzy trying to trace and remember.

Holman started with the steam at the boiler shells and traced it through every branching to every outlet, and memorized the position of every valve. Then he took up the exhaust system. The tracing took him all around the engine room, and he could feel the coolies watching him and not liking it, and Chien, the skinny old boss coolie, liking it least of all.

When Holman was ready to start tracing lines in the bilges he needed help. Po-han and another coolie were scrubbing the white round of the auxiliary condenser.

"You, Po-han. You, Joe," Holman said, pointing at them. "My look-see bilge side. Take up floh plate. You sabby?"

The boss coolie came up. He was angry. "Bilge pidgin no can do," he said. "Lynch speakee me washee poht side."

"My talkee Lynch by-m-by," Holman said.

"No can do bilge pidgin!" Chien's voice rose high and cracked. The coolies had all downed rags to watch, and now face was involved. Holman tapped his chest.

"My do bilge pidgin. Look-see pipe, larn pidgin all pipe, you sabby?" he said mildly. "Must have one man floh plate pidgin."

"One piecee man, can do," the boss coolie said grudgingly. "Two piecee man, no can do."

Chien was willing to save face, but he was still angry. Po-han came with a file scraper and Holman had him lift a floor plate beside the main air pump. He found it hard to get around in the dark bilges. He had to squirm across the tops of girders, between the light angle-iron framing that supported the floor plates. It was hot, dirty work. Most of the piping ran on top of the girders, but some went lower, through limber holes, and Holman looked at every inch of it.

Whenever Holman tapped on the underside of a floorplate, Po-han was right there to lift it and let light flood in. When he came out to make his first sketch he was dripping sweat and smudged with red lead from head to foot. Po-han took sharp interest in the sketch. He pointed to the crosses and said, "Wowel? B'long wowel?" until Holman understood he meant "valve" and nodded.

Holman went under the floor plates again and worked across back of the engine and along both sides and finally across the front.

Chinese yelling broke out above him and someone cried, "Jehk! Jehk!" and a slug of hot water hit him on the back of his legs. He scrambled into another bilge pocket just in time. Steam blasted where he had been, very hot and choking.

"Turn off that steam! You sons of bitches, turn off that steam!" Holman yelled.

It stopped. Holman crawled out. Someone had blown down the boiler water glass. The coolies were all going up the starboard ladder.

"Stop! Who blew that glass?" Holman yelled at them.

They went on up. Po-han, his face a blank, stood by the workbench. Holman was sure that the boss coolie had blown the glass. Po-han feared the boss coolie but he had tried to warn Holman.

After battle drills the next morning Holman went with Lynch to the CPO quarters, aft on the boat deck. There were wicker armchairs outside near the awning and broad-leafed plants in green wooden tubs. A Chinese messcook was shining shoes.

"Lemon! Catch coffee," Lynch told him. He pulled a bottle from under a bunk and splashed rum in the cups. He filled his own cup half full and tossed it off. "Holman, I hear you locked horns with old Chien yesterday."

Holman went on guard. "It wasn't much. We both saved face."

"Well, I got to cut you in on how we do things on this ship," Lynch said. "It ain't like the Fleet ships you're used to. When you want something with a bilge coolie you always go through old Chien. Same with the deck coolies, you go to Pappy Tung. And you never wear dungarees except to stand a steaming watch.

"Like you yesterday, in the bilges and all dirty," Lynch went on. "It made it look like you didn't trust Chien, so he lost face. And you lost face for being so dirty."

Lynch poured more rum for himself. It was putting a sparkle in his pouched eyes. "Get out of that Fleet way of thinking," he said. "Engineering just ain't important on this ship."

"That's how it is on here, huh?"

"That's how it is."

The important thing was the smart appearance of the ship, smart side and boat courtesies and, most of all, exchanging salutes with passing ships. Lieutenant Collins had a very raw nerve for passing honors, Lynch said, and if they did not go off exactly right he would raise hell.

"He can get kind of mystical about it and make you feel funny. But he's just the right skipper for down in Hunan Province."

Any doubts Holman may have had about Lieutenant Collins were answered when the lieutenant met him on the deck.

"Holman, how do you feel about this ship?" Lieutenant Collins asked. "Do you think you'll like this duty?"

"I like it fine, sir."

They always said that. They thought they had to.

"Are you sure?" He made his voice friendly.

"I never had living conditions so good, sir," Holman said. "I can't hardly believe yet how good it is on here."

"I mean the whole ship. The duty. Do you think you'll be happy?"

Holman licked his lips. "When I get used to these topside watches, sir, I guess I will, sir."

"What do you mean?"

Holman pondered. "Well . . . other ships I been on . . . military stuff, drills and inspections . . . in the end, somebody gives you a mark on it." He was grasping painfully for words to clothe his thought. "I mean, it's always inside somebody's head, like. But machinery runs good or bad or it don't run at all. You can't fool yourself or anybody else about it. It's just . . . *there*. The same for everybody." He was red and sweating from effort.

Lieutenant Collins spoke gently. "In the end the test of the military stuff is life or death in battle and possible freedom or slavery for the country which gives one life." *Here on my own quarter-deck I meet it again*, Lieutenant Collins thought. There were the men who gave and took death in battle. There were the other men who shuffled papers and cooked beans and such, supporting the fighters. The army could keep them separate. In a ship, they all went into battle together.

"You know the twofold nature of duty?" he asked.

"Yes, sir. The military part is most important."

He knows it as a verbal formula, Lieutenant Collins thought. "*San Pablo* is not a Fleet ship, Holman. In Hunan Province it is only by keeping instantly ready to fight and die that we avoid having to do so. No man can be excused."

"Yes, sir. I never meant ——"

"Anyone can learn technical skills. In *San Pablo* Chinese do the dirty work and routine drudgery. Military duty demands a certain spirit of instant readiness to deal in life and death. Only the very best men, and no Chinese, are good enough for that."

"Yes, sir."

"The men in *San Pablo* are that kind of men. If you feel that you are not, now is the time to say so."

Holman said nothing. He could probably not admit a thing like that, even to himself.

"We start summer cruising Monday. I still have time to swap you back to the Fleet, if you feel you will not be happy in my ship."

"Please, no sir!" Holman said. "I'll learn what I need to, sir."

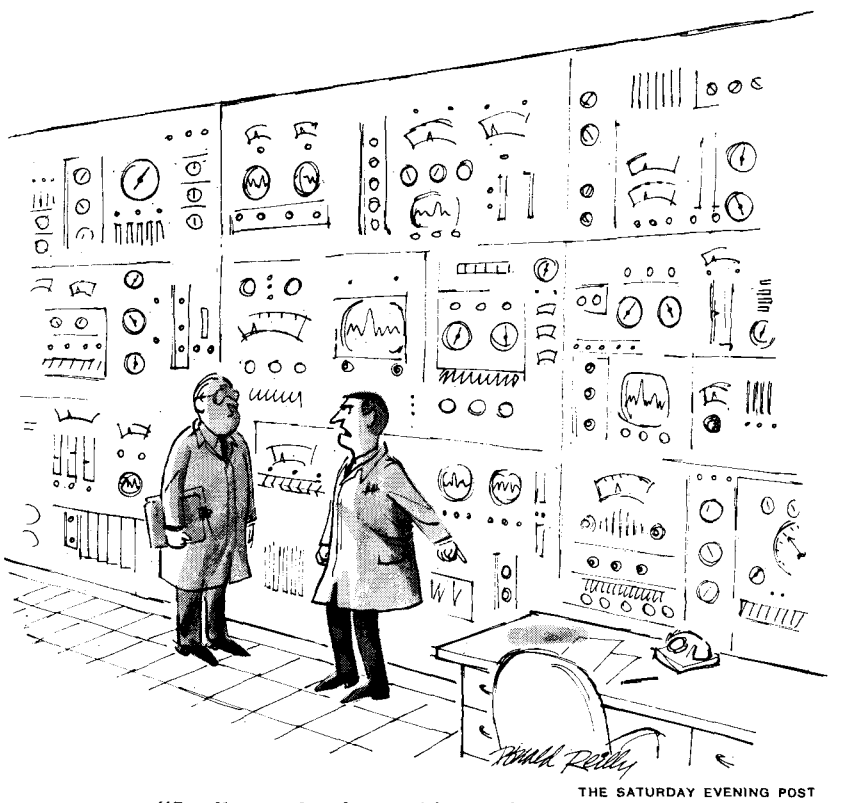
It was clear that he meant it. Lieutenant Collins smiled slightly. "Very well. I may talk to you again, in a few days." He went up to his cabin.

Holman paced anxiously. He had not thought before that he might be shanghaied off the ship. He did not want to go. He did not want to lose that bunk and locker and mess table. So he had lied to Lieutenant Collins.

Well, he would just have to make it true. If they had no use for him as an engineer, he would have to become a good topside sailor, even get on the right side of his shipmates. He was going to need their good will after all.

At breakfast the crew was talking about Red Dog Shanahan, the yeoman, who had just finished two weeks of restriction for getting into a fight with Fleet sailors in Hankow.

"You look pretty rugged," Farren told Holman. "You think you and me



"I tell you the damn thing stole my lunch!"

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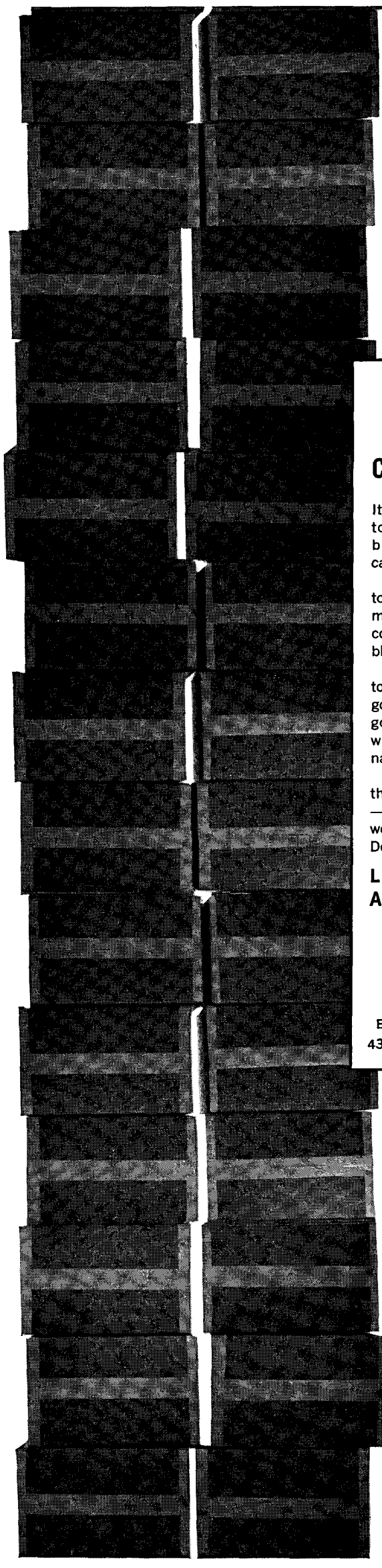

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Sand Pebbles

could take the Red Dog for a run ashore and keep him out of trouble?"

"Be glad to try," Holman said.

"We'll go to the Hole-in-the-Wall. That's just up the bank here, beside the dockyard," Farren said. "We'll wear shorts, and then we can't change our minds and go to Hankow. Hankow's where the Red Dog runs wild."

The liberty uniform in Hankow was dress whites, because Fleet ships were in port and all sailors ashore had to be dressed alike.

"I'll bet anybody ten dollars you all come back under arrest," Restorff, the gunner's mate, said.

The Hole-in-the-Wall was a board-and-brick lean-to. All they had was Horsehead beer. Holman felt strange, being ashore with two topside sailors. He yearned for whiskey.

"Let's go to Hankow," Red Dog Shanahan said, "and leave Farren here to founder himself."

"We'd be out of uniform. How about the shore patrol?"

"We'll go in a car, to the Green Front saloon," the Red Dog said. "It's up an alley."

"OK, I'm game," Holman said.

"We'll be sorry," Farren said.

It was cooler in the moving car with their shorts and short-sleeved shirts and their white sun helmets with the ship's name across the front. The driver honked his way past brown-legged coolies pushing wheelbarrows and files of coolies with baskets of vegetables slung jouncing from shoulder poles. The road ran along the riverbank. Walkways ran down to pontoons with moored steamers and clusters of small craft. Most of the business buildings were of brick, several stories with arcaded verandas, and some had walls around them with gardens inside. Hankow was a big, busy city, and there were many Sikh cops, as in Shanghai.

The Green Front was a small place with a row of tables and a bar. Five sailors in dress whites were eating a meal at one of the tables.

"Roll in, you Sand Pebbles!" the bartender yelled. "Hi, Farren. Red Dog, who let you out of your cage?"

He was a fat, pink man with white hair. They introduced him to Holman as Nobby Clarke, a retired machinist's mate and an old-time river rat. Holman called for a bottle of White Horse and said to leave it on the bar, which meant he was buying the bottle.

"Sure you're that flush, Holman?" Farren asked.

"I'm going to play poker dice with you and win," Holman said.

"Ho-ho!" Farren said. "That's what you think."

They drank and talked and laughed, the Red Dog grinning up impishly from under his sun helmet. It was going to be one of the happy, floating drunks, Holman could tell. It was a knack the Red Dog had, to lift and carry a drunk. The Fleet sailors had finished their chow and were drinking at their table. The Red Dog had taken the spirit of the place away from them, and they did not like it.

"How come you guys up here out of uniform?" Nobby asked.

"We're in uniform," the Red Dog said. "We're river rats, and this is our proper uniform."

One of the Fleet sailors started to sing *Subic* and the others joined in hoarsely and they all went flat and petered out on the first verse. The burly shipfitter they called Buffalo slapped the table.

"Hey, you guys," he said.

The Sand Pebbles swung around. Farren squeezed the Red Dog's arm and frowned a signal to be quiet.

"Seen any elephants today?" Buffalo asked.

"Not today," Farren said.

"Wearing them hats, I thought you might be hunting elephants," Buffalo said. "I saw some elephants over in the Jap Concession. I think you better go over there."

He meant it to be a bluff-out, a forced runout, Holman realized. He set himself to take Buffalo, whenever the thing blew.

"In case you elephant hunters lost your compasses, I'll be glad to show you where the door is," Buffalo said. The other Fleet sailors laughed nastily and eased back their chairs.

Footsteps sounded, the door opened, and four British sailors came in. They wore shorts and sun helmets. The Red Dog snatched off his own helmet and swept out a grand bow.

"Doctor Bangerknox, I presume," he said.

"As I live and breathe, it's Milord Red Dog Shanahan!" the foremost Limey said. "Hello, Farren."

He was a square, ruddy man and he was half drunk, but he knew something was wrong.

"We been hunting elephants and we caught a buffalo," the Red Dog said. "What do you bold hunters know about buffaloes?"

"They're vicious brutes. They always charge with their eyes open," the ruddy man said.

"This buffalo's up a stump. We can't make him charge."

"Not sporting to shoot unless he charges." The Limeys were spreading out and balancing on their toes, siding with the Sand Pebbles.

"I'll spit in his ear." The Red Dog began hawking his throat.

They all chimed in with unprintable suggestions. The big shipfitter's lips were working, and he was ready to go it blind mad. His shipmates could not face the sudden change in odds. "No, Martin. The hell with it, Martin," they said, getting up. They did not call him Buffalo any more. They got him moving toward the door. "Come on, Martin," they said. "Let's find an honest American place to drink."

"Arf! Arf! Arf!" the Red Dog barked after them. The river sailors laughed.

They had fresh drinks, and the drunk was floating higher than ever. The ruddy man was Banger Knox, an

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engineer. He and his mates were from *HMS Woodcock*, which also cruised in Hunan Province. They would always stand with the Sand Pebbles against any Fleet ship, or even a main-river gunboat.

They did a lot of singing. Two more bottles of White Horse were on the bar and Nobby Clarke floated around back there like a pink balloon with sparse white hair. It was a very happy, high-floating drunk. There was shouting outside in the street. A barboy went out to check and came back to say there was trouble. Far off a power plant siren let go in short, fast hoots, on and on and on.

Suddenly Nobby was wearing a washbasin British steel helmet and banging on the bar with a rifle butt.

"Come on! Come on! That's the emergency signal for the Volunteers!" he was saying. "Come on, sailors! Shove off down to the river!"

They were following Red Dog Shanahan down a wide street and Chinese in blue gowns and rags were running both ways. The store windows were all broken and so much torn paper was on the street that it looked like snow. Two coolies were smashing a heavy iron grating edgewise down on new bicycles. Holman and Banger took the grating. They were much stronger men than the coolies, and they could bring the grating thundering down like a Nevada stamp mill and bend a new bicycle almost double. The coolies kept pulling away the smashed bicycles and feeding in new ones.

The crowd was thicker, and it blocked them. The shaven Chinese heads were close together like cobbles in a pavement. They pushed into an open space, and Farren still clutched a bottle of White Horse. He beckoned grandly with the bottle. "Time for li'l drinkee," he said.

It was a half-circle open space around the entrance to a cross street, and across the entrance was a line of Sikh cops and helmeted white civilians armed with rifles. They were yelling and motioning. One of the white men stepped forward.

"Come inside, you drunken fools!" he said. "They'll kill you!"

They went along the street, staggering and stumbling, and firemen in red helmets were running past them the other way, unreeling white hose. A file of British sailors came by on the run and carried off Banger Knox and his boys in their wake. Holman stopped.

"You know, thish serious," he said.

They all stopped and looked back. Their drunk was coming down to earth. The yelling at the head of the street was a great screeching, and white plumes of water shot up there. Farther back the British sailors were making a barricade of planks and a dismounted gate. They had a machine gun on a tripod and a young officer stood behind them with a sword.

The drunk ended officially next day on the *San Pablo* quarterdeck. The three prisoners stood hats in hand, facing the log desk. Lieutenant Collins came down the ladder and gave each of the prisoners in turn a cold stare.

"You are not specifically charged with what I consider your most serious offense," he said. "There was a dangerous riot in progress. You should have placed yourselves under the first military command you encountered." His voice rapped harsh and cold. "Drunk or sick or asleep, you are on duty every minute you draw breath."

"Yes, sir," they all said humbly.

"Stay aboard three weeks, all three of you." A shadowy smile crossed his face, but he quickly hardened it and snapped, "Mast dismissed!" and went back up the ladder.

A few minutes later, drinking coffee in the compartment, Holman knew he was in. They were all calling him "Jake" and wanting to hear the story of the big drunk again and what the captain said at mast. A well-composed drunk like that one always became a sea story, to be told and retold for years, and Jake Holman was already solidly a part of *San Pablo* folklore, a true Sand Pebble.

Show-the-flag cruising took them to Tungting Lake. It was very pleasant. They always anchored before supper at night. Whenever he could, Lieutenant Collins anchored near a village or town,

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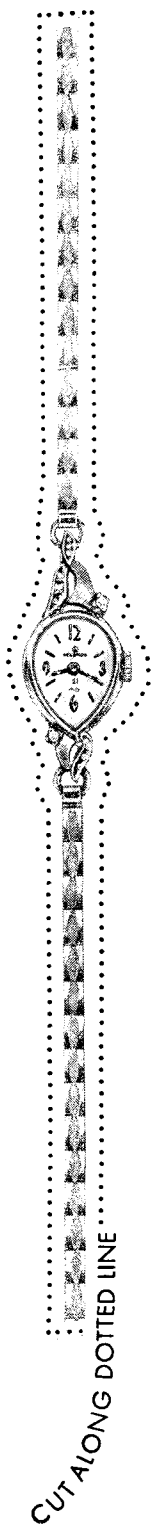

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Sand Pebbles

and he always spent several days at the walled cities.

Tungting Lake was like a huge pond with green, rocky islands in some places, and vast mudbank shallows and reed marshes in others, and clouds of white water birds that flew up screaming as the *San Pablo* thumped by their feeding grounds. The lake was really a big overflow basin for the rivers; it almost dried up in winter. The Chinese thought there were mermaids in Tungting Lake, but Franks, the chief bosun's mate, said they were white porpoises. No one knew what porpoises were doing there, so far from the ocean.

The *San Pablo* passed many junks in the rivers and on the lake and swarms of sampans with men fishing or shrimp trapping. Occasionally they would meet *HMS Woodcock* or the Japanese gunboat *Hiro*, and then they would man the rail and exchange formal passing honors.

On the second day in the lake, passing a bluff headland, Holman heard Chief Franks roar a warning from the bridge: "All hands, take cover! Clear port side!"

A scatter of distant pops and the closeup hum of rifle bullets sent Holman running to the quarterdeck. Restorff was there beside the open arms locker. Ellis, the scar-faced seaman, was helping him.

"It's only a *toofay* salute," Restorff told Holman.

Bells jangled below and the fire doors clanged and the engine thud slowed. Machine-gun fire crackled briefly from the bridge. Pappy Tung and all the deck coolies had crowded into the gallery aft of the quarterdeck.

"What's *toofay?* Who's shooting at us?" Holman asked.

"*Toofay*—bandits," Restorff grunted.

The machine gun on the bridge cut loose again, and after a long pause the *San Pablo* whistle sounded. Bells jangled again and the engine thud picked up and the deck coolies scattered back to their painting and scrubbing.

The *San Pablo* exchanged salutes with the *toofay* about once a week. Every town and district of Hunan Province was controlled by different groups of armed men. If they obeyed the treaties and did not interfere with treaty people, they were warlord troops. If they shot at gunboats and robbed such palefaces as they could catch, they were bandits.

Each steaming day Holman spent four hours on throttle watch, with Burgoyne tending water. He kept the log and handled the throttle, and Chien, the boss coolie, had charge of everything else. The old man moved all day between engine room and fireroom watching his coolies stoke furnaces and feel bearings and oil down and swab rods. Chien had the only authority that counted. Holman went to see Chief Lynch.

"I want a real steaming watch," he said. "I know they got to be Chinamen, but I want the same ones each watch and I want to train 'em."

"Leave it to Chien," Lynch said. "Hell, Jake, why look for trouble?"

"Because I feel like a dummy down there," Holman said.

The throttle was the honor point. No Chinese was permitted to touch the throttle. But in effect they had everything else, and it was a stupid honor. Holman wrangled with Lynch.

"All right, I'll settle for one man, to be my oiler on the main engine," he said at last. "That coolie, Po-han."

"I'll talk to Chien," Lynch said.

Chien gave in on Po-han, but he didn't like it. Scuttlebutt sprang up that Holman and Chien were feuding. That was probably Perna's work, Holman thought. Perna, the water tender junior to Burgoyne, was a sly bird. He and Wilsey and the big fireman Stawski stood their watches in the old way, often one man tending both throttle and feed checks while the other was cooling off topside. Perna pretty well led Stawski on a leash. There was one other fireman, a kid named Waxer, who did not stand steaming watches. He was a striker to Harris, the electrician, and also to Waldhorn, the radioman. One of Chien's coolies named Chiu-pa seemed to do all the electrical work.

The first payday was Holman's first sight of Lop-Eye Shing, the No. 1 coolie. He was tall and robust, but his paralysis gave his face a sinister look, the left eyelid drooping—that was why they called him Lop-Eye. He spoke good English, and he always wore a black skull cap and a gray gown. It was plain that the other coolies were afraid of him. Shing collected a lump sum that covered laundry, barber and tailor bills and tips for Wong and Oh Joy, the compartment coolies, and it came to about 10 percent of each man's pay.

There was squeeze on the food too. Each day at anchor Big Chew, the cook, would go ashore to market in a gray silk gown and carrying a fan and parasol. Away from Hankow the food was almost wholly Chinese: roast duck and chicken and pork and ham cut up small, and sweet little shrimps with rice and all manner of vegetables and spicy, gingery sauces. Every meal was an experience to remember. Bordelles always paid without question whatever Big Chew said it cost.

"Who cares, so long as Big Chew keeps the troops happy?" Welbeck, the chief gunner's mate, would say.

Big Chew kept the troops happy, all right. After every meal someone was certain to pat his stomach and say, "I can't give her much on liberty, but by God she's a home and a feeder!"

She could not be very much on liberty in Western Hunan, because there were no treaty ports with bars and women for the ocean devils. They could go ashore sight-seeing in the walled cities, but they had a rigid rule not to get drunk. Ensign Bordelles always had to call on the missionaries to see if they were having any trouble. Lieutenant Collins would not see them unless he had to. But he always called on the local warlords and invited them and their staffs aboard the *San Pablo* for dinner in the wardroom.

Liberty meant little to Holman. His whole concern was the engine. The *thud* in the low-pressure crank bearing made him uneasy. Something was wrong with the L.P., and old Chien and his coolies had to refit the bearing about every five steaming days. The first day it would run almost quiet, but then would begin the muted *thud* each time the great crank came round, followed by the shiver that ran dumbly through the ship. By the fourth day the *thud* would be jarring and Chien would have to refit it again.

Holman ached to refit the L.P. crank bearing with his own hands, coolie work or no. "It has to be out of alignment some way," he told Lynch one day. They were drinking coffee at the throttle station. "I bet I could take out that thump."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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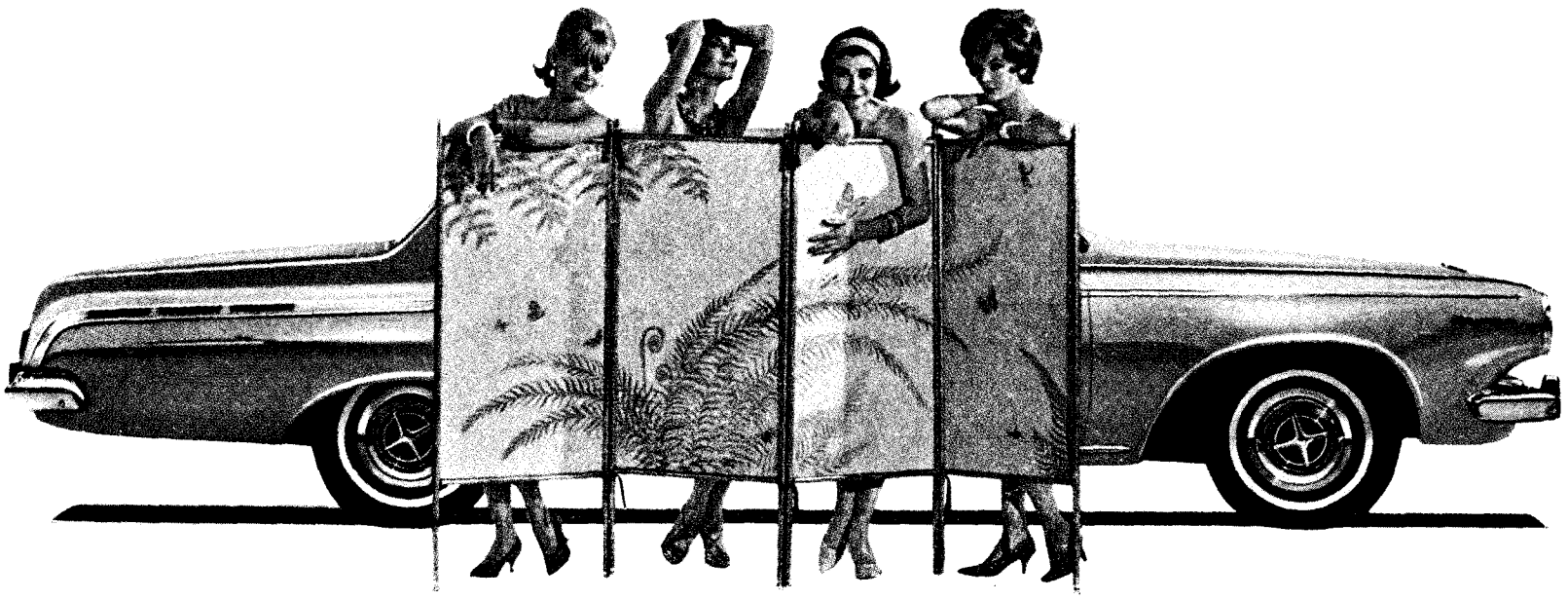

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Sand Pebbles

"Oh, hell," Lynch gestured impatiently. "Let old Chien handle it. She steams, don't she?"

Holman dared not press it, because Lynch had cautioned him several times about cutting in on Chien. The old man had been complaining. Scuttlebutt persisted that Holman and Chien were feuding. Yet all that Holman did was to walk around on steaming watch inspecting, and teaching Po-han.

One morning in mid-August they got orders from COMYANG to go at once to Paoshan on the Chien River, where anti-foreign riots were reported. Raising speed to the maximum of eight knots would get them to Paoshan in late afternoon instead of next day. When Holman took the steaming watch after dinner, Wilsey was making 8.2 knots and the thump in the L.P. was worse than Holman had ever heard it. He sent for Lynch.

"Chief, we got to stop steaming and take some clearance out of that bearing," he said.

"I heard it that bad before." Lynch was scornful. "We only got about three more hours."

"She won't make it."

"Chien says she will. I already told the skipper she will."

The knock became worse. It took on a sharp, bone-thudding quality that made the floor plates chatter. Old Chien hovered near the L.P., watching it narrowly. He was acting worried. So were Po-han and Burgoyne, and Holman's nerves fined to a wire edge. At two o'clock he sent for Lynch again.

"She's about to carry away, chief," Holman said. "She'll blow a head for sure and scald us." He reached for the fireroom annunciator. "I'm going to slow down."

Lynch blocked his hand. "No you ain't! Make your turns! That's a military order!" He was angry, and afraid.

"OK, take this throttle!" Holman yelled. "You and Chien can have the watch, you're so sure about it!"

He made to leave and Lynch stopped him. "We'll secure," he said. "Chien! Burn down your fires!" he yelled at the old man. "Pretty soon makee stop."

Chien and his coolies laid out wrenches and a sledge. The job would not take very long. When the steam was low enough they anchored. It seemed very quiet, with the jarring thud stopped. Holman stayed at the throttle to position the L.P. crank, which would have to be at top-center. The control lever worked a small reversing engine that could slide the great, curving, double-bar links back and forth through the main engine. To hold the L.P. on top, Holman had to keep jiggling the lever very slightly across midposition. The tremor of the control lever was magnified to an oscillation of several inches in the links and the great crank rolled ahead and checked, and back and checked. Then they put in the jacking gear, pinning the worm in place, engaged with the worm wheel on the shaft, and the engine was in a secure mechanical lock. Holman locked the control in midposition and went around to watch the job.

The crank was still trying to roll. It was working, through the backlash of the jacking gear with sharp clicks each way, but the gear held it. The crank bearing was like a beer barrel split lengthwise and clamped around the crankpin with big bolts. They would have to back off the nuts enough to drop the bottom half slightly, take out a thin metal shim from each side to reduce clearance, and then slug the nuts up tight once more.

It was emergency procedure and the coolies were not used to it. They were all afraid to get down into the crankpit and hold the wrench. Chien shrilled at them and they screamed back.

"Why don't they begin, Lynch?" Lieutenant Collins asked. "You told me ten minutes."

"I'll get down there and hold the wrench," Holman said.

"My takee lench! My takee lench!"

Chien did not want to lose face by working, but even more he did not want Jake Holman on any repair job. He took off his black satin jacket, to keep it clean, and his bony old-man's chest showed every rib. He climbed down and held the wrench, and the

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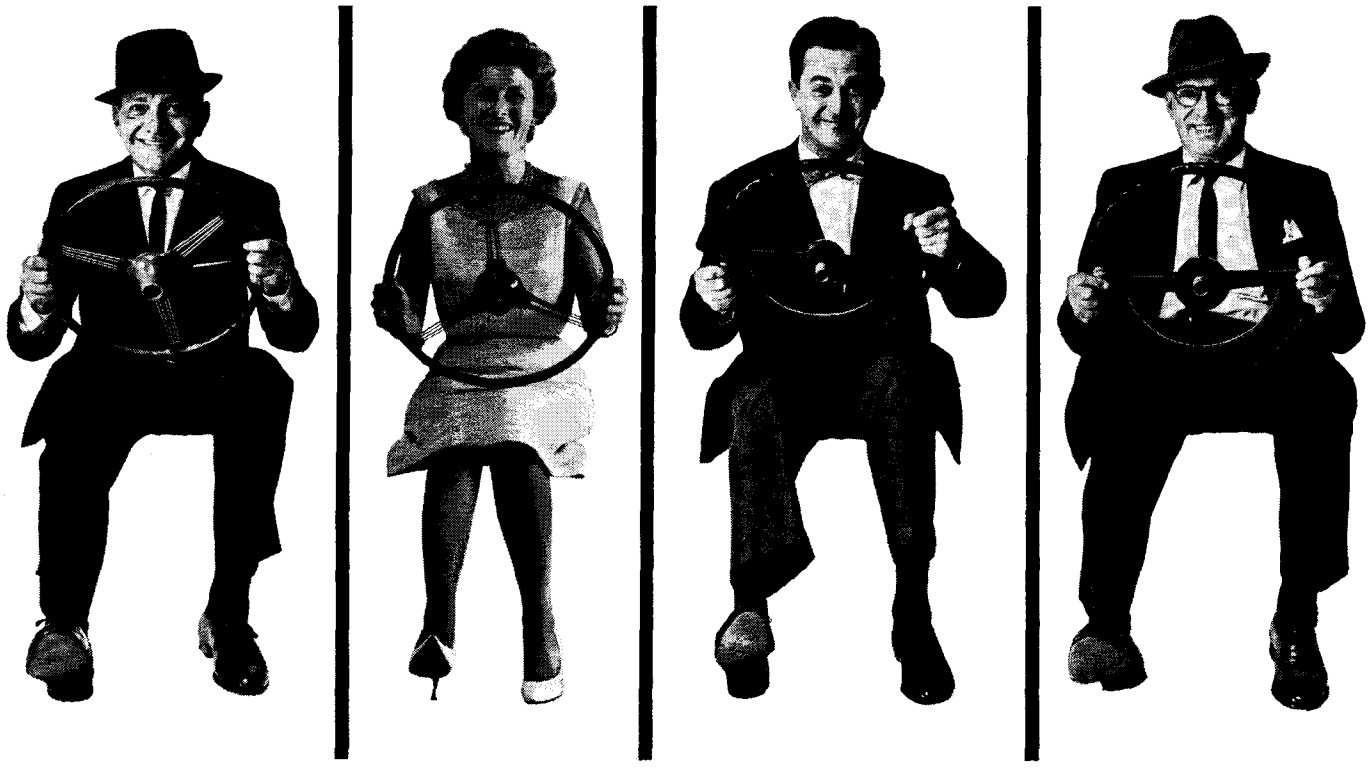

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work went fast. The heavy-set coolie named Chiu-pa swung the sledge. When the shims were out he slugged the nuts up full due again and Chien handed out the wrench. Chien was tightening the set screws that locked the nuts when the crank came grinding at him with a high, dry squeal.

Holman flew to the control lever. He heard the one great scream as the crank crushed the old man's chest and drove his air out, and then he had the crank checked and trembling back on top center. Chien slid down out of sight, to the bottom of the crankpit. They were all running and yelling now. Wilsey was prying up a floor plate. They were going into the bilges to pull Chien out through the manhole in the soleplate.

"Lynch, come here!" Holman yelled. "Damn you, Lynch, come here!"

Lynch came. He was pale and staring. Holman pulled Lynch's hand to the control lever.

"Hold her on top!" he said, and ran.

Chien was doubled over flat in the crankpit. Holman straddled him in the slippery oil and grasped the skinny arms at the shoulders. He straightened up, lifting Chien carefully, and the crank kept nudging the back of his head with short, dry squeals. Lieutenant Collins leaned down to take Chien from Holman. Chien's mouth was open and bubbly blood came out of it and his chest was all torn and bloody.

When Holman climbed out of the crankpit they were already carrying Chien up the ladder. Holman knelt and took out the jacking gear. He could see that the shaft had turned inside the worm wheel. He stood up again, and he was beginning to shake.

"I guess we can get under way now, sir," he said.

"Yes," Lieutenant Collins said. "Yes, we can."

They moored to the Paoshan pontoon at about five o'clock. Lieutenant Collins went ashore with Franks's landing-force section. Holman ate a late supper in dungarees and came out on deck. Bordelles told him to shift uniform and fall in with the reserve landing section.

"I got to repair the jacking gear and refit a crank bearing," Holman said.

"The bilge coolies will do that," Bordelles said.

"I don't think they can, without Chien," Holman said.

Lynch said, "Maybe Jake better supervise it, Mr. Bordelles."

Holman told Po-han to round up four coolies and put them to unbolting the big L.P. cylinder cover and wiping out the crankpit. He and Po-han repaired the jacking gear. The worm wheel fit over a collar on the shaft and it was meant to be locked in place by two square keys. Both keys were gone. One had been gone a long time; paint was thick over the empty keyway. Nothing but rust had been holding the worm wheel when old Chien had got down into the crankpit and trusted his life to it.

That was how it was with machinery, and Holman explained it to Po-han. If you were sloppy and ignorant with machinery, sooner or later it would kill you. Old Chien was still alive up in the sick bay, Jennings said, and they would try to get a missionary doctor for him. But old Chien was through in the *San Pablo* engine room.

"My sabby, Jehk," Po-han said solemnly.

Holman found key stock in the rack under the workbench and they cut and fitted two new keys. Four coolies worked at refitting the bearing. When the job was done and all of them had gone up except the watch coolie, it was nearly midnight. Holman made a pot of coffee and sat on the workbench drinking a cup of it. He heard noise topside. The landing force was back. Perna and Stawski came down and poured coffee and sat on the bench.

"We brought a missionary doctor back to look at Chien," Perna said. "He's up there now."

"They was all holed up in their compounds and the doctor didn't want to come out," Stawski said. "The skipper really blistered him, Bronson says."

Perna told about the rioting. The mob was out in the streets all right, yelling and milling, but the Sand Pebbles had gone right on through to the warlord's *yamen*. Lieutenant Collins had offered very politely to help the warlord stop the rioting, and the warlord had declined politely and sent out his soldiers to do it alone. In a few hours they had the streets quiet. Afterward they had checked the missions. No palefaces had been hurt. Only a few native Christians had been killed.

"What started them rioting anyway?" Holman asked.

"Some slopeheads claimed they saw a missionary woman boiling babies," Perna said. "So they all went wild."

Chien was still alive in the morning, just hanging on. The mission doctor wanted him to die on the *San Pablo*. When a Chinese died in a mission hospital, a story always started that the missionaries had murdered him so they could use his eyes to make camera lenses. If Chien died ashore, it might renew the rioting.

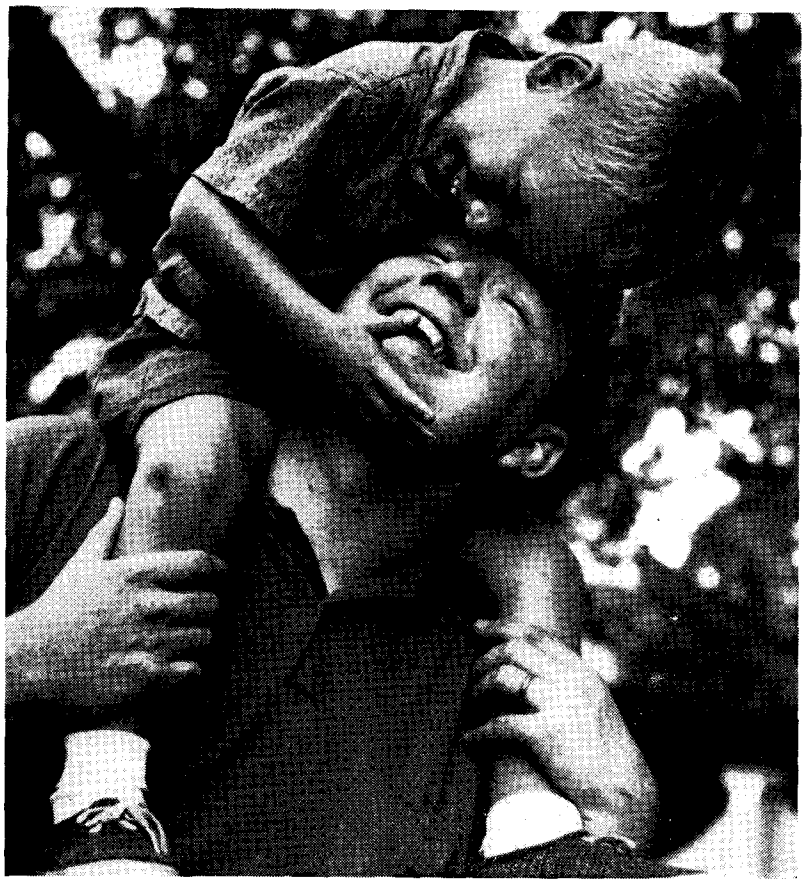
After breakfast Bordelles put his landing-force section on a motor sampan and headed for a rural mission about 15 miles from Paoshan. Not far above the city Farren turned the motor pan into a broad creek. With his red beard under his white sun helmet, he looked like a pirate at the tiller. Bordelles sat beside him. Holman and Red Dog Shanahan sprawled in the waist with Crosley, the signalman, and two seamen, Tullio and Ellis.

"You're gonna light a fire under China Light, huh, Mr. Bordelles?" Red Dog asked.

"Going to try," Bordelles said. "Anyway, it won't hurt to show the flag up here."

Holman sat up straight. China Light was Miss Eckert's mission. He wished he had not spoken so harshly that last time they had talked.

The creek wound through green fields. Children rode on water buffalo that grazed along the bank. Other children tended flocks of ducks. They ran



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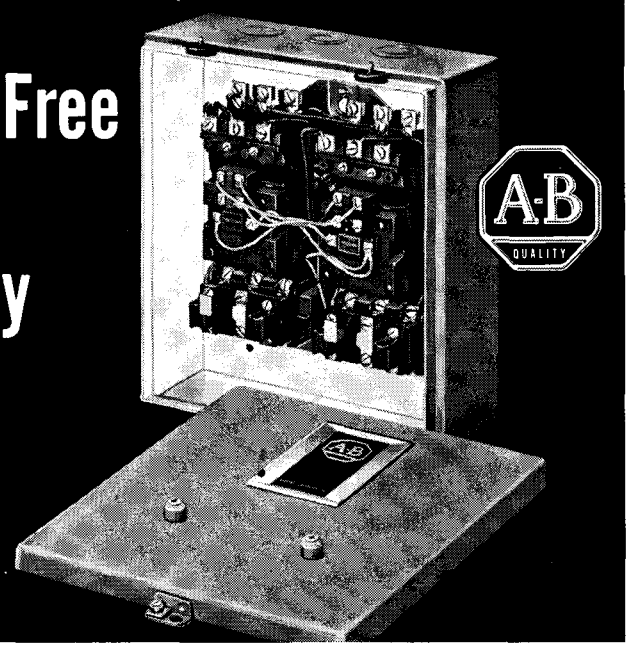

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Sand Pebbles

when they saw the boatload of armed ocean devils, but the grown people working in the fields only stared with blank faces.

Away from the ship Ensign Bordelles was quite democratic. He was tall and gawky, with a big nose and chin that would make a fine admiral's mask some day. Holman began asking him questions about China Light. He learned that it was more than just a church and a school. It owned a lot of surrounding farmland. Hundreds of Chinese lived there, and about a dozen palefaces.

"Tell him about Old Man Craddock," Farren urged Bordelles.

"I seen him," Holman said. "He was on the steamer I rode up from Shanghai."

Craddock blamed all anti-Christian trouble in China on the treaties and gunboats, Bordelles explained. He had started a petition to have the *San Pablo* kept out of Tungting Lake. The China Light people would probably refuse to obey an evacuation order, if the consul had to send one out, so Lieutenant Collins had composed a waiver they would all have to sign. Bordelles read a copy. It stated that the undersigned chose to ignore consular advice to evacuate, in full knowledge of the risk of harm to himself and embarrassment to the United States of America. "I hereby release the U.S. Government from all further responsibility for my welfare," the waiver ended.

They tied up at a stone jetty near a cluster of huts in a bamboo grove. Farren and Ellis stayed as boat guards. Bordelles led the four others, arms slung, along a path that ran through fields blue with fat cabbages. The mission was a long brick-walled compound with tile roofs and the U.S. flag showing above the wall. They stopped before big wooden, ironbound gates. Bordelles knocked on the small side door. No one answered. Bordelles frowned and spat.

"Not a word out of you men from here on," he said. "You in particular, Shanahan."

"Arf arf, sir!" the Red Dog said softly.

Bordelles drew his pistol and fired a shot into the ground. A bearded white man flung the door open.

"You are impatient, Mr. Bordelles," he said.

He was Craddock, tall in a black suit, with a beak nose and fierce eyes deep set under shaggy eyebrows. His black beard was streaked with gray and he radiated power like an admiral. Bordelles was not abashed.

"I wish you had answered my knock," he said. "I've come to discuss changes in our evacuation plan."

"We are in God's care here." Craddock had a deep, harsh voice. "And we will never evacuate China Light, sir!"

"So you wrote the consul." Bordelles was being very formal. "I have papers you must read. I would prefer to talk privately, indoors."

"Very well, come in." Craddock stepped aside. "I must ask you to leave your arms and cigarettes in the gatehouse."

They went in. "Put your cigarettes on that shelf, men," Bordelles said.

"The arms, too, if you please, sir," Craddock said.

"I am not free to please, sir," Bordelles said. "We are ashore on duty under arms. Go ahead through, men."

It was abruptly cool and clean and green inside the wall. Three white clapboard houses with green shutters lined each side of a flagstoned street. They were set back among trees and rose arbors and flower beds on neat lawns marked off by white picket fences. Nobody was in sight except some coolies sprinkling water on flower beds.

"This way, please."

Craddock led them to the first house on the right. A house servant came out, and led the sailors around to a back porch and pointed to some benches. He was being very snotty, in a Chinese way. They sat down, their rifles upright between their knees.

"I guess we ain't going to get any chow," Crosley said. He was a squat, ugly little man with pop eyes and a wide mouth like a frog.

"Don't look like it," Holman agreed.

From time to time they could hear voices rise angrily somewhere inside the house. A servant came at last, with bowls of tea, nothing else. They were getting second-chop treatment.

"Don't drink this slop, guys," Crosley warned. "They prob'ly spit in it."

Shirley Eckert was at her desk in the faculty office when she heard the shot. She went to the open window and saw armed sailors come marching through the gatehouse.

"I hope you're not alarmed, Miss Eckert."

She turned. Mr. Gillespie had come in. His tanned, pleasant face looked concerned. "I thought that shot might have alarmed you," he said. "It's only a bit of Navy arrogance."

"The men. The sailors," Shirley said. "They'll think we despise them."

"We must persuade the Chinese that we do despise them."

Mr. Gillespie was an evangelist, not one of the teachers, but he had been quietly attentive and helpful to Shirley in getting settled at China Light. She did not want to disagree with him.

"I think I'll just go down and say hello," she said. "One friendly word."

She went out alone, taking stock of herself. She had on a tan dress with long sleeves. She was having to let her bobbed hair grow out, and she had scarcely enough yet for the skimpy knot she kept it in. She was not going to charm anyone, but she could speak a friendly word.

The four sailors jumped to their feet, each with his rifle. It was awkward. Then, with a small thrill, she recognized the big, square man.

"Mr. Holman!" she said. "I'm so glad to see you again!"

"Miss Eckert! Hello there."

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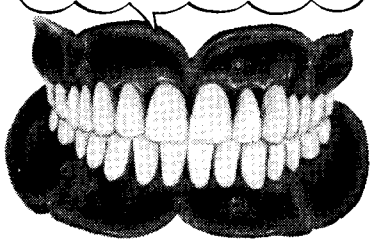

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She had not meant her greeting to be so warm. Holman named off the other men for her. They grinned, ill at ease. It was hard to make talk.

"If you'd care to walk through the grounds, I'll be glad to show you around," she said.

Dutifully polite, they mumbled thanks and began to sling their rifles.

"Oh, you'd have to leave your rifles here," she told them.

"Then I guess we can't go," the froggy one said.

"I'll go," Holman said. He leaned his rifle on a bench.

They walked away. "Arf! Arf!" one of the men said softly behind them. Holman grinned.

"We call that one Red Dog on the ship," he said.

They came into the grassy quadrangle with the flagpole in its center.

"That's the middle school, where I will teach," she told him, pointing. "And that's the chapel and that one is the student dormitory. And down at the other end is the hospital." They were handsome two-story brick buildings with arcaded verandas and Chinese roofs.

"Say, you know, this is a pretty place," he said. "It's like a park."

She led him to a stone bench among trees. Climbing roses covered a rough stone wall. He sat beside her and she became abruptly conscious of her appearance.

"I'm letting my hair grow out." She tried to tuck away stray wisps. "They don't want me to wear most of the dresses I brought."

"You're so young and pretty, nothing could spoil how good you look." He said it honestly. She was not pretty, but he thought she was, and that was enough.

"Thank you, Mr. Holman."

They talked about the riots in Paoshan. He was not pressing any claim; still, she could not deny that the riots had sprung up in the gunboat's absence and stopped with its arrival. One of the Craddock house servants found them and clattered in Chinese.

"Your officer is ready to go," she told him.

Constraint grew between them. She wondered if he was remembering how he had taken leave of her that other time.

Suddenly he had both her hands. She realized she had held them out, involuntarily.

"Good-bye, Miss Eckert," he said. "I don't feel any danger here. But if there ever is, we'll be back."

He pressed her hands and dropped them. She watched him walk away behind the servant, husky and red, erect and square-shouldered. She did not feel any danger either.

Lt. William Collins, a slight, dark man in crisp whites, sat in his day cabin, waiting to see Lynch and Holman. Lynch came in first, snatching his hat off his balding head. Holman followed. He wore dungarees, a breach of ritual. At Lieutenant Collins's invitation both men sat down, holding their hats in their laps.

"I've asked Shing to call on me," he said. "We will discuss a replacement for Chien. Have you any recommendations, Lynch?"

"Pai, maybe," Lynch said. "Or old Ping-wen, the boilermaker. They're both old-timers, sir."

"Can I say something?" Holman asked. "I'd like to have the new coolie boss run just a cleaning gang and I'd set up another special little gang for machinery repair."

"Good idea," Lynch said.

"There's one coolie named Po-han. He's different from the rest," Holman said. "The other ones learn kind of monkey-see-monkey-do, like old Chien. But Po-han sees steam pushing pistons and water lifting valves, it's a kind of picture . . . and a feeling. . . ."

"I know what you mean," Lieutenant Collins said.

"I'd like to take charge of the repair gang for a while, to train Po-han, train 'em all," Holman said. "I was hoping I might get excused from drills and topside watches for a while, sir, to do that." His eyes pleaded.

"I'll talk to Shing about it," Lieutenant Collins said.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Sand Pebbles

It was very good to be with the machinery again. Holman's hands became hard and grimed and his dungarees oil-stained and his steaming shoes oil-soaked and molded comfortably to his feet. He would not let his repair gang call him mastah, so they called him Ho-mang, and Po-han called him Jehk. The topside sailors did not like Holman being off drills and deck watches. Bronson and Crosley began calling him Ho-mang, and they meant it as a dig. Holman just grinned at them.

He enjoyed the steaming watches with Burgoyne and Po-han, but the useless entries in the log bothered him. Every hour the throttleman had to report to the bridge the temperature of the river water and the average revolutions of the engine. Deep-sea ships used the average rpm for navigation. The temperature might tell whether icebergs were nearby. But there were no icebergs in Tungting Lake, and the Chinese pilot could always tell where he was by looking ashore. It made no sense to log those readings. When Holman griped about it to Burgoyne, the water tender shrugged.

"They got a column in the log for it. Ain't that a reason?"

The rpm had to be reported through the voice tube in a verbal formula that had seemed funny to somebody once, and now was like a fossilized joke. You tacked on "up and down, up and down." One day the L.P. was thumping louder than usual and it was on Holman's nerves. Crosley called down from the bridge for the hourly readings.

"What you makin', up and down, up and down?"

Angrily, Holman varied the formula. "Forty-seven, roundy-go-round, roundy-go-round," he yelled back.

"Roundy-go-thump," Crosley said.

Holman heard them laughing on the bridge. It was a joke. They did not often have a new joke on the *San Pablo*, and they made the most of it. "Whatcha makin', roundy-go-*thump*, roundy-go-*thump*?" they would call down after that.

Increasingly, Holman grudged the time it took to refit the bearing every few days. He winced every time he heard the joke phrase, roundy-go-*thump*, and studied the engine in a kind of desperation, hoping to discover what made the L.P. wear so rapidly. It still eluded him, and time was running out. The lake shrank and the *San Pablo* was forced back into the drowned river channels. Vast mud flats emerged, stinking with drying water weeds, and millions of white birds screamed all day harvesting them. The Sand Pebbles began to talk about wintering in at Changsha.

"It's a treaty port, Jake," Farren said. "Nothing like Hankow, but big enough."

On their last day of steaming they were headed up the Siang River to Changsha, and Holman felt the thump had him whipped. He wandered the topside aimlessly, watching the scenery. Roundy-go-*thump!* it kept coming up through Jake Holman's feet and into his bones.

He went below. Perna and Stawski had the watch, but they were talking and did not see him. Holman picked up a ball peen hammer and slipped into the bilges beneath the main condenser. In the darkness the oval manhole into the L.P. crankpit was like a huge eye of dim light winking 50 times a minute as the crank swept by.

Holman lay on his back and eased his head in through the manhole. The great crank plunged down at him, passing four inches above his nose. His hair was a mess of oil, but if he raised his head the crank would tear his face off. Whispering sounds were all around him, almost in his ear. He did not know how long he waited.

It was a bead of oil that came and went and came again. He cut his eyes to focus on it. It was at the joint between the soleplate and one of the chocks. It meant movement, where there should be no movement. He searched for other oil droplets and found them. All the tiny sounds began to talk sense.

They had a big thing to say. Easing out of the crankpit, listening, Holman heard them speak of a long-age grounding that had bent the soft wrought-iron structure of the ship itself. It had skewed out of plane and parallel to the two channel beams to which the soleplate was bolted. It was not much, and all the bolts had yielded just enough to permit the engine still to turn.

"God almighty!" Holman said softly, crouching outside the crankpit. No wonder they could find no misalignment in the dockyard. They lined each cylinder on its soleplate section. They took it for granted that the rigid soleplate was as true as the keel beneath it. But the soleplate was not rigid and the keel was not true.

Holman took his hammer and began sounding bolts, to verify what he already knew. They all gave him back the dull thud of a bolt loose and working rather than the sharp *ping* of a tight one.

Changsha was a treaty port on the Siang River and foreign businesses could own property there. Their buildings were all along the bund—oil companies, steamship companies, export and import agencies. Liberty started every day at one o'clock. Most of the Sand Pebbles made their liberties in the Red Candle Happiness Garden, owned by a Portygee half-caste named Victor Shu. He was seldom there. A Chinese woman ran it for him. The Sand Pebbles called her Mother Chunk.

Holman went ashore with Burgoyne on the first liberty of the season in the Red Candle. Sand Pebbles in white uniforms sat at several of the tables, drinking the first whiskey they had had for months. Heavily made-up Chinese girls sat with them. The first drunk in the Red Candle was always a wild one, Burgoyne told Holman.

"I sure don't envy Bronson tonight," he said.

Bronson, the quartermaster, had shore patrol. He sat importantly by himself, wearing his club and pistol and brassard. A bar boy came to Holman's table, and they ordered whiskey.

"That's Mother Chunk." Burgoyne pointed.

She had a broad red face and gray hair pulled back tightly, and she wore a black silk jacket and trousers. She was swapping obscene insults with Crosley, Vincent and Waxer at the table next to Holman's. They were trying to give her a bad time because she had no new girls since last year. She whirled away from them to Holman's table.

"Ho, Flenchy!" she greeted Burgoyne. She turned her gaze on Holman. "You belong new sailah," she accused him. "What name you?"

"Holman."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"If you really dressed to please me, you'd do it a lot faster."

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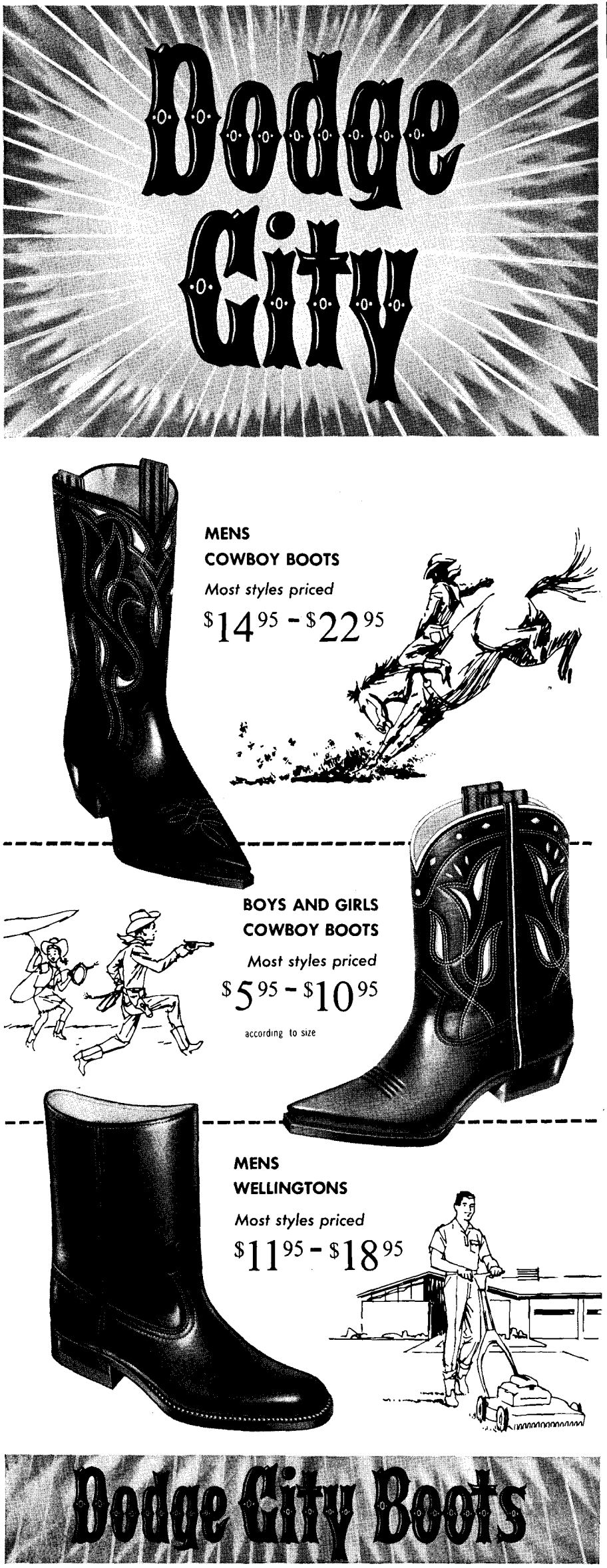

Sand Pebbles

"Ho-mang." She studied Holman. "Have got new gel topside. Young gel, too much flaid. Suppose bye-mbye she come you table? Maskee?"

"Sure, maskee," Holman said.

"You're in, Jake," Burgoyne said. "Mother likes you."

She was young and very pretty and afraid in a sleeveless yellow dress. Heads turned to look at her as she came toward Holman's table. Holman started to get up but Crosley was ahead of him, catching the girl's arm and pulling her to a seat between himself and Waxer. Holman settled back.

"You missed out, Jake," Burgoyne said. "You got to be fast on your feet in this place."

Holman shrugged. The girl had bobbed hair, and she was speaking very good English. Her voice sounded tight and artificially held low.

"I should warn you," she said, "I get a commission on what I drink. All I drink is cold tea, but you will pay for whiskey."

"Boy! Catch foh piecee whiskey!" Crosley yelled.

Delight was all over his frog face. He knew the other Sand Pebbles were watching him. The girl sat stiffly, wearing a fixed smile. She had smooth, clear skin and a pretty Chinese face.

"What the hell, Jake?" Burgoyne whispered. He tugged his moustache, his eyes on the girl.

"My name is Maily," she was saying. "I keep books for Mr. Shu and act as hostess. I'm *so* pleased to meet all of you."

"I'm Crosley. This here's Waxer, and that's Vincent across the other tables. Tonight you're mine, lovey-duck."

They questioned her. She wouldn't say how she had learned English or where she came from. "My secret." She did not act like a Chinese girl. Except for her face, Maily was absolutely an American girl, Holman decided, pretty and clean and decent and scared.

Crosley had an arm around her, tugging at her dress. Her smile kept slipping. She had learned that Crosley was from New Jersey, and she was trying to talk about Washington crossing the Delaware.

"As hostess, I'm supposed to divide my time among all the tables," Maily said shakily. "It's been very pleasant, but I must go now."

She tried to get up. Crosley pulled her back down. She looked at Holman and Burgoyne and all around the room. There was no hope in her eyes.

"Jake, we got to get her loose from them bastards," Burgoyne whispered. He stood up. "Let her come over here, Flagbag," he said harshly. "It's our turn now."

"Go to hell, Frenchy," Crosley said.

Holman stood up. "You heard Frenchy. Let her go."

"Easy there, you two!" Bronson said. "Stand fast, Ho-mang!" He moved in, twirling his club. His brassard made him Navy authority for the moment.

"Enough's enough, Bronson," Holman said. "You get that girl away from 'em."

"Please! I can't stand it!" The girl was struggling to get free. Crosley laughed. Burgoyne cursed and started around the table. Mother Chunk burst through the Sand Pebbles, all standing now. She was shrill-voiced and angry.

"Whassamattah you, Closs-eye? You wanchee, pay money."

Crosley clinked two Mex dollars on the table. Mother Chunk pushed them away scornfully. "This gel first time," she said. "Mus' pay two hundah dollah."

Crosley didn't want to believe it.

"Shu talkee two hundah dollah!" Mother Chunk insisted. "Golo money!"

"Two hundred dollars gold?" Crosley's frog face was outraged. "Nobody's *ever* going to have that much money, Mother," he said plaintively. He looked around for sympathy. The Sand Pebbles were beginning to smile.

"She's coming to my table," Burgoyne said.

"Like hell!" Crosley said.

"Watch it, Frenchy! You too, Ho-mang!"

Bronson laid his club like a bar across Holman's chest, nudging him back. The girl was standing up, with her frozen smile, and Burgoyne and Crosley each grasped one of her arms. The air was tense. Red Dog came up and patted the girl on the head.

"That's the Seal of the Red Dog," he told her. "Now if anybody puts a hand on you, something terrible will happen to 'em." He turned to Crosley. "Hands off her, Flagbag!"

Maily sat at Holman's table, between Farren and Burgoyne. The sailors were being careful of their language, as if they were in a decent place. Maily was exciting them by her strange, virginal presence. The girl tried to talk to Holman, asking about the geography of Nevada. He was getting very drunk, and blanked out at intervals.

At midnight, Bronson got them all on their feet to go back to the ship.

"I'm sorry we didn't have a chance to talk more, Mr. Holman," Maily said. "I am very pleased to have met you."

She looked very clean and nice and she was smiling naturally at him. He groped drunkenly for her hands.

"So'm I," he said. "Take care of yourself, Maily."

Chill, damp days began to spoil the fine autumn weather. At the *San Pablo* mess tables the big topic was Maily, the new girl at the Red Candle. The Sand Pebbles speculated on who could possibly get $200 gold. They all went along with Maily's pretense that she was only a hostess, that as soon as she had saved enough money to buy a ticket she was going down to Shanghai and get an office job. But all hands knew that Maily was going deeper in debt to Victor Shu.

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Sand Pebbles

They respected her desire to keep her secret. It made her even more exciting to them, not knowing. Listening to her voice (like an American girl's, if you closed your eyes, Wilsey said) or watching her eyes bright with hidden terror (like a little rabbit about to be caught, Crosley said) charged up a man's batteries until he couldn't stand it, Stawski said.

The Sand Pebbles changed into blue uniforms for winter. The commercial steamers stopped running. Changsha was cut off by low water, except for the railroad that ran one train a day to Hankow. The *San Pablo* was wintered in. If there was trouble somewhere, she could not go. Holman went to see Lynch in the CPO quarters and asked permission to disable the engine and take the knock out of the L.P. He explained very carefully what he had discovered.

"It's in line," Lynch said. "I *seen* 'em point the rods in Hankow."

"Sure, each cylinder's in line with its own crank," Holman agreed. "What I mean is, the cranks ain't in line with each other."

"Even supposing you're right, what could you do?" Lynch asked. "You got a drydock in your pocket, maybe?"

"I figure the L.P. soleplate and the thrust foundation are still in original line with each other," Holman said. "I want to center a wire between 'em and then take out the L.P. chocks and file 'em to bring the L.P. soleplate back down true again. Then I'll bolt the whole thing up rigid and true, and she'll be all right."

"We ain't got the lifting gear," Lynch objected. His voice rose and he pounded the table. "No, by God! That engine's all right the way it is!"

"It ain't all right," Holman said. "You seen it kill a man."

"I just got an Irish feeling that it'd be bad luck," Lynch said. "She steams, don't she?" He wanted to smooth things over.

"Yeah, I guess. Well. . . ." Holman stood up. He was wondering if he dared to go to Lieutenant Collins, over Lynch's head.

When Holman made a liberty at the Red Candle he talked with Banger Knox of the *Woodcock*, who sometimes came in. On his shore patrol, forbidden to drink, he watched Maily. She never once put aside her forced smile and her false hostess manner. It was her armor. One evening Holman ordered a supper of shrimp and rice and pork bits and asked Maily to share it. It would save her owing Shu that much more, he thought. She wore a brown dress with a white lace collar, and she kept up her bright, false screen of chatter. She wanted to know all about the Nevada desert.

"I don't want to talk about Nevada," Holman said. "I hate Nevada."

"I hate Hunan Province," she said. "I hate China."

Her screen was breaking down. He thought she wanted to tell him something, but when he drew her to the point she recoiled. "I did something very bad. Don't ask me what," she said. She was looking down and pushing shrimps around in her bowl. "I believe being here is my punishment. This is hell."

"Good people ain't supposed to go to hell," he said.

"I'm bad. But you're good." She raised her eyes. "If you could have anything you wanted, Jake, what would it be?"

He thought about that. "If you mean what's possible, I'd like to do a certain repair job on the main engine, out on the ship."

Before he knew it, he was pouring it out to her, all about Po-han and Chien and how they wouldn't let him tear down the engine. She was very sympathetic.

"I'll pray that you get your chance, Jake," she said softly. "Good night. And thank you for the dinner."

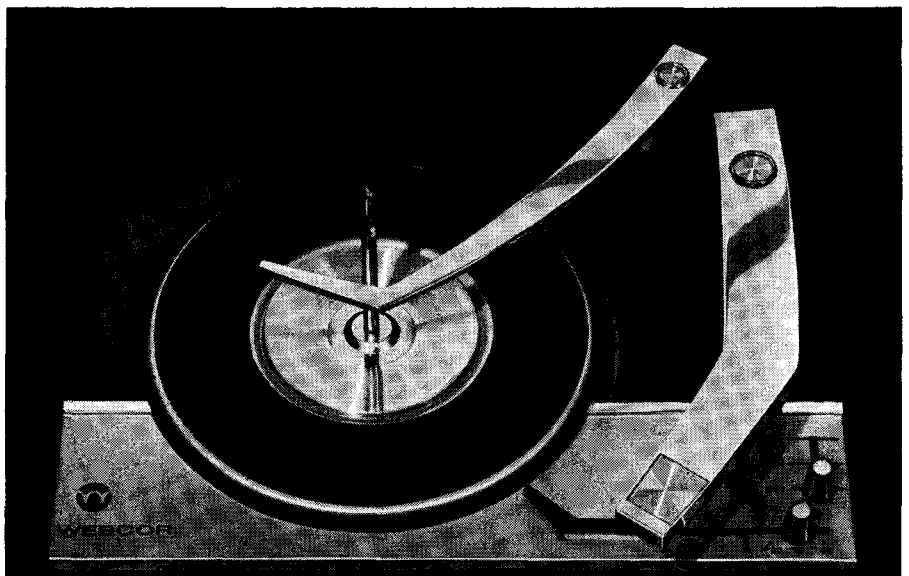
His chance came a few days later. Lynch got a letter from a White Russian woman and applied for 20 days' leave to go up to Hankow. His going left Holman senior engineer aboard. He went to see Lieutenant Collins and asked permission to disable the main engine.

"It'll cut repair work next summer almost in half," Holman said. "The plant will be in perfect shape."

"Permission granted," Lieutenant Collins said.

Holman started the job next morning. He told his men they were going to drive out the devil that made the engine sick, and winked at Po-han. Holman and Po-han did the sledge and wrench work. Pai and Lung and Chiu-pa did the rigging. They worked at a dead run, Holman whistling cheerfully, Po-han wailing snatches of song. By five o'clock all the crank bearings and cross heads and connecting rods were out and littering floor plates. Above on the gratings the valves and their spindles, pistons and cylinder covers lay heaped in a jungle of metal. Holman made the double thumbs-up sign.

"*Ding hao!*" he said. "Knock off now. Today make finish. Tomorrow take out crankshaft."



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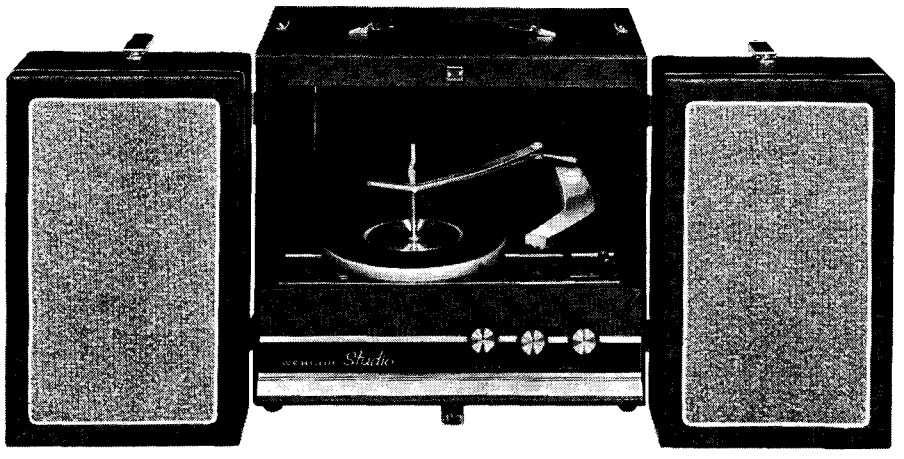

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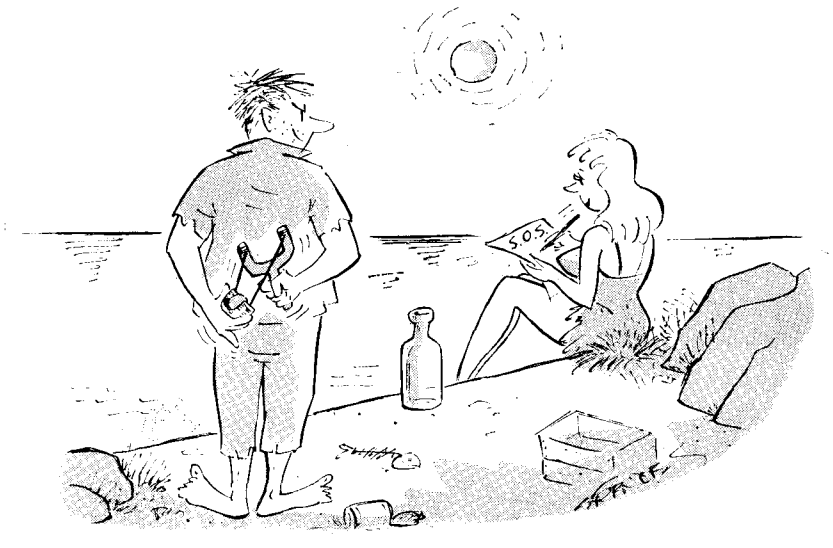

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After supper, the others went ashore but Holman and Po-han worked on. They took out the link bars and drag rods and eccentric straps and rods and piled them on the heavier pieces. They finished near midnight, both very tired. Heaped engine parts filled both sides, and the only clear space in the engine room was inside the gutted engine. The heavy crankshaft ran nakedly along at floor-plate level with the metal guards off the big coupling flanges between each crank and only main bearing caps left in place. Po-han stood at the forward end looking through the empty archways to the white bulk of the main condenser. He had lost his cheer.

"Hey, Po-han! Whatsamatter you?" Holman rallied him.

"I flaid, Jehk. Heart no good." Po-han patted his chest.

It was the stripped engine, Holman thought, and the way the engine parts lay heaped in confusion. Po-han was thinking that this was a bad thing to be doing to the great metal dragon. Holman tried to reassure him.

"Must fix foundation," he said. "After, put back, same same. L.P. no more makee trouble. You, me, engine, all happy."

Next morning Ping-wen's cleaning coolies were all at work, but of Holman's men only Po-han showed up.

"Chiu-pa stop homeside. He sick," Po-han told Holman.

Something was wrong. Po-han was trying to blank his face, but a misery showed honestly through it. Pai and Lung had to visit sick parents, he said. He did not know when any of them would be back. "I sick too. Must stop homeside littee bit," Po-han said sadly.

Holman stifled his anger. "You, me, long-time friend," he said gently. "You speakee me proper."

Slowly, Holman drew it out of him. They were all frightened, Po-han too. They thought disturbing the engine foundations was bad joss. The No. 1 coolie Lop-Eye Shing had ordered them to go ashore and stay lost until Holman gave it up. Shing was ashore too. Holman felt angry and helpless.

"We'll do it alone," he said. "You, me, Po-han."

"No can do, Jehk. Lop-Eye Shing makee me tlobbah."

Shing would fire him, Holman gathered. He explained that Lieutenant Collins had approved the job, and he would not let Shing fire Po-han. Po-han would not believe that Lieutenant Collins had any power at all over Shing. Finally he crept miserably away.

Holman was alone. He thought of Shing's sardonic face, with its leering wink and he smashed his fist into his palm. He was stopped. Wilsey and Stawski would refuse to help. The engine was no concern of Burgoyne's. And he had to get the job done before Lynch came back. He went over to the engine and put a wrench on one of the big coupling nuts and slugged at it one-handed. The sledge just bounced off. He was whipped. He would have to put the engine back together, and all next summer it would be roundy-go-*thump* again.

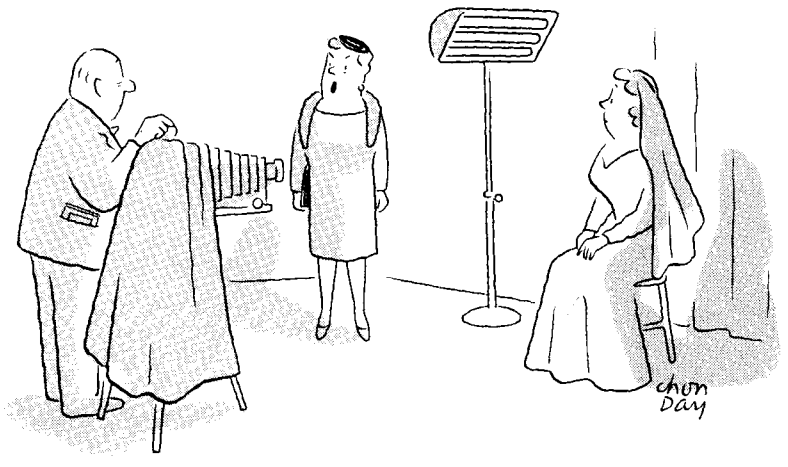
"Jehk." Holman looked up. Po-han was back. "Inside littee bit hot now," he said, putting his hand on his heart. "I can do, Jehk. I no give Goddamn, Lop-Eye Shing makee me tlobbah."

Holman jumped grinning off the workbench. "You, me, Po-han! We'll whip 'em all!" he said.

The engine fought back. The coupling nuts would not come loose. There were 30 of them, 10 to a flange, each nut four inches across, and they were welded in their threads by the rust of 50 years. Po-han held the wrench and Holman swung the 20-pound sledge until he could hardly close his hands. In two hours, they got one nut off.

"Po-han, we got to get smart about this," Holman said. With ball peen hammers they beat the paint off all the nuts, and dripped kerosene on the exposed bolt threads, hoping it would seep inside the nuts and loosen and lubricate. Then Holman sledged again.

The nuts would not yield. They tried each nut in turn, and stopped to ball peen again and drip more kerosene, and sledged over the nuts a



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Sand Pebbles

second time. With each blow Holman could feel in his right hand the back jar of unavailing force. Both men dripped sweat. By suppertime they had loosened one more nut.

"Ain't much, for a day's work," Holman said wearily.

Po-han grinned. He thought they had all winter. He did not know about the time pinch. Lynch would be back in 20 days.

By midnight Holman's arms were numb and aching to the shoulders and they had not loosened one extra nut. Haythorn came in on the gratings and yelled down.

"Hellfire, Jake, you gonna keep up that pounding all night? There's guys up here want to sleep."

"I'm just now knocking off," Holman said.

In the morning Holman's right hand was so swollen he could not close it. He had to hold the wrench and let Po-han sledge. Po-han was not heavy enough. There was a saying: the smaller the man, the bigger the hammer. But the Navy had no sledges bigger than 20-pounders. Holman made Po-han cushion his hand with a rag, to soften the back jar, as he should have done himself. They went over all the nuts again and could not loosen a single one. Holman sighed.

"What we going to do, Po-han?"

"Hammah!" Po-han said. "Hammah, hammah, hammah!" he grinned at Holman.

Lieutenant Collins came down and stood on the bottom step of the ladder and looked around. "I hadn't realized it would take all this." He motioned in distaste at the piled engine parts. "Give up the job, Holman, if it seems too much for you."

"We'll make it, sir. We're going right along with it," Holman said.

Through the gratings he watched Lieutenant Collins go out of sight. He knows about Shing's boycott, Holman thought.

They dripped more kerosene and sledged all around and no nuts would budge. Po-han streamed sweat, and his breath whistled. Holman felt grim. That night he tried to put on a good face at dinner.

"You better have Doc Jennings look at that hand," Burgoyne told him.

"It's all right. I'm not using it."

"Want I should come down and help this afternoon, Jake?"

"No thanks, Frenchy," Holman said. "Extra hands ain't what I need just now. But you ain't got a blowtorch in your locker, have you?"

"'Fraid not." Burgoyne laughed. "Well, I'll go ashore then."

That afternoon Holman decided to chisel off the nuts. And if the coupling bolts would not come out, as they probably would not, he would drill them out. They could send to Hankow for stock to make new nuts and bolts.

Po-han whaled happily away at a cold chisel. Holman got another chisel and worked himself. His hand hurt and he could just barely manage a ball peen hammer. It went slowly. After supper they each had one nut split along the flat, spread and backed off. Holman's hand throbbed and the pain went all the way to the shoulder. It was no good.

"Hello, Jake!"

It was Banger Knox of *HMS Woodcock*, red-faced and grinning, dressed in a pale-blue one-piece boiler suit.

"Fair got it all in pieces, haven't you?" he said, looking around. "Frenchy told me about your trouble, at the Red Candle."

Holman saw the blowtorch he was holding. "God bless you, Banger!" he said.

Expanded by the concentrated flame, the nuts came loose, screeching and groaning in ancient, rusty protest. The engine filled with exultant British, Chinese and American yells as each nut yielded. Duckbutt Randall came in on the gratings.

"Hey, you guys," he called. "What's coming off down there?"

"Nuts!" Holman whooped in sheer delight.

"Nuts to you too," Duckbutt Randall said indignantly.

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The hand throbbed and kept him awake. He went to the sick bay after breakfast. Jennings, the pharmacist's mate, had him soak it in hot water and then bandaged it and put it in a sling.

"Be sure to keep it elevated," he said. "Don't try to use it."

"I'll be careful, doc," Holman said.

"I mean it! You could lose that hand, if you get a bone infection!" Jennings warned.

Holman hurried below. The next step was to drive out the coupling bolts. Po-han tried several, sledging as hard as he could, but they would not start. They were a tight, driving fit when they were installed 50 years ago, and even a little rust could bind them absolutely. It was going to be a worse ordeal than the nuts had been.

Holman tried the blowtorch, but the big coupling flanges soaked off the heat so fast that it did not help. Then they slugged over all the bolts and not a one would start.

Holman's hand hurt and he felt dizzy. He went up to dinner. They all knew he was in trouble and none of them was sorry for him.

"You sound like the village blacksmith down there, Ho-mang," Bronson said. "You going to keep it up all night again?"

Crosley laughed. "The muscles of his scrawny arms are strong as rubber bands," he said.

After dinner, Holman gave up on the sledging. He had Po-han saw one bolt off flush with the flange and they rigged a drilling post and he had Po-han start drilling the bolt out. Holman began sawing off another bolt. He favored his hand all he could. Po-han turned the drill with the ratchet lever and the chips came out smoking.

"Drill, drill, drill!" Holman said, grinning at him.

"Dlill, dlill, dlill!"

Burgoyne came down quietly in dungarees. "What can I do, Jake?" he asked.

"Spell Po-han on that ratchet handle, if you want to," Holman said. "But you ain't got no call to do engine work, Frenchy. You got the boilers."

Burgoyne grinned and knuckled his moustache. "I ride on this ship, don't I?"

"Well—I'll be much obliged, Frenchy." Holman bent to his hacksawing, to hide his feeling.

After supper Banger came aboard again. He had another drilling post with him. By midnight they had three bolts drilled out. Each bolt meant hand drilling a two-inch hole through eight inches of steel. It was man-killing.

"Good show, mates," Banger said. "Leg over leg, the dog got to Dover, as you might say."

"Dlill, dlill, dlill!" Po-han said.

They all laughed with him.

"Jake, you got to take better care of that hand," Burgoyne said. "You take my patrol tomorrow and let me work down here."

"Lie up a day, Jake. Don't be a fool," Banger said.

"All right," Holman said.

Jennings was angry about the hand. "It's worse. It's dangerous," he said. "You could lose it."

"I won't lose it, if I can help."

"You stay out of that engine room, understand?" Jennings said. "Or I'll ship you over to the mission hospital!"

"I'll stay out. I got shore patrol today, doc," Holman soothed him.

It was rather quiet in the Red Candle. Holman asked Maily to have supper with him again. They ate fried pork bits with sweet peppers in a gingery sauce, a dish Holman especially liked, and fluffy white rice. She was worried about his hand. He told her about the job, and she worried about that too.

"Hell, Maily, you're in worse trouble than I am," he said. "Maybe we could get you out of here. Frenchy would help."

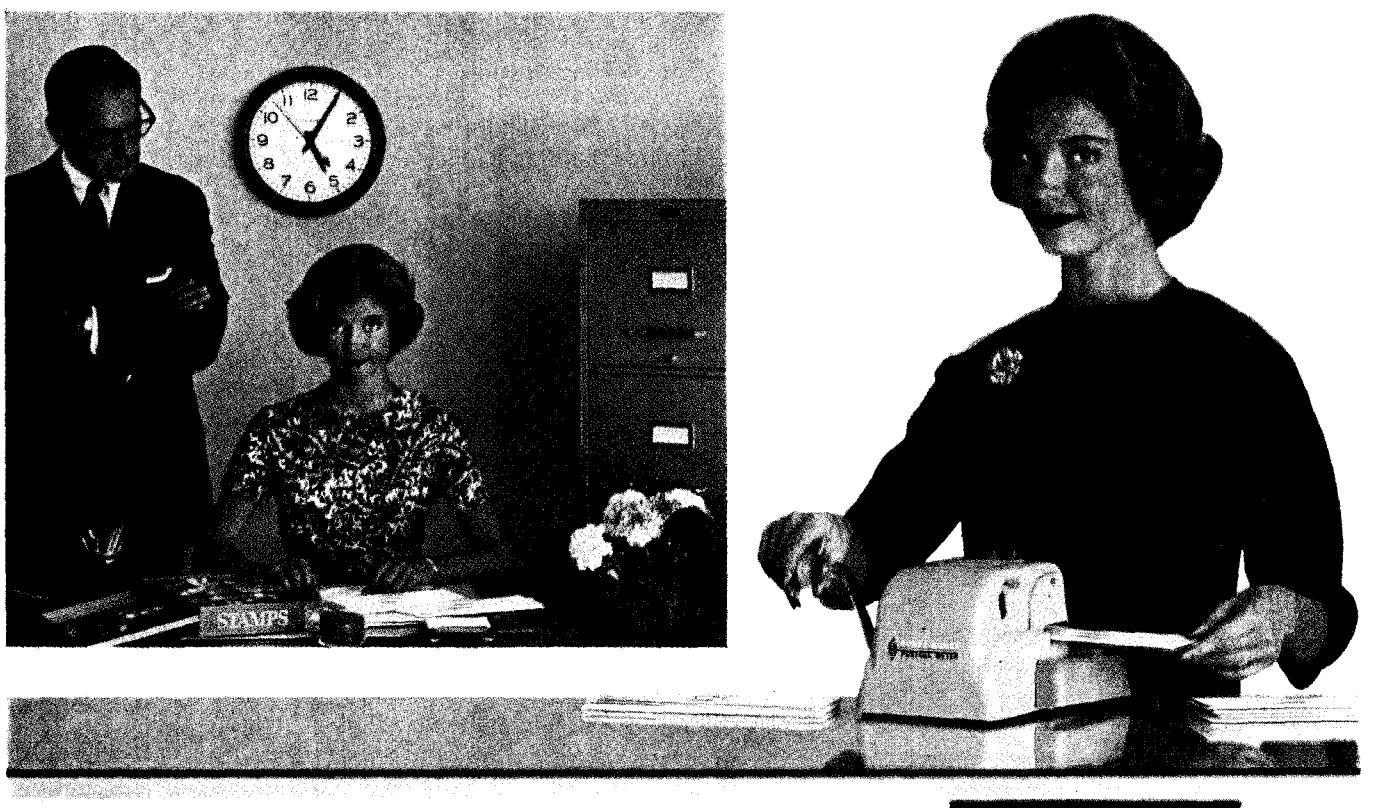
"Frenchy. He's nice." She smiled sadly. "No one can help. It's God's will. My punishment."

"Punishment!"

"I ran away from a—a place. I stole some money. I was going to Shanghai and find work and return the money as soon as I could save it. But bandits in the hills robbed me."

"Well, if bandits ——"

"I prayed and God told me to go into Changsha and find work and



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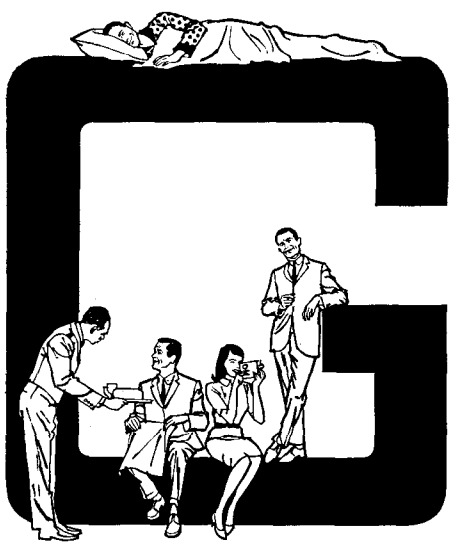

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Sand Pebbles

return the money." Her voice was low and toneless. "The first office I went into was Mr. Shu's. I know God led me there. Because Mr. Shu advanced me the money and I could send it back right away."

"Did Shu tell you what you had to do?"

Her face was very pale. "Yes."

"How much do you owe him?"

"Nearly a hundred dollars, gold."

"We could raise that much in time, me and Frenchy," he said. "We'll buy you out of here, Maily. I mean, without touching you."

"It would be evading God's will for me." She was blushing. "But I had hoped it might be. . . ."

The swelling in Holman's hand had gone down, and they drilled all day. It was going to take a week of steady drilling, Holman figured, and he could not spare that much time. Then Banger Knox came aboard with the biggest sledgehammer Holman had ever seen.

"Banger!" Holman said. "Where'd you get it?"

"Borrowed it from a chap at the smelter," Banger said. "It weighs about fifty pounds."

"Well, God bless you for it." Holman picked it up. "Come on."

He and Po-han took turns with it. They swung with clenched, bared teeth. One by one the bolts came out shrieking, with little clouds of reddish dust. All the men hated the bolts, and they jeered each one's defeat. A mess-cook came down with a tureen of food and some bowls and forks. It was steaming ham and rice and onions and it smelled very good.

"Big Chew makee you chow," he said simply.

Holman and Burgoyne looked at each other. "Big Chew's breaking Shing's boycott!" It was the first time anyone had mentioned the boycott. "Well, they say of all of 'em aboard, he's least afraid of Lop-Eye."

"God bless Big Chew," Holman said. "Fall to, guys. We all earned it."

Sweaty and unwashed, they sat around the edge of the crankpit and ate bowl after bowl, talking about what came next. It would take time and some very skilled work, but it would not be a man-killer, like breaking those coupling flanges.

Pai, Chiu-pa and Lung returned to work as if nothing had happened. Holman led them in, refitting each bearing as they rebuilt the engine. At last Ping-wen moved in his coolies to clean and polish and paint and the engine stood bravely new. On the evening of their last day of grace, before Lynch's return, Holman put steam on the engine to test it. He and Po-han and the watch coolie were alone in the engine room.

It tested out beautifully. Light gleamed and glanced as the shining tons of metal moved smoothly and silently. Holman told Po-han that he was going back on deck watches. Po-han would have charge of the repair gang on his own. Po-han got a cup of coffee and they stood by the throttle and talked about it.

Loud voices sounded from the quarterdeck. The liberty party was coming aboard.

"He's getting under way!" somebody said. "Hey, Ho-mang, got any coffee down there?"

"Fresh pot!" Holman shouted.

Perna and Stawski came down in blues and peacoats, damp with rain, swaying a little. They were mean drunk.

"Who's your new throttleman, Ho-mang?" Perna jeered. Po-han stepped away from the throttle, still holding his coffee cup. "What's his rate?" Perna asked.

"We're just testing," Holman said. "Try the engine, Ski."

Stawski was snuffling and blinking and turning his head. "Damn the engine!" he said. "Damn the damn engine!"

Po-han was still grinning and admiring the engine. He was too happy to understand.

"Ask the new throttleman if you can have some coffee, Ski," Perna said. "Say 'sir' to him. Maybe he'll let you use his cup."

Stawski flew into a drunken rage. He knocked the coffee cup from Po-han's grasp and began slapping and kicking him. Holman grabbed Stawski's peacoat collar.

"Knock that off, you drunken ape!" he said.

Stawski howled and swung at him. Holman slugged him in the belly. Stawski sat down in the spilled coffee, legs sprawling, tears on his cheeks.

"I'm gonna get up and kill you!" he sobbed.

"Get him out of here! Put him to bed!" Holman snapped at Perna.

Holman kicked the blubbering Stawski to his feet and started the two men up the ladder. Perna looked down from the gratings, showing all his teeth.

"You ain't heard the last of this, Ho-mang," he said.

Breakfast was an angry hush. No one but Burgoyne would talk to Holman. Holman knew he had to square things.

"I'm ready to go back on deck watches," he told Farren.

"All right. You'll have the mid," Farren said curtly.

After quarters Holman drew Burgoyne aside. "What's wrong, Frenchy?" he asked.

"Po-han hit Stawski. He raised his hand to a white man," Burgoyne said. "They're blaming you."

"I hit Stawski! *I* hit him!" Holman protested.

"Perna says Po-han did. And Po-han was drinking coffee and handling the throttle."

"Perna's a liar! What's wrong with *you*, Frenchy?"

Burgoyne's lean face looked distressed. "I like Po-han. I know Perna's a sneak." He dug out his tin of snuff. "You and Po-han just ride out the storm, Jake. Maybe something'll happen to take their minds off it."

TO BE CONTINUED

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Boy, if I ever heard a neurotic female, that's one."

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He has diabetes—but he's still all boy!

Once, he never would have had a chance. Diabetes meant certain death for its victims little more than a generation ago.

Now a few cents a day for drugs not only keeps him well, but also makes possible the active life that even includes the "shiner" most boys occasionally come home with.

The story of *insulin* starts with a pair of brilliant Canadian research scientists, who first succeeded in isolating this vital hormone. But it remained for the skill and productivity of American drug manufacturers to make it available in such abundance that today millions of diabetics lead normal lives—sustained by a drug that costs no more per week than a pack of cigarettes!

More recently, drug companies developed an entirely new family of antidiabetic drugs to be taken by mouth. Drugs that now free many from the pain and inconvenience of daily injections. Moreover, the advances that made these new medicines possible may point the way to eventual conquest of this age-old illness.

This is the value of modern drugs—protecting health and reducing the costs of illness.

This advertisement is sponsored by a group of prescription drug manufacturers, members of the Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association, whose aim is to create through research continually better medicines.*

*Company names on request through this magazine

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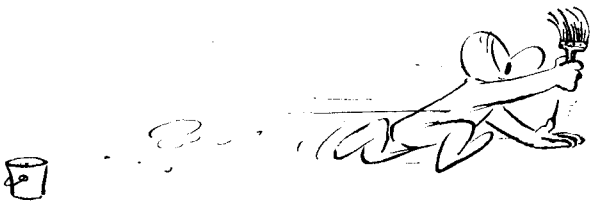
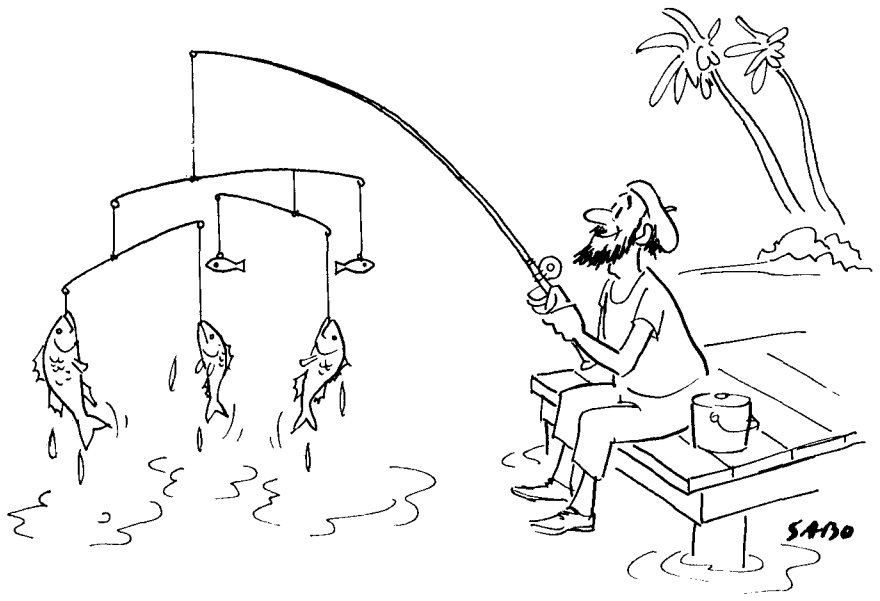
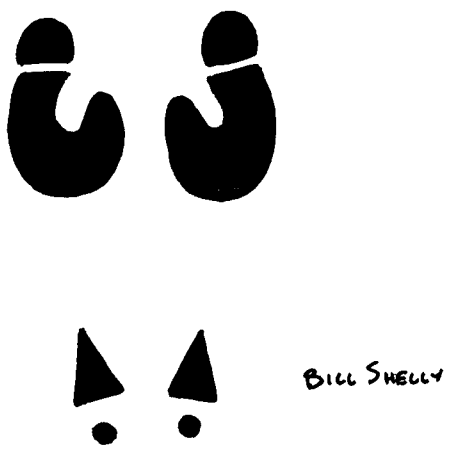
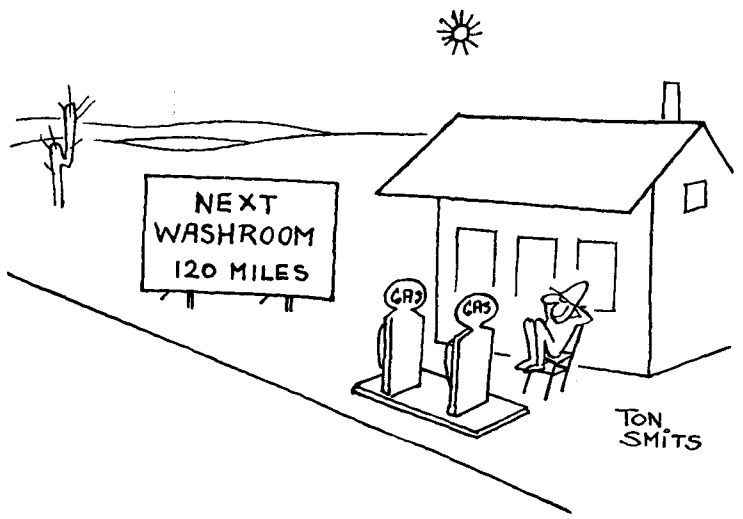
post scripts







"Did I make your Martini too strong, Harold?"



RIDDLE

Men are wonderful; they find
  The path on any outing.
They have an Indian turn of mind,
  And tricks picked up in scouting.
Navigators to the core,
  They understand a compass,
And hold the course on sea or shore
  On routes well planned to stump us.
They round the earth and back again;
  They plumb the ocean's murky vault.
So how come in the kitchen, men
  Can't even find the salt?

BETTY BILLIPP

"Come on out, Buggsy—we know you're in there."

"What bothers me is her total lack of remorse."

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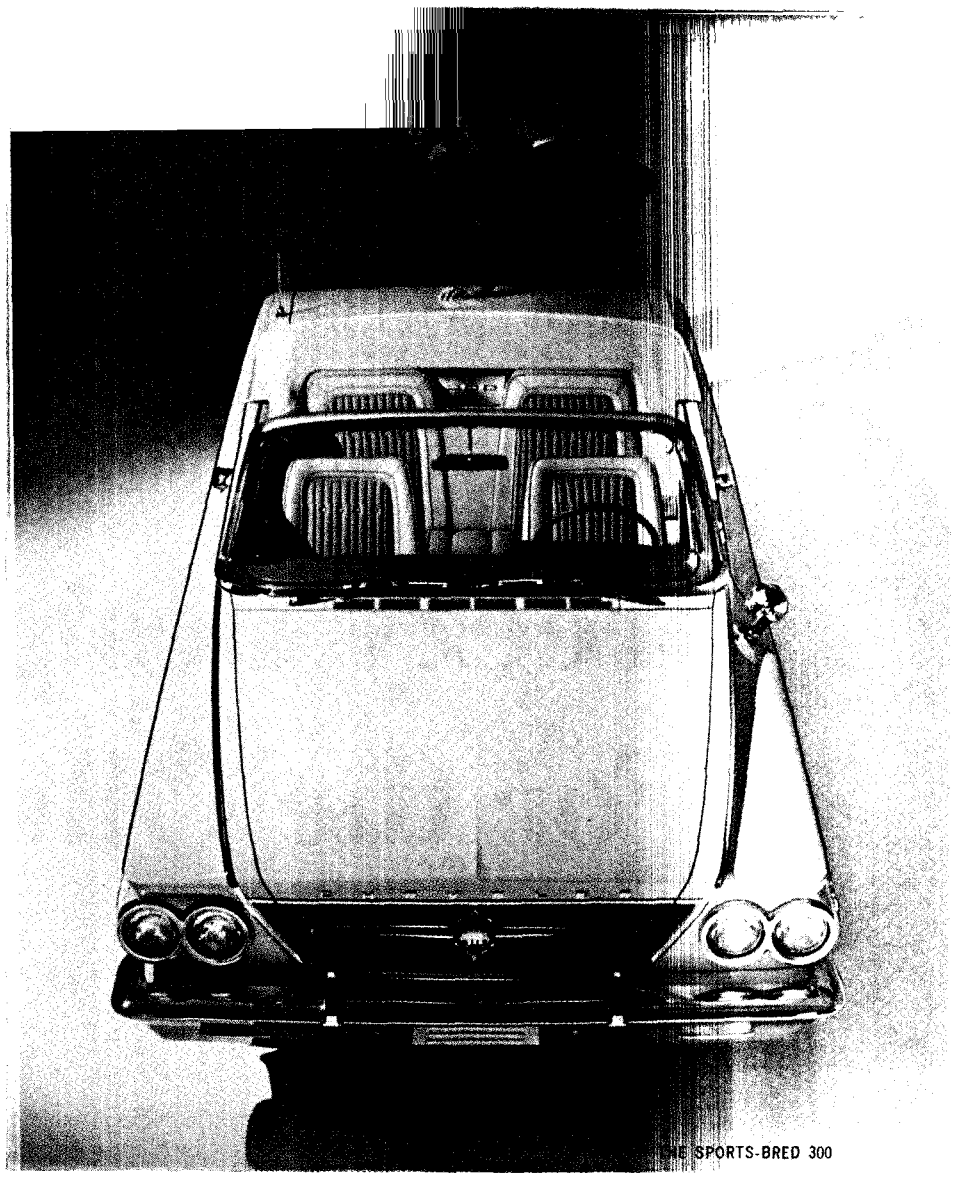

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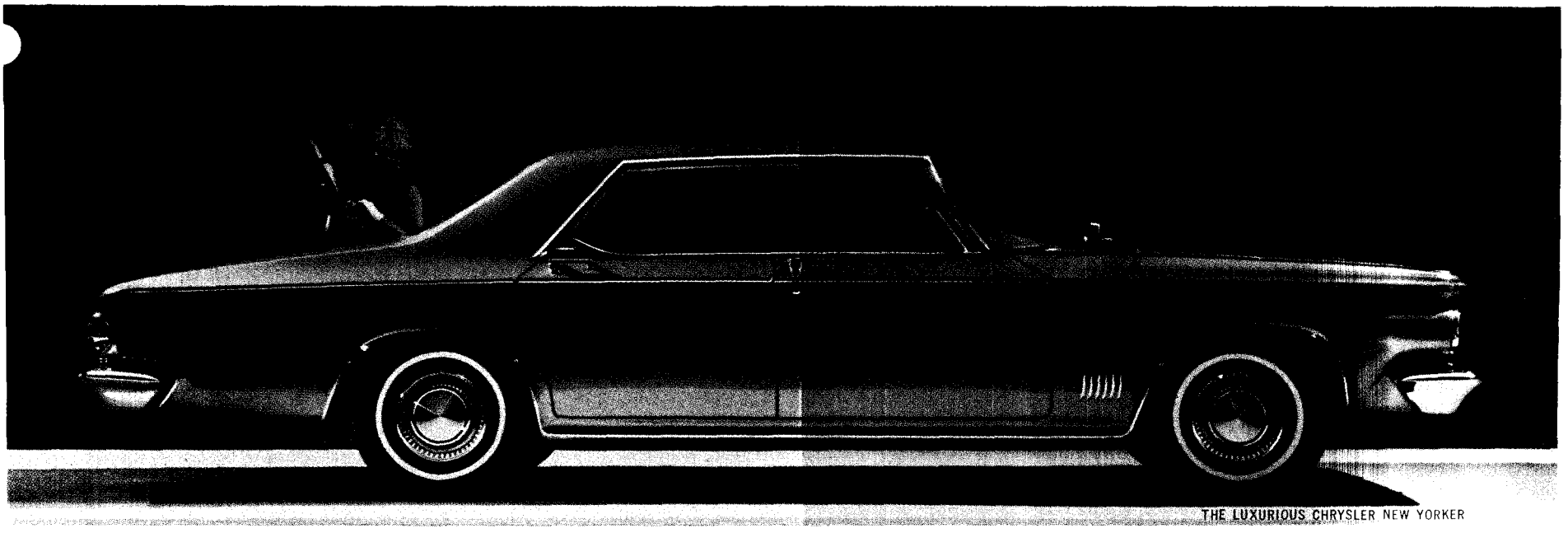

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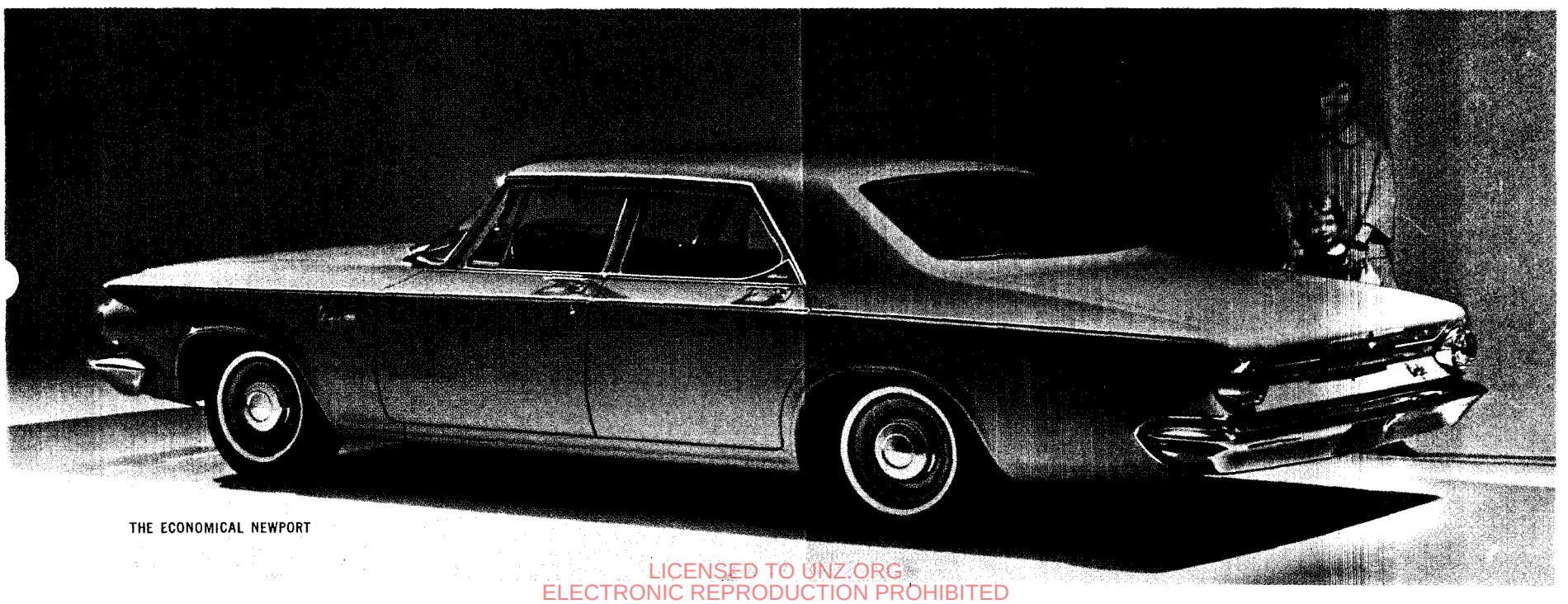

THE ECONOMICAL NEWPORT

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Businessmen spend millions a year on lavish office décor—mostly to please the female help.

Breezy Designs For the Office

By JAMES A. SKARDON

One day Gerald Luss, a young New Yorker who designs offices, received a blistering phone call from a client whose spaces he had just remodeled. "My secretary," the client barked, "is threatening to quit, and she says it's your fault."

Luss hurried over, inspected the girl's office and found nothing wrong.

"Nothing *is* wrong," she told him, "for a *right*-handed secretary. It just so happens that I'm *left*handed, and I'm almost going crazy trying to reach everything."

The office was switched around fast. At stake was Luss's creed as a designer—that, while the customer is always right, the customer's secretary is even righter. Luss, vice president and part owner of a firm called Designs for Business, has made money and his reputation by catering to the whims of female employees. He even goes so far as to quiz office girls on their preferences in colors and furniture styles. And the girls tell him. One crossed out all the questions on the form and printed across the top of the page:

I DON'T CARE WHAT YOU GIVE ME AS LONG AS YOU PUT A LEDGE IN THE POWDER ROOM WIDE ENOUGH TO HOLD MY HANDBAG.

Luss immediately sat down and drew the ledge into the plans.

The very idea of consulting the help on such matters would have nauseated the old breed of businessman. He ordered his office furniture from a catalogue—the familiar muddy-green files, the gray steel desks, the standard, no-nonsense chairs. Walls were always painted some shade of green; pictures were of the company's founder or of FACTORY NO. 1. And if the employees didn't like it they could lump it.

Those days are gone forever. The insides of the glistening office structures now spearing up in the major cities across the country have a sumptuousness formerly associated with palaces and better-grade bordellos. In many offices paintings worth thousands of dollars hang on walls paneled with exotic woods or covered with leather, white felt or even marble. There are etched-glass screens, sculpture and ladies' lounges that would make a movie star feel spoiled.

Why the change? Leading designers say it began with the industries which sprang into being around World War II—plastics, electronics and so forth. Starting fresh, their executives tended to think in terms of what works best and what looks best instead of how they used to do it. The boldly contemporary look of the newcomers made older offices seem drab. Designers began to argue that contemporary décor helps rid a company of a fuddy-duddy "corporate image" and marks it as modern and venturesome.

But the selling pitch that Gerald Luss and a number of other New York office designers regard as their clincher involves the demand for womanpower. Female office help, they point out, has become increasingly hard to get and to hold. In some companies the annual turnover runs as high as one third of the female work force. To keep the girls, say the designers, appeal to them on an emotional level. Make the office a pleasant, satisfying environment for them. In short, give the girls what they want.

"You don't try to bypass the girls or muzzle them," Luss said recently as he sat impatiently in a reception room, waiting to see a company president about a design job. "You can talk with the president or the chairman of the board about the company image, but you talk with his secretary about the everyday details of design."

As if on cue, the president's secretary arrived to usher Luss into the executive suite. "Let's see them," she said. Luss held up a rainbow of fabric

Photographs by Ormond Gigli

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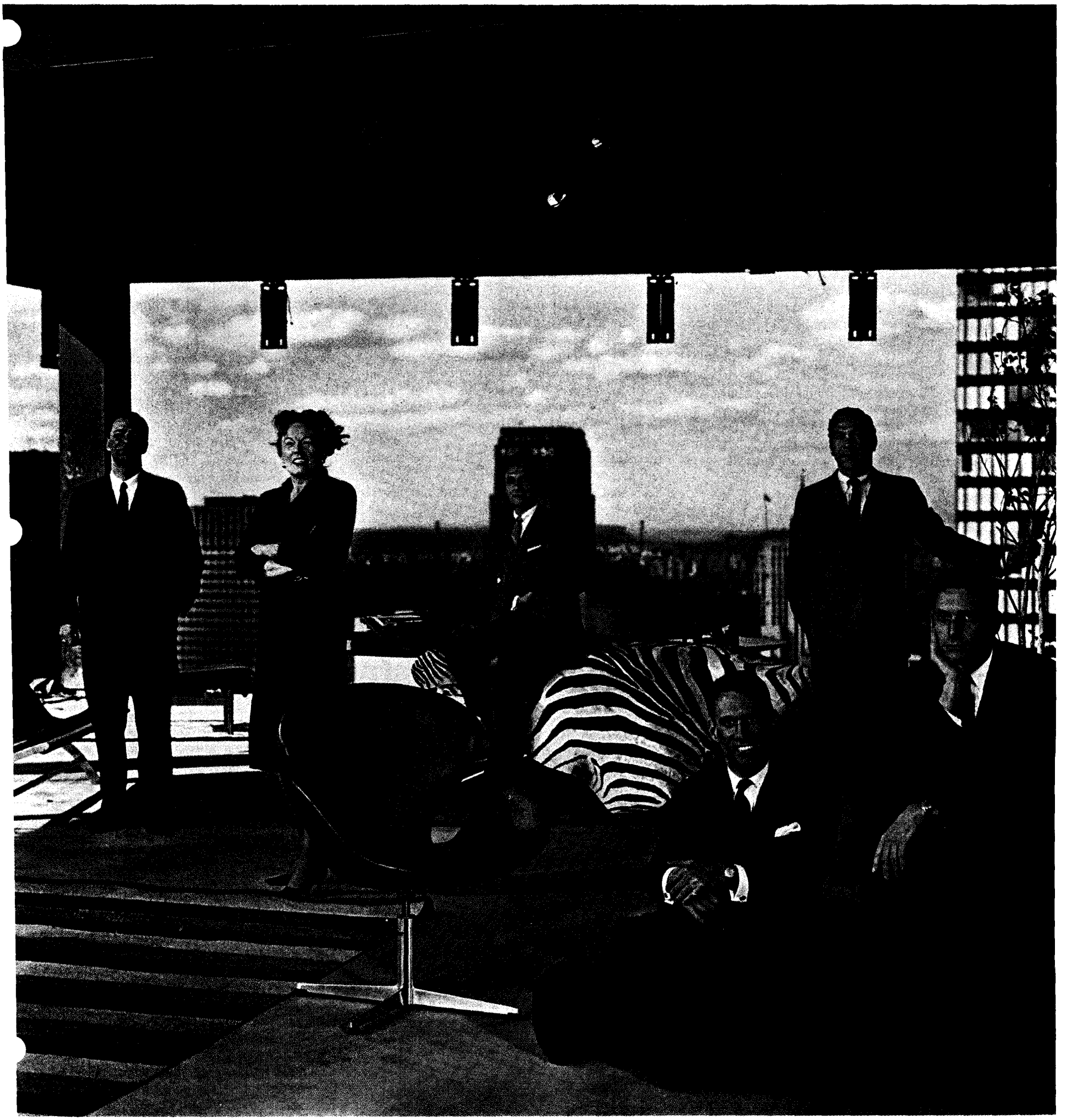

Behind the new showiness are the designers, some of whom are perched on this unfinished floor with the furnishings they'll use in the completed offices. From left: William Raiser of Loewy-Snaith; Marvin Affrime of Space Design Group; Barbara Dorn of Dorn Associates; A. D. Aulicino of W. & J. Sloane; Louis Beal of Interior Space Design; John Caproni of Caproni Associates (standing); and Jack Freiden of Freiden-Studley Associates.

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"The first thing secretaries want to know about an office's design is the ladies' room—How big? Where is the door?"

swatches and paint cards. The girl carefully studied them for a minute or so.

"No blues," she said. Luss asked her why. "I don't like them," the girl said. "I'd have to get a whole new wardrobe."

"OK," Luss said brightly as he hurried in to talk colors with the boss, "no blues." He tucked the blue swatches and cards into a side pocket.

In another office building Luss was besieged by a group of chattering secretaries and typists. "What's wrong?" he asked guardedly. "Plenty," a tall blonde told him firmly. "You've ruined our system!"

The system, as it turned out, was a method by which the girls determined seniority. The girl with the longest service got the first desk in line, and the girl with the least service took the last desk. Luss had "ruined" the system by breaking the line into pleasant little groups staggered about the room and separated by banks of plants. It was a nice effect, but it had upset the girls.

How to Get Around a Girl

"Look, how about this?" Luss said pleasantly, as he took out his color swatches again. "We'll make a seat cushion for the senior girl in this color." He showed them a wine red. "Then each girl down the line will get a lighter color." He flashed through a series of red swatches. The girls loved the idea, and Luss left with everybody happy. "It's much better to consult them than ignore them," he says. "It saves a lot of headaches."

The head of the interior-design department of a big Manhattan furniture concern agrees with Luss on the importance of catering to the girls. Coming out of a company president's office one day after losing what had seemed to be a sure redecorating assignment, the furniture designer noticed what appeared to be a peculiarly triumphant look on the executive secretary's face.

"It dawned on me then," he says, "that I had been going ahead with the plans without consulting her. I talked with her and found that she had been afraid I was going to redo her office in contemporary, which she didn't like, and that she had influenced her boss not to redecorate.

"I told her that I hadn't thought of her as the contemporary type at all—more the Biedermeier," he continues. "I don't know whether she knew what Biedermeier was or not, but she seemed flattered. She also seemed concerned when I pointed out that her old desk was getting so splintery that she was sure to ruin her stockings on it. The next day the president called me up and said he'd changed his mind. His secretary was ruining so many pairs of stockings on her splintery desk, he said, that they had to have new furniture after all. When I asked him what kind of furniture he wanted, he told me to do the whole place in Biedermeier."

Another office designer tells how he once designed an all-red office for a company president. "He turned the plans down cold. Then his secretary came in and looked at them. She told him that the all-red theme was bold, daring and different and suited his personality perfectly. He approved the idea right away."

Most females love to mingle, chatter, join, get together over a snack or a cup of coffee and pretty up, and these inclinations have helped shape modern office design. The employees' lounge in the palatial new Union Carbide Corporation offices on Park Avenue in New York City might easily be mistaken for the lobby of a first-rate hotel. U-shaped, with its window walls giving a broad view of midtown, it features groups of charcoal-and-black sofas and lounge chairs surrounding white-topped coffee tables. There are rows of deep chairs for reading and tables along the windows for games and writing. At the Hertz car-rental company's offices on Madison Avenue, the gaily decorated lounge has a thirteenth-floor picture-window view of Central Park.

To keep the girls happy many modern office buildings include a cafeteria. The Hertz company cafeteria can be divided into smaller party rooms for those birthday, engagement, going-away, coming-back and holiday parties office girls so love to give. The new International Telephone and Telegraph offices on Park Avenue have not only a cafeteria but a comfortably furnished coffee lounge where the girls take their breaks in ease and luxury. As a charming little executive secretary at one company says of its newly redone offices, "It's so much more fun to come to work than it used to be!"

Designer Gerald Luss shows a clerk her new filing cabinet, painted fuchsia.

Business, of course, doesn't spend tens of millions of dollars (an average of $10 to $15 a square foot) on office design just to make it fun for the girls to come to work. Designers today pack more people more efficiently into less area. Such modern improvements as fluorescent lighting, soundproofing, air conditioning, controlled heating and piped-in music make for more efficient work. The designers insist that morale-building and nerve-coddling colors, furniture designs and office layouts have the same results.

As every personnel director knows, many girls won't work in an office that is not air-conditioned. Sometimes, however, air conditioning makes problems for the designer. Gerald Luss tells of the time a secretary sternly warned him to keep the air-conditioning outlets well away from where she wanted to put her tropical plant. "I've been nursing it along for a year," she said, "and I'd rather suffocate myself than have the place too cool for my plant."

Changing Clothes at the Office

One of Luss's survey forms came back with a written-in request for the allotment of an extra 16 square feet of space in the typing pool for a Miss Pepys. Luss learned that Miss Pepys was a somewhat-worse-for-wear parakeet that had flown in the window one day and become an office pet. The overall cost of the space Luss had to allot, including rent, air-conditioning costs and the like, came to about $2,000 over a 20-year lease. "To make it worse," says Luss, "it was the ugliest bird I've ever seen. It didn't even go with the *décor*." The *décor* apparently didn't go too well with the bird either. Shortly after the company moved into its new offices, Miss Pepys keeled over and died.

As far as the girls are concerned, the ladies' room is the hub of the whole office. "Whenever you unroll plans for a group of secretaries," says a designer, "the first thing they want to know about is the ladies' room—how big it is, where the door is, what kind of facilities it has, what kind of light it has, and so forth."

The ladies' rooms in some offices are grand indeed. At the New York offices of the Holt, Rinehart and Winston publishing company, for example, the ladies' room includes space for private vanities, special makeup lighting, and toilet doors painted unnervingly like Mondrians. Other newly designed offices feature lushly furnished relaxing areas in the ladies' rooms, powder bars and dressing rooms where girls change for after-work dates in town.

Of all the ladies'-room planners, the Union Carbide Corporation seems to have taken the most

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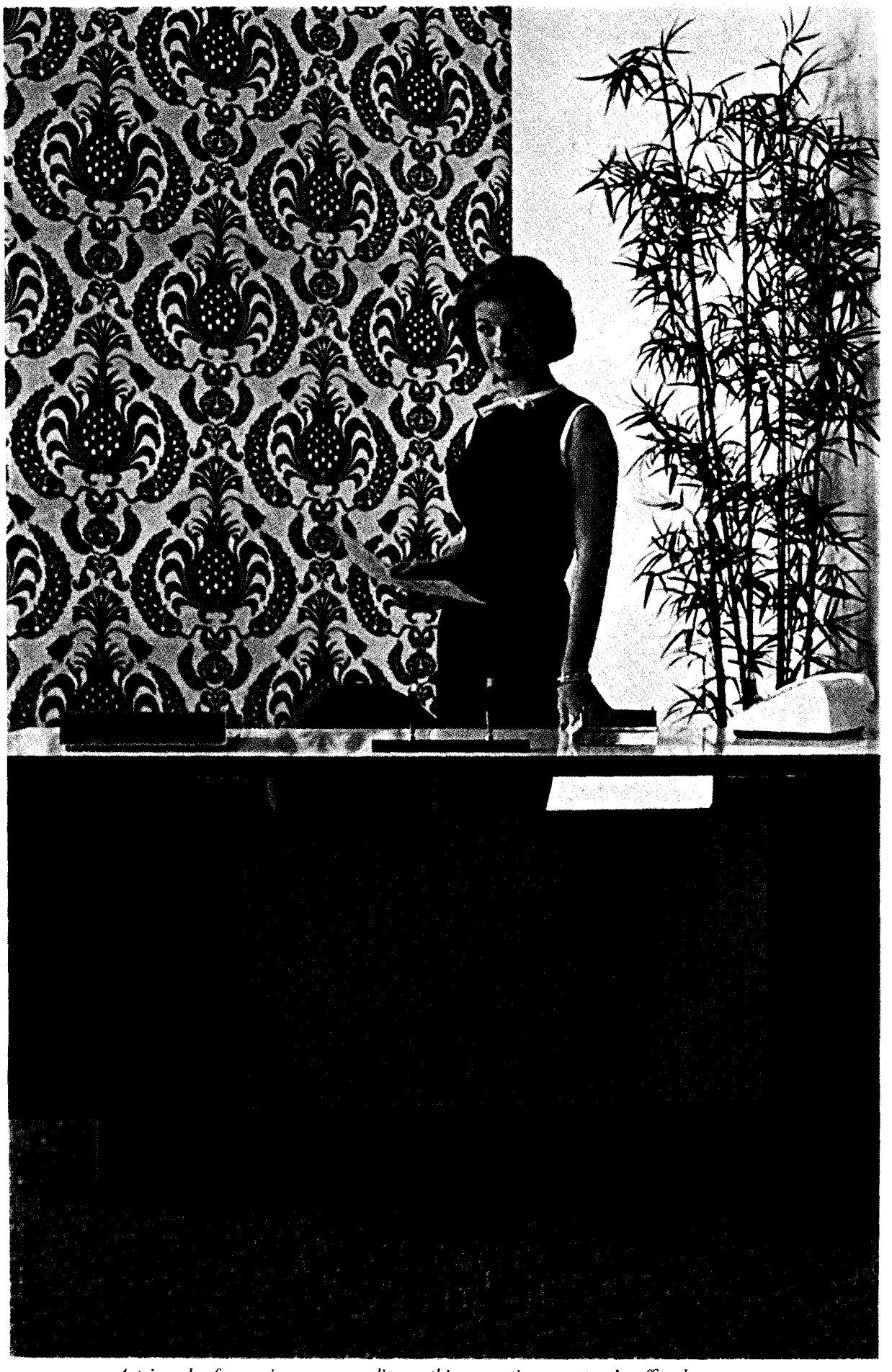
The bosses tell the designers to make the new offices "attractive." What they really mean is "impressive."



A triumph of conspicuous expenditure, this executive secretary's office boasts flocked wallpaper ($25 a roll) and a Formica-topped walnut desk costing $750.

Office scientific approach to this vital area. The manager of the company's industrial-engineering department assigned girl researchers to the task of collecting such key data as the exact spot where a girl stands to adjust her skirt, where she puts on lipstick, where she combs her hair, where she is most likely to reach for a towel, where she puts on her hat, and the kind of light she likes best for making up.

"One thing we found," the manager says, "is that girls put their hats on in the coat area and not in the ladies' room. As a result we had to buy 365 special small mirrors for our coat areas. We put wall-to-wall mirrors in the ladies' rooms for skirt adjusting and the like.

"We also found that the girls don't like the cool, white fluorescent light because it makes them look green and leads to over-makeup, so we put in the warmer daylight fluorescents."

Onward rolls the interior-design revolution from one firm to another. Chief executives tell the designers they want the new offices to be "attractive"; but what they really mean, and the designers know it, is "impressive"—plenty of stuff that obviously costs a lot. If the finished job doesn't make a visitor's jaw drop, the designer is in trouble. When one businessman glues gold lamé to his walls and gets custom-sculpted IN and OUT boxes, his competitor almost has to redecorate. If he doesn't, his customers might think he can't afford to. So he goes all-out Contemporary Lavish and hopes his *décor* will tell the world, "We are successful; we are forward-looking. Do business with us and share in the splendor of it all."

One Man Defied His Boss—Almost

When a company goes modern, designers report, executives generally accept the glamorous new surroundings without audible complaint. Luss remembers only one instance of rebellion. The president of a company called his department heads together and told them that each could choose the way he'd like his office done over. "As for myself," said the president, "I'm having my office decorated in contemporary because I feel it conveys the up-to-date, vital image our company is striving for. However, I wouldn't dream of imposing my tastes on any of you."

There were 15 executives in the room, and 14 of them picked contemporary. The fifteenth said he'd like his office in Williamsburg Colonial, and that's the way Luss did it.

"Two weeks after the redecoration," says Luss with satisfaction, "the man wrote the president a memo confessing that he'd made a mistake and volunteering to have his office redone in contemporary at his own expense."

You can't blame the fellow. He wanted to be up-to-date and vital too. **THE END**

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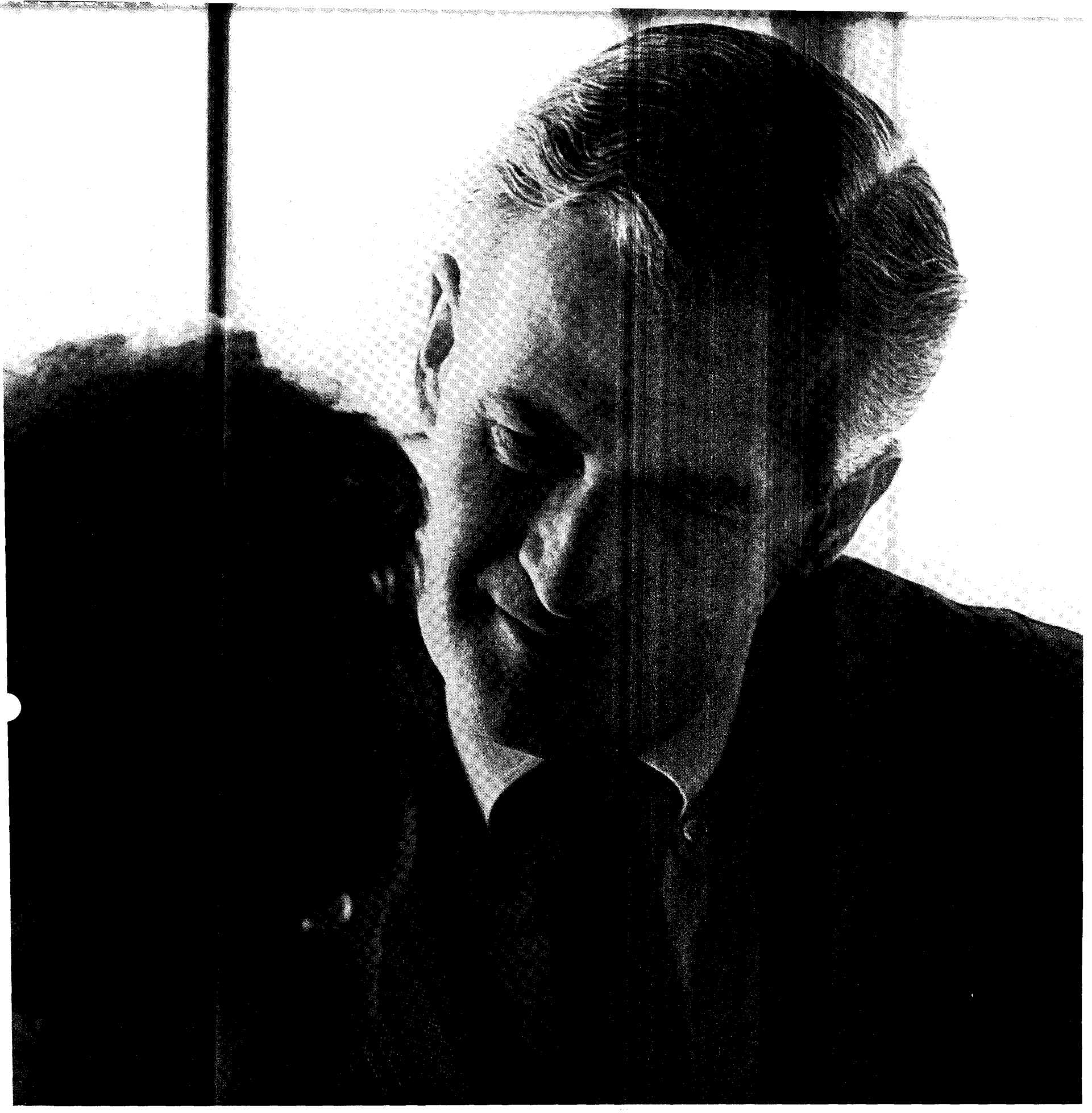

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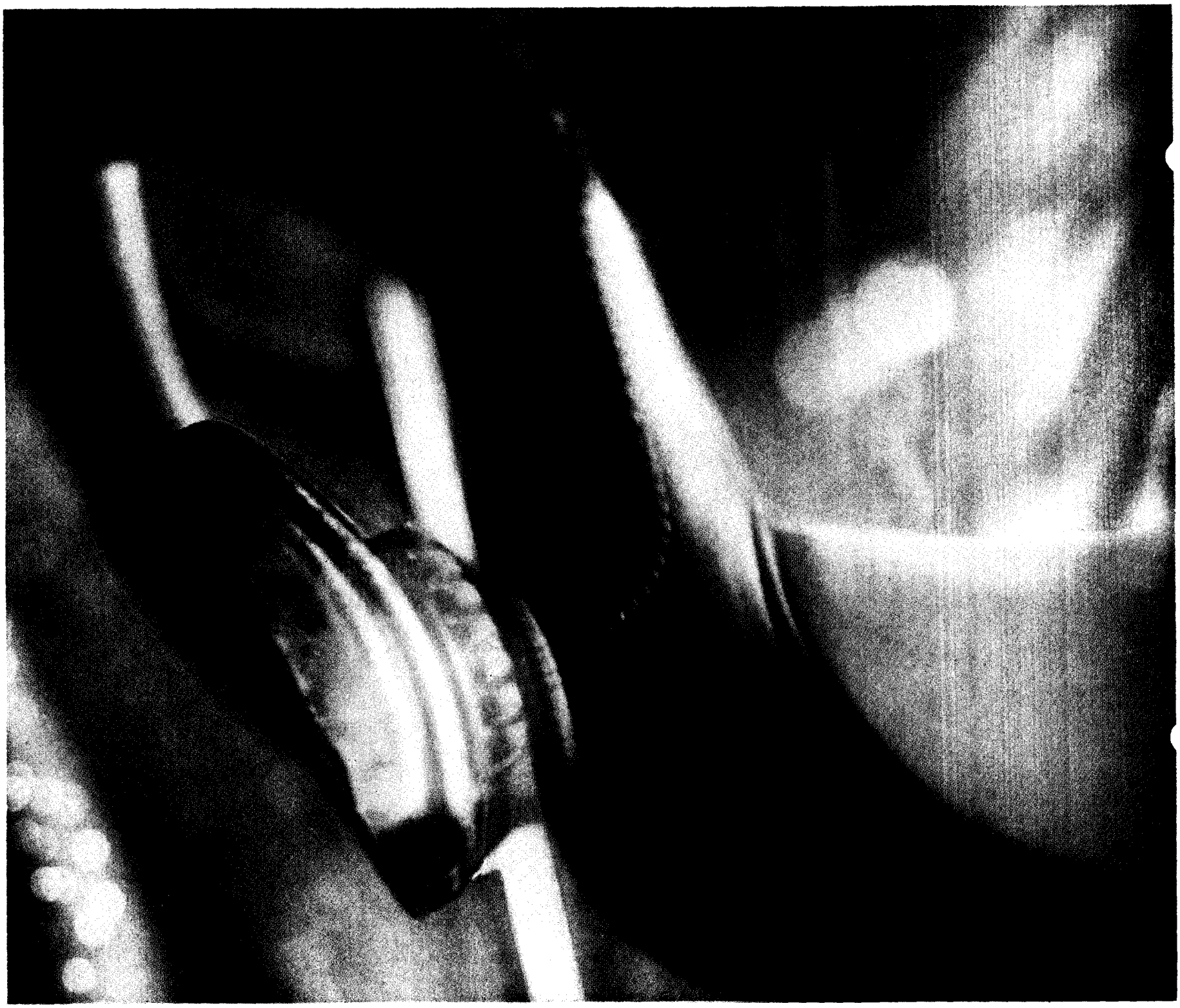

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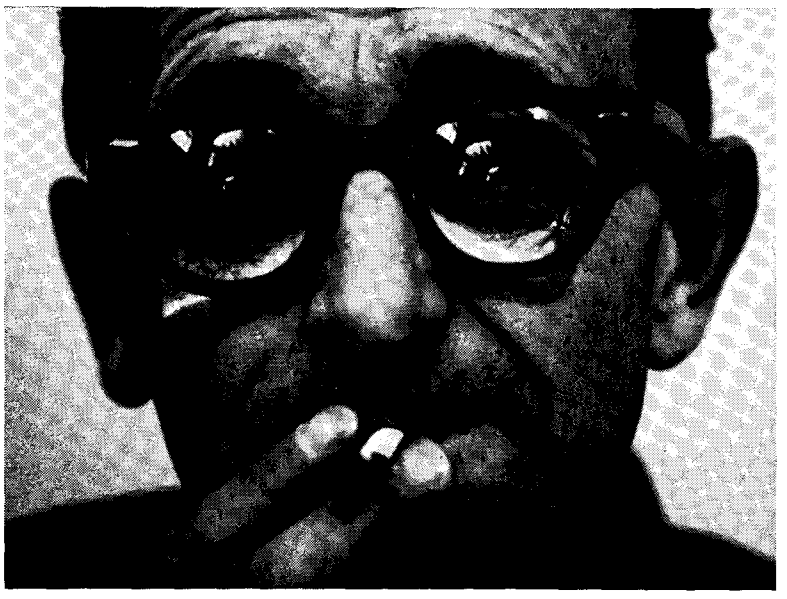

EICHMANN And His Trial

By Gideon Hausner, Attorney General of Israel

CONCLUSION: The Nazi denied all, but the judges condemned him for killing "millions of tortured and martyred Jews."

The trial of Adolf Eichmann was, in my opinion, a unique event in the long history of man's efforts to establish the rule of law. It was unique because it was the first time that a single man had ever been brought to trial on charges involving the murder of millions of people. The war-crimes trials at Nuremberg had undertaken the prosecution of some Nazi leaders. Their crimes had been exposed before the world, and a number of the most prominent Nazis were punished. In none of these trials, however, was the Jewish tragedy—the systematic killing of at least 6,000,000 human beings, one third of the Jewish people—the core of the indictment.

The trial was unique also because it represented the first time in history that the Jews had had a chance to bring an oppressor to justice. For centuries the Jewish people had endured persecution with little or no chance to do anything about it. Now, owing to the existence of Israel, they were in a position to put a man on trial for the greatest oppression they had ever endured.

It was this quality of a historic act of judgment that drew hundreds of people to the trial that began in Jerusalem in April of 1961—journalists from all over the world, official observers of foreign governments and, of course, many thousands of ordinary Israeli citizens.

The dramatic circumstances of Eichmann's capture were a further cause for the worldwide interest. Tracked down and apprehended in Argentina by persons who volunteered, Eichmann had been transferred to Israel and placed under arrest. There had been immediate repercussions, and the government of Argentina asked Israel for explanations. It also lodged a complaint with the United Nations Security Council, saying that the act of the Israelis who took Eichmann was a threat to "the maintenance of international peace and security." The Security Council decided that Israel should make reparation to Argentina, adding that "it is the concern of all people that Eichmann should be brought to appropriate justice."

An act of "moral validity"

While these events were making headlines, our prime minister, David Ben-Gurion, sent a private letter to President Frondizi of Argentina. He recalled the deeds for which Eichmann had been responsible, and declared that there were hundreds of people who, since the end of World War II, had regarded it as their mission in life to bring to court the man responsible for the satanic murder of the Jews.

"I do not underestimate the seriousness of the formal violation of Argentine law committed by those who found Eichmann," he said, "but I am convinced that very few people anywhere can fail to understand their feelings and appreciate the supreme moral validity of their act." Finally Argentina accepted Israel's apology. Frondizi said in a joint statement with our representative that the incident was closed.

When it came time to choose a defense counsel, we realized that an Israeli lawyer was out of the question, despite the fact that under our laws no person can be represented in legal matters by any other kind of lawyer. However, we knew that in this particular case an Israeli lawyer would be under the unbearable pressure of a conflict between his professional duties and his national emotions.

We therefore decided to look abroad for a suitable defense counsel. But before we found anybody, some offers came in. One was from an American lawyer attached to a Wall Street firm in New York. Others were from German, Scottish and Chilean lawyers. All these offers were put before Eichmann, who finally decided to accept none of them.

He entrusted his defense to Dr. Robert Servatius, of Cologne, Germany. The latter had been recommended by Eichmann's half-brother, himself a lawyer in Austria. The Cologne attorney who had been chosen had had considerable experience in defending war criminals before international military tribunals and other courts.

In order to allow Doctor Servatius to appear before our courts, however, it was necessary to get the Knesset (parliament) to pass a special law. When this was finally accomplished, a new difficulty arose. We were informed that the Eichmann family had no money for lawyers' fees. Unless the government of Israel supplied the funds, the accused would not be able to proceed with his defense. Despite the understandable opposition of many Israeli taxpayers, the government finally made available the money which Doctor Servatius requested—$30,000.

Some interest in the trial hinged on the legal issues involved. Some people maintained that Israel, which was not a state when the crimes with which Eichmann was charged were committed, had no jurisdiction in this case. Others claimed that the manner in which Eichmann was apprehended robbed the state of its right to try him. Still others thought that Germany should try him.

When the trial actually got under way, Doctor Servatius was on his feet as soon as the charges were read to plead all these legal objections. He further insisted that Israeli judges could not rise to a sufficient degree of neutrality in this particular case and that Eichmann had acted under orders. I replied to his arguments at length—to the visible impatience of some fidgety journalists. They wanted "action." But our duty was clear: The legal questions had to be dealt with thoroughly.

I argued that there can be no neutrality toward crime. A judge trying a spy or traitor is not impartial to the crime, although he can be fair to the accused. I also argued that our law regarding Nazi criminals had its counterpart in 18 countries whose peoples were affected by Nazi crimes. I cited an unbroken chain of judicial decisions, especially American and British, showing that jurisdiction is not affected by the *manner* in which an accused is brought before a court. If he is abducted from another country, that

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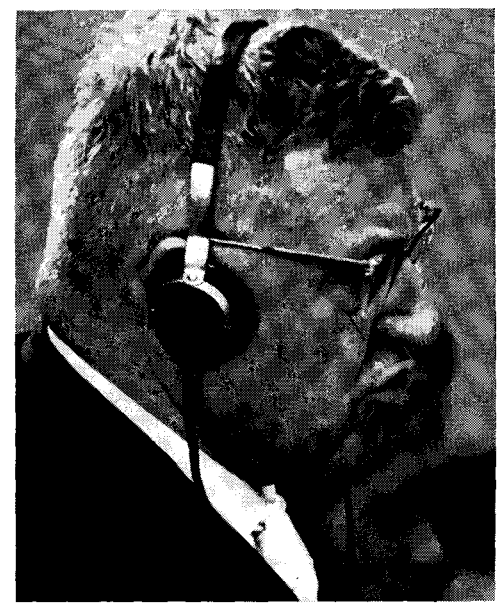
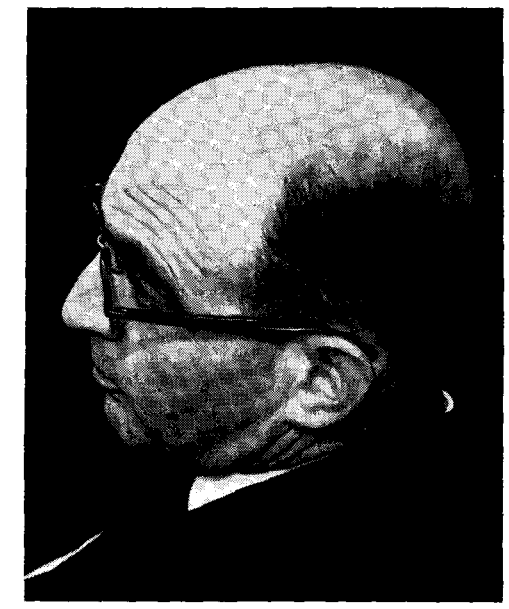
Eichmann's lawyer made a determined defense—the Israeli government paid him a fee of $30,000.



Robert Servatius had defended other Nazis.



His antagonist: Attorney General Hausner.

Eichmann is a matter for the countries involved; it is not a matter for the court.

Moreover, I pointed out that no country wanted Eichmann. Indeed, no country had asked for his extradition. Argentina did not request his return. Neither did Germany, whose minister of justice declared publicly that they would not request Eichmann's delivery. As for the suggestion of an international tribunal, the World Court at The Hague does not have jurisdiction over individuals. As for the argument that he was acting on "superior orders," my reply was that individual responsibility is the backbone of law. No one can claim shelter behind his superiors if the orders he was executing were murder, torture or plunder. And, anyway, Eichmann exceeded his orders by far.

In the end, I believe almost all observers felt the trial had been scrupulously fair. One observer, Harry Golden, summed up the general feeling when he wrote, six weeks after the trial started, that "there are few journalists and lawyers in the western world who are not satisfied that this story not only had to be recorded for history but that it is being told at the right time and in the right place and under the correct conditions." Professor Julius Stone of Sydney, an authority on international law, reported to the Australian section of The International Commission of Jurists that "the conduct of the trial has shown that self-restraint, a passion for justice and a tradition of justice under law can control State power."

With the legal problems disposed of, the grim part of the trial began. Much of the horror, related by the victims themselves, has been told in Part II of this series. However, as I said earlier, while the purpose of the trial was to probe into charges preferred against one man, we also wanted to expose the system that had brought that man to a position of power.

With these things in mind it is easy to see why the trial, as it unfolded, developed a certain duality: partly a prosecution of Eichmann, partly a denouncement of the Nazi philosophy of life.

For example, we showed how it was possible for national socialism to become a religion, with the state as the supreme power and with Hitler as its prophet. It was a religion built on a belief in racial superiority. "We shall develop a technique of destroying or decimating nations," said the *Führer*. "Nature is merciless, therefore we should be merciless too." And since this religion needed a devil, the Jew was picked. "Had there been no Jews in Germany, we would have to invent them," Hitler once told Hermann Rauschning, the president of the Danzig Senate, in an intimate talk.

The trial brought out how these ideas were taken up even by the intellectuals—clergymen, scientists, university professors. For example, Prof. Phillipp Lenard, a Nobel Prize physicist, actually undertook to establish an Aryan physics, in contradistinction to the "Jewish physics" of Albert Einstein. Nazi theologians tried to deny Christ's Jewishness and to formulate an all-Aryan Christianity. Dr. Otto Ohlendorf, a well-known economist, actually became the head of one of the *Einsatzgruppen*, a group that murdered 90,000 people by direct shooting.

The Apocalypse in Focus

One of the difficulties of the trial, of course, was to bring the enormity of Eichmann's and the Nazis' crimes down to a point where average people could comprehend it. The apocalyptic dimensions of the catastrophe are beyond human comprehension. No one can grasp 6,000,000 murders. They merely become statistics. In order to bring the whole thing into focus we had to concentrate from time to time on single cases which were understandable.

Such a case, out of many, was that of Maria Schwarz. A non-Jew, she had married a Jew, later divorcing him. They had three girls, however, and since these children were half-Jewish, they had been taken from her. In January, 1942, Maria Schwarz wrote to "my *Führer*, Adolf Hitler," pleading for the lives of her girls who were then 9, 11 and 13 years of age. "The children are mine," she wrote, "and they have been transported to the ghetto of Litzmannstadt. Please have them returned to their unhappy mother. My son by a previous marriage is a full German and is serving in the army." The application finally found its way to Eichmann, the man responsible for all Jewish affairs. His decision, made in June, 1942, was as follows: "On grounds of principle I cannot accede to the application of the woman Schwarz for the return of her children from the ghetto of Litzmannstadt." The children ultimately shared the fate of the others in the ghetto. They were gassed in Chelmno.

Jenni Cozzi, a Jewess, was a widow of a non-Jewish, high-ranking Italian army officer. She lived in Riga. The Italian government wanted her to return to Italy. Eichmann wrote to his Foreign Office that this couldn't be done: "The Jewess Cozzi will remain in the ghetto and would you please make the Italian Embassy abstain from further interference." But the Italians were insistent, and the German Foreign Office asked Eichmann to reconsider his decision. Then, even the Italian Fascist Party intervened for her because of her late husband's high position. Eichmann's final reply was given on September 25, 1943: "I ordered the Jewess Cozzi to be interned in the concentration camp of Riga."

Another case was Abraham Weiss, a French national living in Nice. Weiss held an important patent on an invention making it possible to light places on the ground in such a way that the light was invisible from above—an invention of great value in blackouts. Because the Germans took hold of his patent, Eichmann's man in France, Röthke, inquired if something should be done for him. Röthke, of course, did not suggest Weiss's release—he was at a French concentration camp—but merely that he be placed in Bergen-Belsen, a camp where foreign subjects were interned and where treatment was less harsh. Eichmann replied, "Since the Jew Weiss has already delivered his patent, there is no further interest in the matter. Include him in the general action!" The "general action" meant that he was soon removed to Auschwitz—and death.

Similar was the fate of tens of thousands of applications. The Jewish journalist Rezo Sillei was not permitted to return from Warsaw to his native Hungary. "He will certainly tell in Hungary what he saw in the Warsaw ghetto," was the reply of Eichmann's department to the Foreign Office. "He will have to go to a concentration camp." Nothing was heard of Sillei any more.

In March, 1943, Eichmann learned that 1,000 Jewish children were to be allowed to leave Romania for Palestine. Romania was at the time an ally of Germany. He alerted his Foreign Office to stop it immediately. A week later it transpired that 150 children were to leave within a few days. "The attitude of the Romanian authorities is incomprehensible," he wrote. "Would the Foreign Office try at least to stop the children while in transit in Bulgaria?"

Eichmann's obsession in seeing the last of the Jews inside the gas chambers is illustrated by his activity in Hungary, in particular his treatment of the last trainload of victims from that country. When the Germans took over Hungary in March, 1944, Eichmann set to work with more than his usual zeal. In three short months he'd deported 437,402 Jews—half of the entire Jewish population—to the death camp at Auschwitz. By this time, however, Admiral Horthy, the titular head of the country, was alarmed by the advance of the Russians and by the warnings he'd received from other nations, and he ordered the deportation stopped. A train carrying 1,500 Jews was halted short of the German border, and the passengers turned back to the Hungarians at a camp called Kistarca. Eichmann was furious. He was also determined that Horthy should not cheat him of his trainload.

Herded on to Destruction

Arranging to cut the telephone lines to Kistarca, he gave orders to the Hungarian head of the camp to deliver the Jews to the Germans again. The latter herded them back onto the train, ordering those who had wheelchairs or artificial limbs to leave them behind. "You won't need these where you're going," the Jews were told. Eichmann even went to the trouble of rounding up the leaders of the remaining Jews in Budapest for a nonexistent conference, lest they somehow get word of the deportation and inform Horthy that his orders were being disobeyed. When information came through that the train had finally crossed the border of Hungary and was safely in Germany, Eichmann dismissed the Jewish leaders.

The story of a tragedy involving almost half a million Hungarian Jews was translated into human terms because that last trainload contained a man by the name of Jacob Reich. As the train sped him toward the death camp, he managed to write both a letter and a postcard to his

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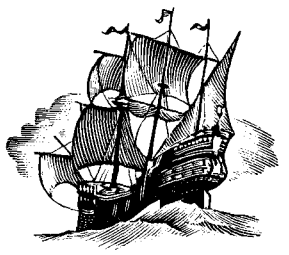
A Time To Remember Who We Are



This is the time of year when Americans traditionally observe a day of thanksgiving for their blessings. It is good that we should do this.

But is it not also fitting that on this day—so reminiscent of our origins—we should be mindful of our heritage and the trust it imposes on us. The price the Pilgrims paid for survival. The bloody feet at Valley Forge. The thunder at the Alamo, Gettysburg, the Argonne, Midway, Bastogne and Pork Chop Hill.

Of the people we are and must continue to be. The people who fathered Washington, Jefferson, Franklin, Lincoln and Lee. The people who first united a continent with roads and railroads, produced the steamship, the telephone, the airplane and the greatest economy the world has ever known.

Yes, let us remember who we are. For a little pride is the wellspring of courage. Let us endure unflinchingly whatever sacrifices we are called upon to make to defend our free institutions from the night of communism, which is bent on undermining our faith in ourselves. Let us rely not only on the gold in our vaults, but the iron in our blood. And let us cling like ivy to the faith of our fathers until, in God's good time, all men are free.

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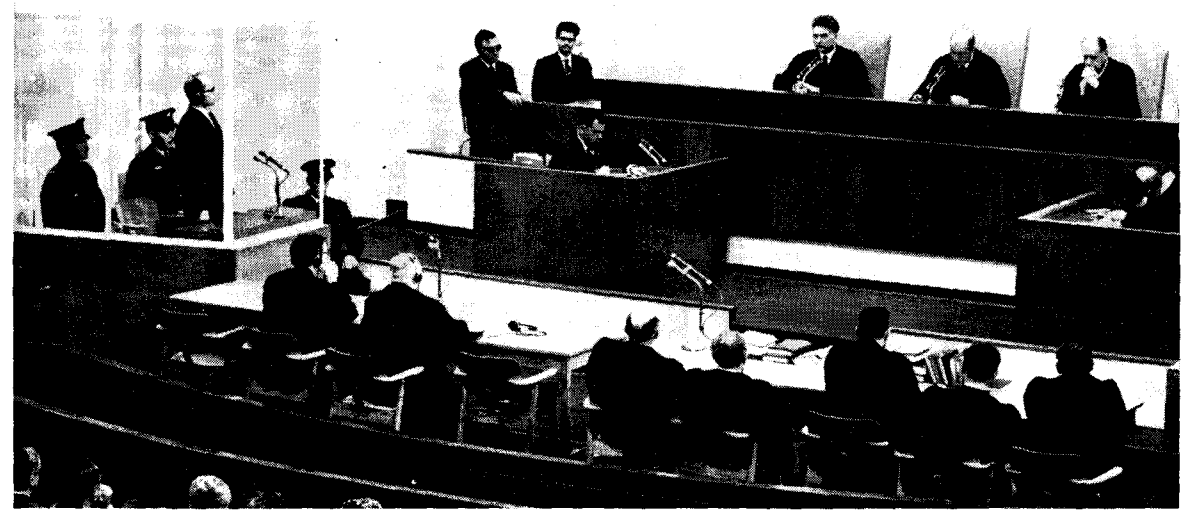
"I abhor the atrocities," he said, in asking mercy. "... I was not responsible."



Eichmann stands (at far left) as the judges sentence him to be executed.

Eichmann beloved wife, Margot, and flung them from the window. On each message he had written: "Blessed be the hand that will mail this!"

Such hands were found. Margot got both the postcard and the letter. The former said, "It is Wednesday. They packed us and we go. God be with you, my dear family. I kiss and embrace you. Father."

The letter said, "I threw a postcard out of the train and now I try to write a letter. It is a long way we are headed for. The direction is Germany. I could bear anything if only I knew that nothing would happen to you. I don't wish to make you sad, but I would so much like to be still with you. Maybe God will help us. My children, respect your mother. If possible, I shall write again. Your father (from the train)."

Jacob Reich never wrote again. He was devoured by the Nazi Moloch. But his widow, now living in Israel, produced both the postcard and the letter for us in court.

The train incident, of course, was important as additional proof that Eichmann was not just a minor flunky, as he insisted. None of his superiors would have blamed him if he'd stopped the deportations and awaited the outcome of the Hitler-Horthy negotiations. Instead he chose to go to extraordinary lengths to kill as many people as possible.

These facts, plus the tales of the other witnesses described in Part II, completed the story of the bottomless Jewish tragedy, creating a new Book of Lamentations for the House of Israel. And at the close of the 75th court session, the prosecution rested its case. Eichmann began his defense.

It was exactly as predicted. Eichmann pictured himself as a man who never wanted to harm Jews, but when their physical destruction was ordered, he had to obey. He submitted 20 different charts of the various offices which dealt with the annihilation of the Jews in Europe. But his own department—the all-important Jewish-affairs section of the Gestapo—was barely visible on these charts. It was always at the end of the chain of command. Judging by the charts he submitted, it looked as if almost every authority in the Reich had a hand in killing the Jews, except the one Eichmann headed and which was actually in charge of the operation.

He insisted he had asked to be transferred to another post but was refused. When I pointed out to him that in his personal service file there was no record of any application for a transfer, he said he had applied orally.

Thirteen sessions were devoted to his defense, and when they were over, the cross-examination began. It started on a Friday afternoon, and lasted only 90 minutes before the weekend recess was called. During this hour and a half Eichmann admitted he was morally guilty as an accomplice to the murder of millions of Jews. He denied what he called "the legal guilt," claiming it was all done on orders. Apparently, however, those 90 minutes were rougher than Eichmann anticipated because, when the court reconvened on Monday morning, he complained he'd had a sleepless night and was unfit to stand questioning. The session was adjourned. Eventually, of course, he had to submit to cross-examination. And as I began to examine his story more fully, he embarked on a course of prevarications and denials, retreating step by step, always finishing with the assertion that he'd acted only under orders, that he'd sworn to obey his superiors, and that he could not help himself. It sometimes took a half session to get a reply that should have been a simple yes or no.

The Missing Witnesses

The matter of Eichmann's defense witnesses, incidentally, had caused us considerable difficulty. Doctor Servatius had wanted to bring to Israel various former high-ranking Nazi leaders now living in Germany and Austria. But if they had come, it would have been our duty, under our laws, to arrest them and have them tried as war criminals. However, since Eichmann was entitled to such witnesses, I agreed that they might appear before courts in the places where they lived, have their depositions taken in the presence of representatives of Doctor Servatius and myself, and that these statements be made part of the court record.

This course was obviously detrimental to our case. It would have been easy for a witness to assist an old comrade like Eichmann by stretching a point or forgetting a detail when giving evidence in judges' chambers abroad. It would have been much more difficult to do so on the witness stand in the full glare of publicity. Moreover, there was no opportunity abroad to expose a lying witness by cross-examination. But this was a chance I had to take rather than give a safe-conduct to criminals with Jewish blood on their hands.

As things turned out, however, even these witnesses did not dare distort the truth in a flagrant manner. One of them did not "remember" details which would have been prejudicial to his old friend; another made a marked effort to gloss over matters. But none went so far as to support actively Eichmann's fantastic lies. This caused him real aggravation, and he was obviously crestfallen.

Eichmann in my opinion was not a good witness in his own behalf. He admitted at one point, for example, that Rudolf Höss, the commandant of Auschwitz, was on good terms with him and always told the truth. But when confronted with the statement of Höss that Himmler, the Gestapo head, left Eichmann a free hand in all matters concerning the extermination of the Jews, his reaction was, "Höss lied." When I asked him, "For no reason whatsoever?", Eichmann replied, "Yes, for no reason whatsoever." Whenever it was stated in an official Nazi document that "Eichmann decided" an issue, he claimed it was untrue, alleging he had never made decisions. When it was proved that his deputy, Ralph Günther, supplied poison gas to the camps, Eichmann, while not denying the fact, claimed he had at the time no knowledge of it.

His tape-recorded talks with the Dutch journalist Willem Sassen in Argentina in 1957—talks in preparation for a book they intended to publish—were described by Eichmann as incorrect. In these talks he'd made himself out to be powerful and influential, but at the trial he explained all this as a mere gimmick to sell the book. "Besides, I was given wine at the time," he added.

When I pointed out that the transcript of these talks contained hundreds of corrections in his own handwriting which he'd made at his leisure, and that the talks took place over a period of four months, he still insisted the thing was a mixture of truth and lies. When I pressed him further, he refused to answer any more questions. "I feel I am being roasted until the meat is ready for consumption," he charged.

It was in the course of these talks that he described himself as "working relentlessly to kindle the fire whenever I thought there was a sign of opposition. When I reached the conclusion that it was necessary to do to the Jews what we did, I worked with the fanaticism expected from a devoted national-socialist."

When reading this part of the manuscript I recalled the words of Michael A. Musmanno of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, who, when sitting in judgment in Nuremberg, uttered words which will rank forever among the classic pronouncements of justice: "These defendants were among those who made it possible for a megalomaniac to achieve his ambition of putting the world beneath his heel. Hitler struck the match, but the fire would have died a quick death had it not been for his fellow arsonists, big and little, who continued to supply the fuel."

Finally—after 113 sessions lasting more than four months—the long trial came to an end. The court, under the chairmanship of the Supreme Court Judge, Dr. Moshe Landau, did not announce its decision until four months later, when Eichmann was found guilty on all counts. All the arguments of the defense were thoroughly dealt with and all its contentions were minutely examined.

The judgment was acclaimed by world public opinion as a true and just verdict. The legal profession acclaimed it as an expression of legal wisdom and a contribution to international law. Professor Georg Schwarzenberger, a reputed authority on the subject, wrote: "Thus the Eichmann trial and the judgment pass the tests of international law and the standard of civilization with flying colors."

Nothing But Lies

Among other things, the judges described Eichmann's evidence as a stack of lies. "In various chapters of this judgment we have pointed out where the accused was found to be lying," the court said. "We now add that his entire testimony was nothing but one constant attempt to deny the truth and conceal his real share of responsibility."

With the judgment in, the matter of punishment came up. To me there was only one logical course of action. Some people argued that Eichmann's life should be spared. A single life, they argued, could hardly expiate the murder of millions. Others thought a superhuman act of clemency on the part of Israel was called for. The latter argument struck me

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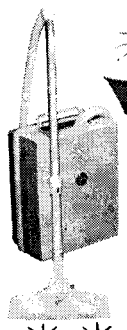

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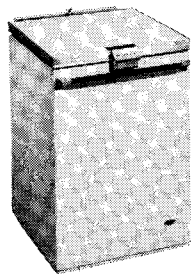

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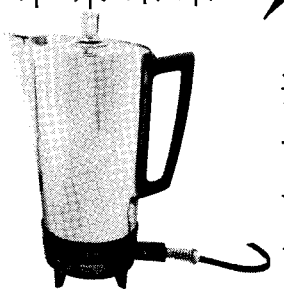

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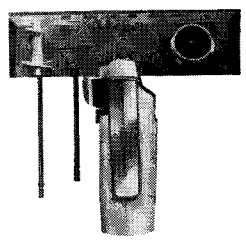

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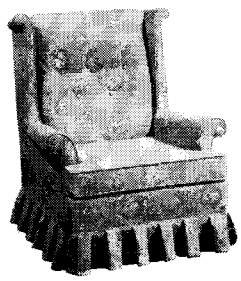

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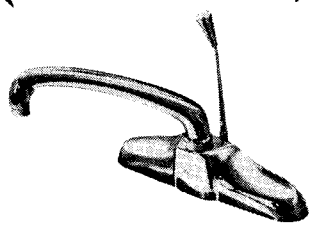

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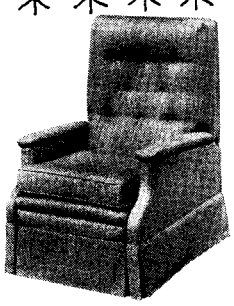

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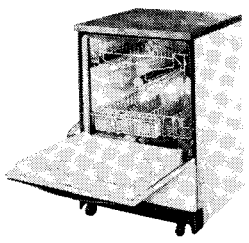

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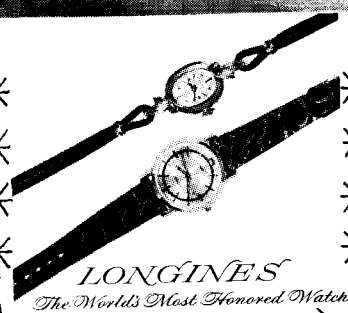

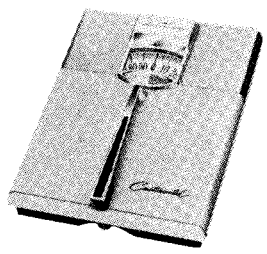

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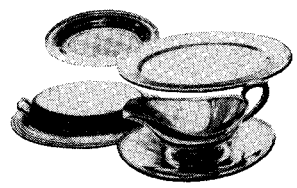

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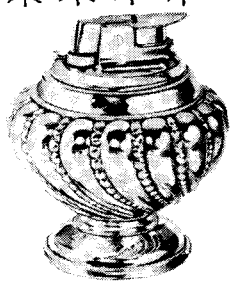

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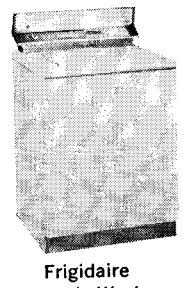

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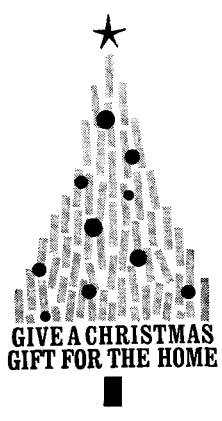

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AMERICAN HOME

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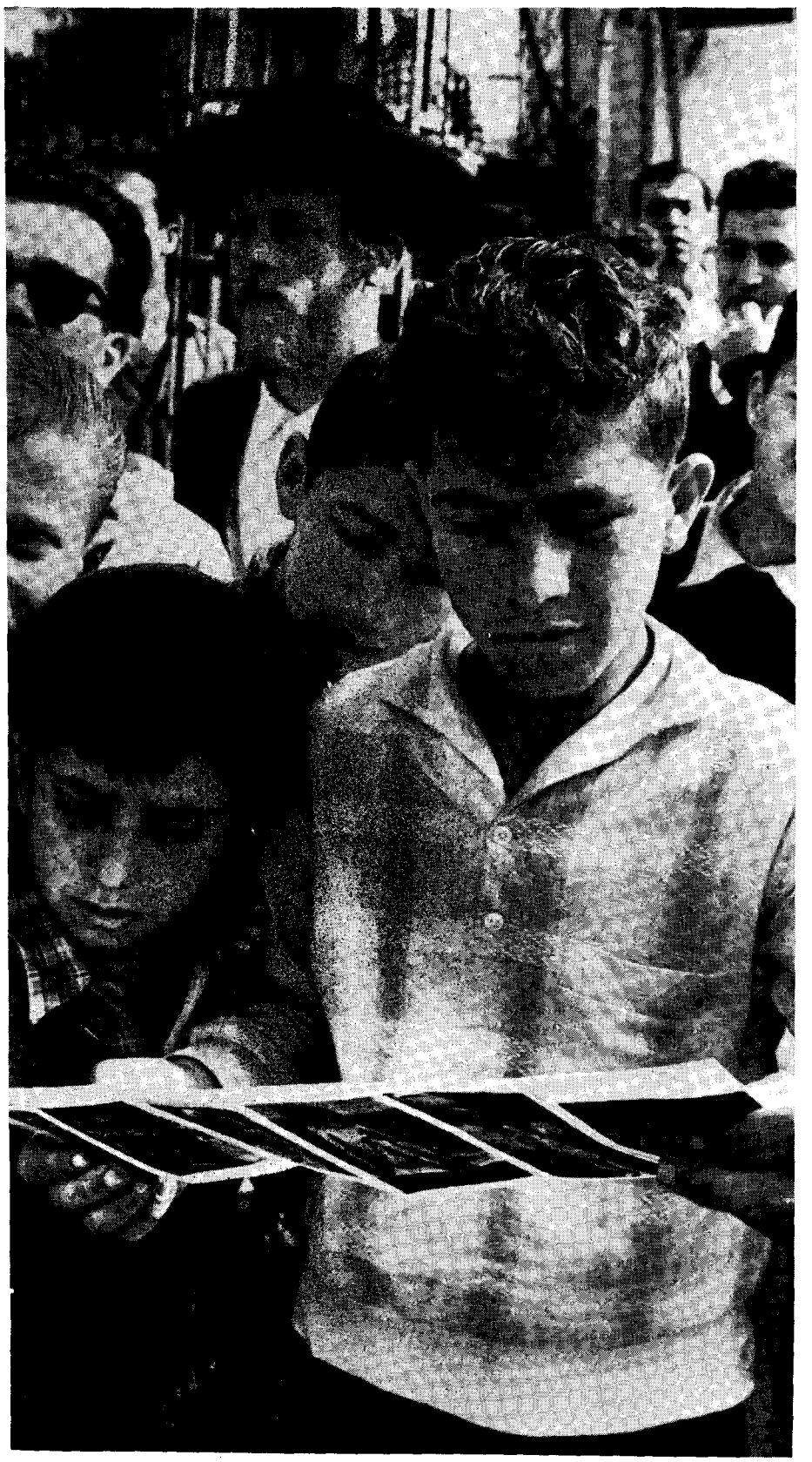
"Now some of the wounds can heal, and men should vow that such crimes will never be permitted again."



The youth of Israel were grateful that their eyes had been opened. And from all over the world others wrote to show their sympathy.

Eichmann as illusory. If such an act would have barred the death penalty from the face of the earth for all time, that would have been different, but I knew it wouldn't. As to the former argument—that we should spare Eichmann because of the enormity of his crimes—I could not agree. The trial of a man found guilty should result in punishment. The fact that a human court cannot inflict a heavier penalty than the maximum is no reason for imposing a lighter sentence. Under the law, Eichmann could have been sentenced to death for one murder. Should he be punished the less because he had committed 6,000,000?

His crime called for the supreme penalty provided by law, and I asked for it even though I knew it was woefully inadequate. "Punish him for one of his heinous deeds," I urged the court, "and let history sentence him to eternal shame and everlasting abhorrence for all the others."

"The Greatest Punishment"

Two days later—in a hushed courtroom—the death sentence was pronounced. The court said, "Even had we found that the accused acted out of blind obedience as he alleges, yet we would have said that one who had participated in crimes of such dimensions for years on end has to undergo the greatest punishment known to the law. . . . But in fact we have found that in acting as he did the accused identified himself in his heart with the order received by him." Doctor Servatius immediately announced his intention of appealing, and on March 22 of this year, the hearing started before our Supreme Court. The defense's chief argument was that although the trial had been fair, the attention of the world's press had inflated the position of Eichmann into a central figure, which, it was alleged, he was not.

An appeal is of necessity limited to a legal review of the decision of a lower court, viewed from an altitude. Details do not count, unless sufficiently important or numerous to affect the over-all result. The immediate contact with facts and witnesses is gone; here one deals with papers. Although in this case even the papers were virtually steeped in blood and tears, yet the atmosphere on appeal, serene as it was, differed from the dramatic tension of the trial court. The legal arguments were heard again, this time consuming proportionally a greater part of the proceedings.

The Supreme Court, under the chairmanship of its president, Itzhak Olshan, rendered its decision two months later. "It is clear," it said, "that the idea of the 'final solution' [of the Jewish problem] was not his own, but the *Führer*'s. Yet that idea could never have assumed so satanic and infernal an expression—in the blood of millions of tortured and martyred Jews—but for the thorough planning, the zeal, the fanatical enthusiasm and the insatiable bloodthirstiness of the appellant [Eichmann] and those who did his bidding." Eichmann was found to have been part of a fiendish machinery which, however, he frequently overshadowed.

The long story was now almost over. Eichmann's last resort was the president of Israel, and he immediately appealed to him for clemency. "I abhor the atrocities committed on the Jews as the greatest crime and consider it just that the people responsible should be brought to justice now and in the future," he pleaded. "But a line should be drawn between leaders and tools like myself. I was not a responsible leader, and therefore do not consider myself guilty. I pray you, Mr. President, to commute the death sentence!"

Thus Adolf Eichmann, for whom the lives of millions were next to nothing, was now fighting for his own by justifying the trials of his leaders and comrades and the death penalty inflicted on them. He even asked for further trials and punishments—but for others, not himself.

The president did not accede to the application, and Adolf Eichmann paid with his life for having been what one of his comrades called "the greatest expeditioner of death." He was executed in Ramleh Prison on the night of May 31.

It was decided to have his body cremated and cast into the sea. In the early hours of the morning of June 1 the ashes were carried aboard a police boat which headed out to sea. When it was beyond the three-mile limit the boat stopped, and the ashes were tossed overboard. The waves of the Mediterranean washed over them just 25 years after Eichmann—a rising young Nazi on the first important assignment of a career dedicated to combating Jews—had sailed across these same waters en route to Palestine and Egypt on a secret mission.

This was the end as far as the arch-criminal was concerned. A surge of release swept now through the state of Israel. The trial had been traumatic to live through, and people were glad it was over. Old wounds had been opened bu with a better chance to heal, now that the whole story was out. The reaction of the youth of Israel was overwhelming in its grim gratitude that their eyes had been opened to see in detail all that had happened.

Anti-Semitism Survives

Yet this is in no way the end of anti-Semitism and of man-to-man hatred. Judging by the thousands of letters from non-Jews which began to pour into my office even before the trial started and later turned into a veritable flood, I feel that people realized that it was the background of hatred which brought the disaster about. Even now a few hate letters arrive, some from America, some from Germany, calling me a devil and assailing the Jews afresh, but the overwhelming majority express shock, shame and sympathy with our cause.

People from Germany wrote saying they had not been aware of what had been going on at the time. Children from a village in central Italy wrote to thank us for telling them the story of "the sufferings of our Jewish brothers," promising to see to it that when they grew up, nothing of this kind should ever happen again.

This of course is the crucial problem. This age has seen not only unparalleled cruelties but also spectacular technical achievements. Man has in his possessio powers he never had before. It so happened that the Eichmann trial took place when Russian and American astronauts began conquering outer space. The problem is whether mankind is heading for the stars or will fall again into the abyss of slaughter and self-destruction.

In this respect the facts revealed in the trial of Adolf Eichmann should serve as a stern warning. **THE END**

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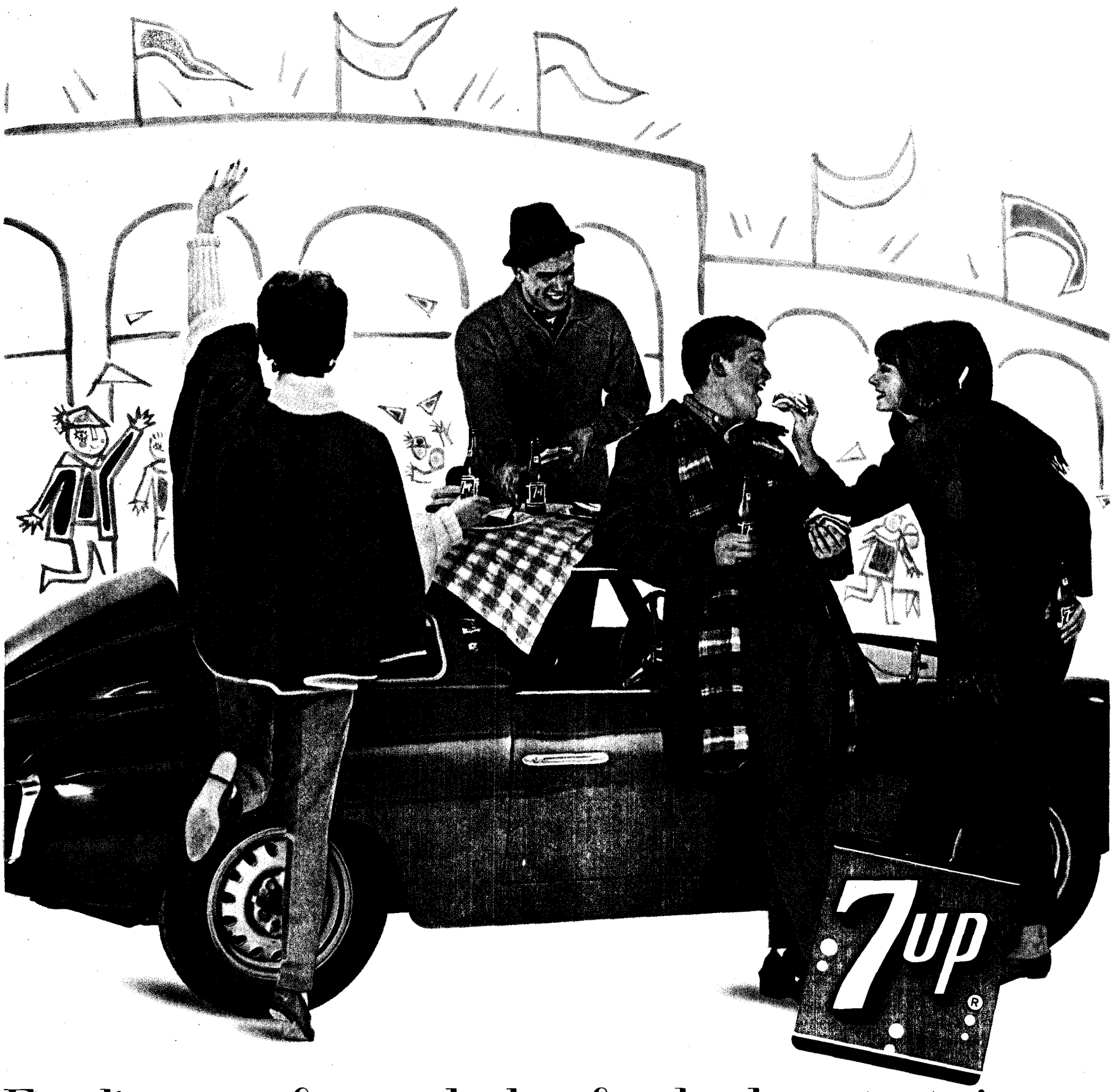
Coupé buffet?



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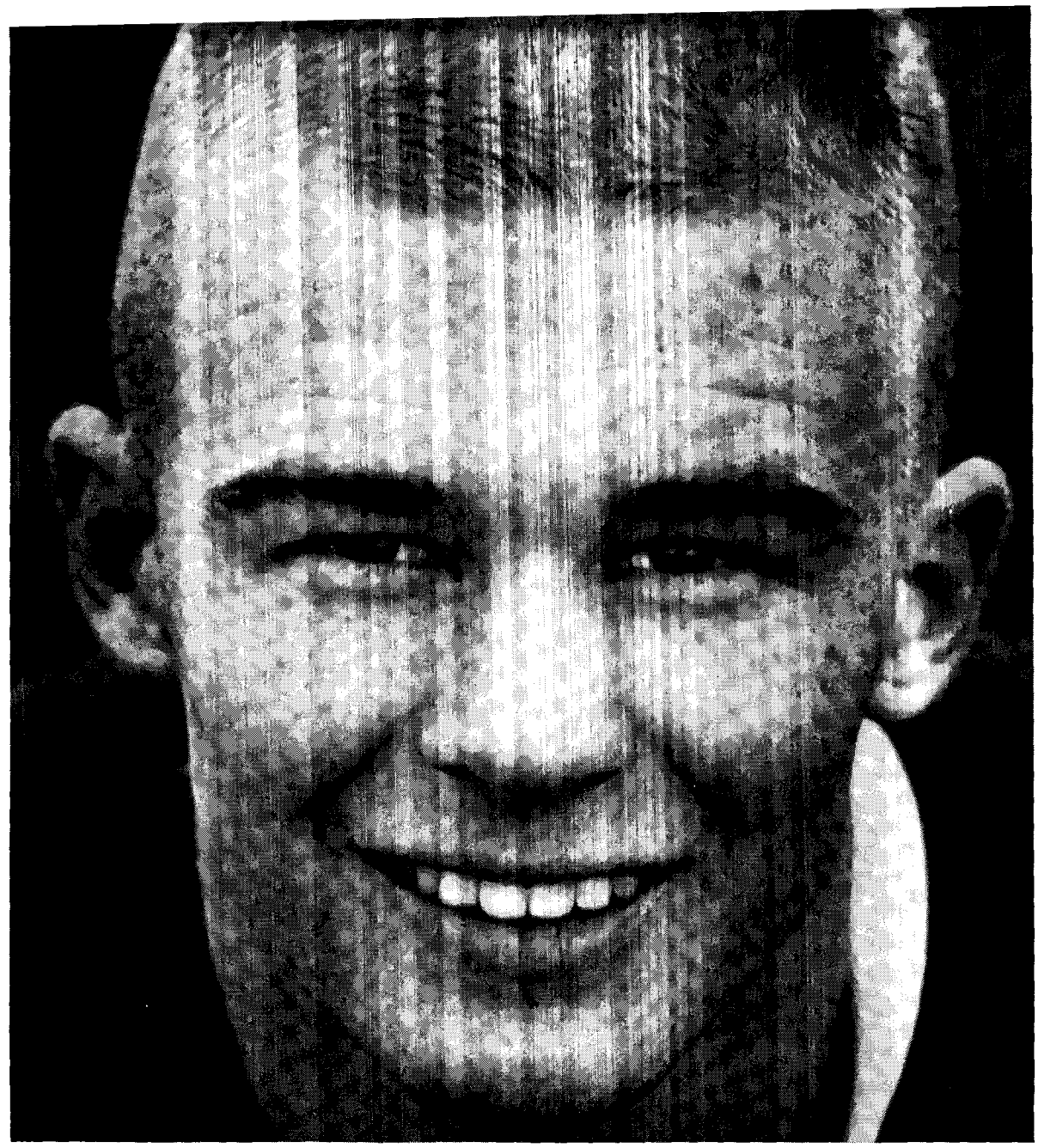

So shy and serious that friends call him "the old man," Campbell is a fanatic about sports.

Gridiron Phantom

Washington State's Hugh Campbell is small and slow, but he breaks records with each pass he catches. • By AL STUMP

For some time the most unnoticed star in college football has been Hugh Campbell, the shy and gangling left end of Washington State University. Each time Campbell fights and wriggles through mobs of defenders to pull in the ball, he breaks one of his own all-time intercollegiate records for pass catching. No matter how much he accomplishes, though—and some of his clutches have struck such professional judges as Elroy Hirsch and Red Hickey with awe—it seems to make no impression upon the big-city swamis who hold the publicity strings.

As a green sophomore in 1960 Hugh broke two National Collegiate Athletic Association records by catching 66 passes for 881 yards. In 1961 he was again the country's leading receiver. By the fifth game of the current season he had run his career totals to 143 receptions and 1,960 yards gained, surpassing all the great college receivers of the past. Yet this 21-year-old son of a Saratoga, California, groceryman has only two small trophies. The All-America pickers have passed him by.

W.S.U.'s location in a remote, wheat-growing section has helped to keep Hugh in the shade even on the West Coast. Pullman, site of this smallest school in the Big Six Conference, has a population of 13,000, more than half of them students at the university. It is 340 miles from the nearest league opponent.

In any surroundings, however, Hugh Thomas Campbell would not be the type to draw attention to himself. His best friends wonder if he will ever get around to volunteering as many as six words in five minutes. He has almost no conversation for the press. He will stand up before a group and talk only when forced.

Awhile back George Foster, president of Hugh's fraternity, Phi Delta Theta, said to him, "I'm appointing you the new house fire warden. If you smell smoke, sound the warning." Foster thought for a moment and said, "Naw, forget it. By the time you could force yourself to pipe up, we'd all burn to death!"

The Phi Delts have nicknamed him "the old man" for his grave, codgerlike ways, which include no smoking or beer drinking. In 1960 his brothers entered him in the campus race for "Tolo King" (the boy the sophomore girls would most like to date) just to watch him squirm. "Hughie was in agony," his pals chortle, "when he had to tour the sorority joints as a candidate and show the girls his teeth. In fact, he hid in the basement and had to be dragged out." It was a great relief to Hugh when he lost out in the final voting.

"I know I'm not like lots of players," he murmurs apologetically to interviewers. "It's always bothered my mother and father—who are two of the peppiest talkers you'll meet." A long silence later: "Golly, I was through high school before I had the nerve to ask a girl to dance."

He can get embarrassed even under game conditions. Last month against Arizona State at Tempe, Hugh needed only one pass catch to wipe out the career record for receptions set by Dick Beetsch of Iowa State Teachers over a four-year period in the 1950's. The officials offered beforehand to stop the game when

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At certain times of the year we're reminded how well off we are—as Americans. The most heartfelt thanks of all often come from the head of the table—especially these days when being a family provider is no light responsibility. For past blessings, it is a time for gratitude. For the future, a time for high hopes and careful planning.

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"He makes hundreds of moves even experts miss."

Phantom Campbell made his first catch and present him the ball. Hugh wouldn't hear of it. He accepted the game ball when the battle was over, then arose on the bus returning the Cougar team to its hotel and said, "I wasn't the best player on the field today by a long shot. Everybody here knows that. So I'm returning the ball to you fellows, so you can vote on who should have it." Unable to dissuade him, the Cougars voted that the ball should repose in the school trophy room, which it now does, suitably inscribed.

Similarly, Campbell was in line to be team captain this year. "Hugh went out and campaigned instead for George Reed, our fullback," says Stan Bates, the athletic director. Reed became the first Negro in history to hold the all-season captaincy of a Cougar team.

Campbell doesn't look like a football warrior. He is boyish-faced, thin-necked, thin-waisted. Although he is just over six feet tall, he plays at 175 pounds—or less.

He is not only one of the smallest major-college ends in the country but also one of the slowest. He can't run 100 yards under 11 seconds. He gets clear by means so subtly guileful that most fans and press-boxers don't understand and appreciate what they're seeing. Says Harry Missildine, sports editor of the Spokane (Wash.) *Spokesman-Review*, "They miss the most finesse I've ever seen in a college end."

"He has to go to finesse because he hasn't much more strength than he has speed," analyzes Billy Wilson, former star pro end who has scouted Campbell extensively for the San Francisco 49ers. "He makes hundreds of little moves that even experts miss. It's no wonder they never heard of him in New York."

Phil Dickens, coach of large University of Indiana, has seen enough of Campbell. Last season the Cougars met Indiana at Bloomington, and Dickens had his first look at the "phantom of the Palouse." (Palouse is a regional name deriving from an Indian tribe.)

He Looked All Worn Out

"We knew he'd pull something tricky," relates Dickens, "but after watching him awhile, I couldn't see how. He was so slow running pass patterns he looked like a guy who's all worn out and is just hunting a place to lie down."

Late in the game, after lining up, Hugh studied the Hoosier defense. Then he called the code word "Sunnyvale" to quarterback Mel Melin. Campbell may be the only end in big-time football who has this privilege of changing his team's signals at the line of scrimmage. But then Hugh is a brain who, although a physical-education major, averages B plus in such premedical-school courses as chemistry, human anatomy and kinesiology. And he rivals the coaching staff in hours spent watching movies of opponents.

"Sunnyvale" not only told Melin the play Campbell wanted called but where he would run. Hugh started out typically. Moving at a loose, weary lope, he made a couple of indifferent fakes, then some loops, wiggles and changes of speed that have been compared to the fluttering around of a wounded quail. Near the Indiana bench, boxed in by three men, Hugh pumped his right arm to signal where he wanted the ball to go. With that, Melin threw. The fluttering and pumping pulled the defenders into a nervous knot, whereupon Hugh leaped sideways and caught the ball through a two-foot alley amidst the lot of them.

This brought Phil Dickens jumping off the Indiana bench. "Greatest catch I ever saw!" he yelled. "The greatest!"

Dickens could afford to be generous that day because Indiana won easily, 33–7. It was different this year when the two teams met again on October 20. Washington State beat the Hoosiers 21–15, and Campbell pulled in seven passes for 120 yards and the game-winning touchdown, which was registered on a 51-yard play with only 78 seconds to go. He appeared to be completely covered—as usual—on the 10-yard line, but grabbed the ball and plunged across.

The Cougars have had a winning season this fall, but in Campbell's two previous years they were among the weaker Western entries. Despite that, no opponent was able to keep Hugh from catching passes until a bad foot stopped him for the first time against Stanford early last month.

The passers who've been throwing to him haven't been top-caliber, and he constantly faces double- and triple-teaming by the defense. But he says modestly, "It's something like playing doubles in tennis. You play between 'em. Lots of times two halfbacks will hesitate, each thinking his partner will take me. While they're deciding, I've got the ball and I'm gone."

But his real secret, some pro scouts say, is that he "changes gears" so fluidly and imperceptibly that defenders never can tell at what rate he'll be traveling next. "Considering his lack of size, my neck is sticking way out," declares Eddie Kotal, chief of scouting for the Los Angeles Rams, "but I think he'll be a fine pro for the reason that he covers up so beautifully."

A good many other pro agents find scouting Campbell a painful experience. "I've lost sleep thinking about him," says Moose Myers of the Dallas Texans. "How can anyone recommend a kid who runs like Grandma Grunt and is skinny too? But how can you overlook his instinct for breaking into the clear, and those great hands that never drop a ball no matter how hard he's hit?"

Hugh would like to have a pro football career. Then he plans to move into coaching boys—"including, I hope, a bunch of my own."

Last Valentine's Day he announced his engagement to Miss Louise Griswold, a demure, well-curved brunette coed from Bellevue, Washington.

"Hughie may be reserved and shy," reflects Miss Griswold, "but once his mind is made up he doesn't waste time. We met on a blind date, and neither of us was impressed at first. Then he started walking by me in the library and blushing. After about six dates he told me, 'You're going to be my wife.'"

Just four years ago Hugh's grocer father and high-school-teacher mother were about to dig up his college tuition on their own. Not a college in California wanted him on a football-scholarship basis. The process of overlooking Hugh Campbell began early. Hugh has an older brother, John, now 25. "John did well at most things, especially games," says their father, "but Hughie backed away from people. He lived within himself so much we were afraid we couldn't snap him out of it."

Hugh became a "fanatic"—the family's own term—about sports. Physically he was a misfit. Weighing 99 pounds and standing five-three when he entered Los Gatos High School, he was refused a uniform to try out for football. His drive to gain weight through prodigious eating is well remembered at home.

"Make Me a Split End"

At 16 Hugh shot up to five-ten and 160 pounds and earned the T-quarterback job on a team that won the league title his senior season. In the final two games coach Pete Denevi gave him a try at catching the ball as a flanker halfback and was impressed. He shipped movies of these demonstrations to college scouts.

"I got laughed at by some very big reputations," Denevi says. Stanford and California didn't bother to scan the films; smaller colleges found Hughie too slow, small and awkward. Finally Campbell got himself introduced to a Washington State scout, Bob Gambold, and pleaded his case. Gambold took a chance and arranged an athletic scholarship.

In spring practice as a freshman in 1959 Hugh seemed out of place as 220-pound tackles bounced him around. Head coach Jim Sutherland called Campbell in, explained that offensive ends in his system had to block men on the scrimmage line, and Hughie, at 170, wasn't capable. "Make me a pro-type split end," pleaded Hugh. "If I can just catch the ball I can do a job for you."

It happened that Sutherland was installing changes in his attack that allowed for the experiment, and he agreed to a brief trial. "One of the lucky breaks of my life," Sutherland now says.

In his second varsity game, against Denver University, Campbell grabbed 10 passes for 195 yards and two touchdowns. The following Saturday against Arizona State he caught 10 more for three touchdowns. By the end of his sophomore season he'd rewritten the record book for a single season. At last he was a hero—but only in the Palouse area.

Says Al Williams, a leading Washington State booster in Spokane, "He's all modesty and levelheadedness. I don't think it bothers him very much that the All-America pickers haven't been kind."

Taking the resigned viewpoint that when you play football at an out-of-the-way place you can't expect the moon and stars, Hugh says, "It's fate," and tells of a picnic trip he recently took with fiancée Louise Griswold and friends. While they were lunching, some small boys in a nearby field chose up sides for a football game. The kids had no idea who was watching them. "I'm Hugh Campbell!" yelled a boy playing end. He caught the ball, but ran into a tree and was knocked dizzy.

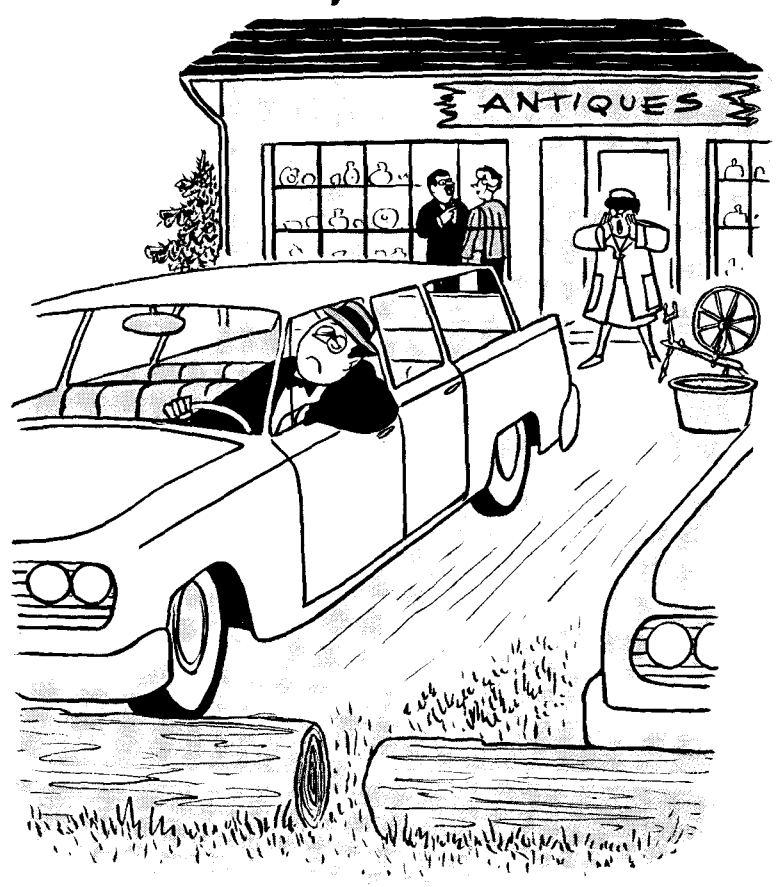
Hugh ran over, lifted him up and asked, "Are you hurt?"

"Nope, guess not," said the 10-year-old. "Who're you?"

Said Hugh, shaking his head, "I hate to tell you." **THE END**

HAZEL, STARRING SHIRLEY BOOTH, MAY BE SEEN ON NBC-TV THURSDAY EVENINGS.

HAZEL *by* Ted Key



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Checkbook!"

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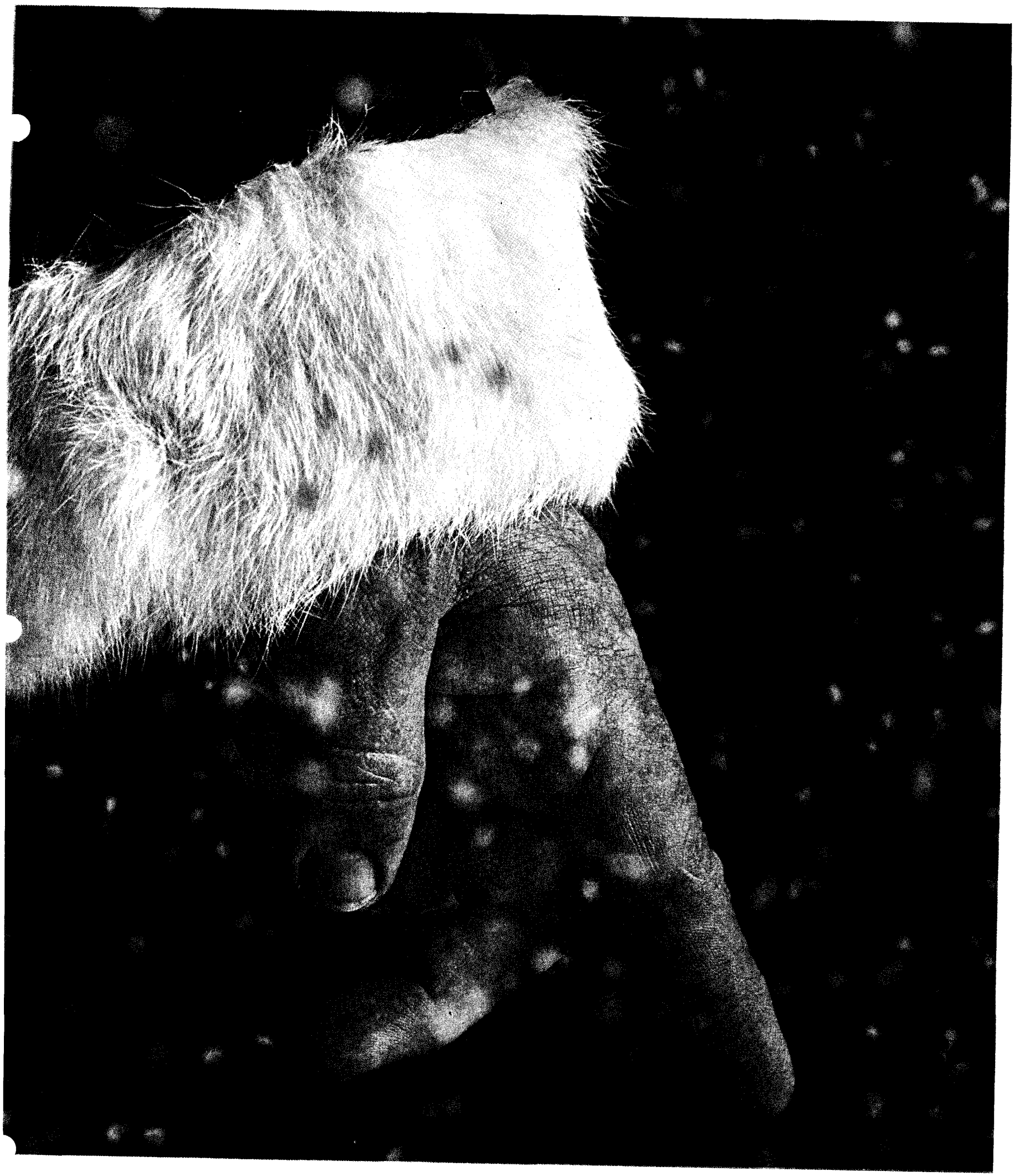

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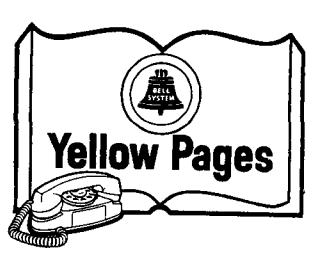

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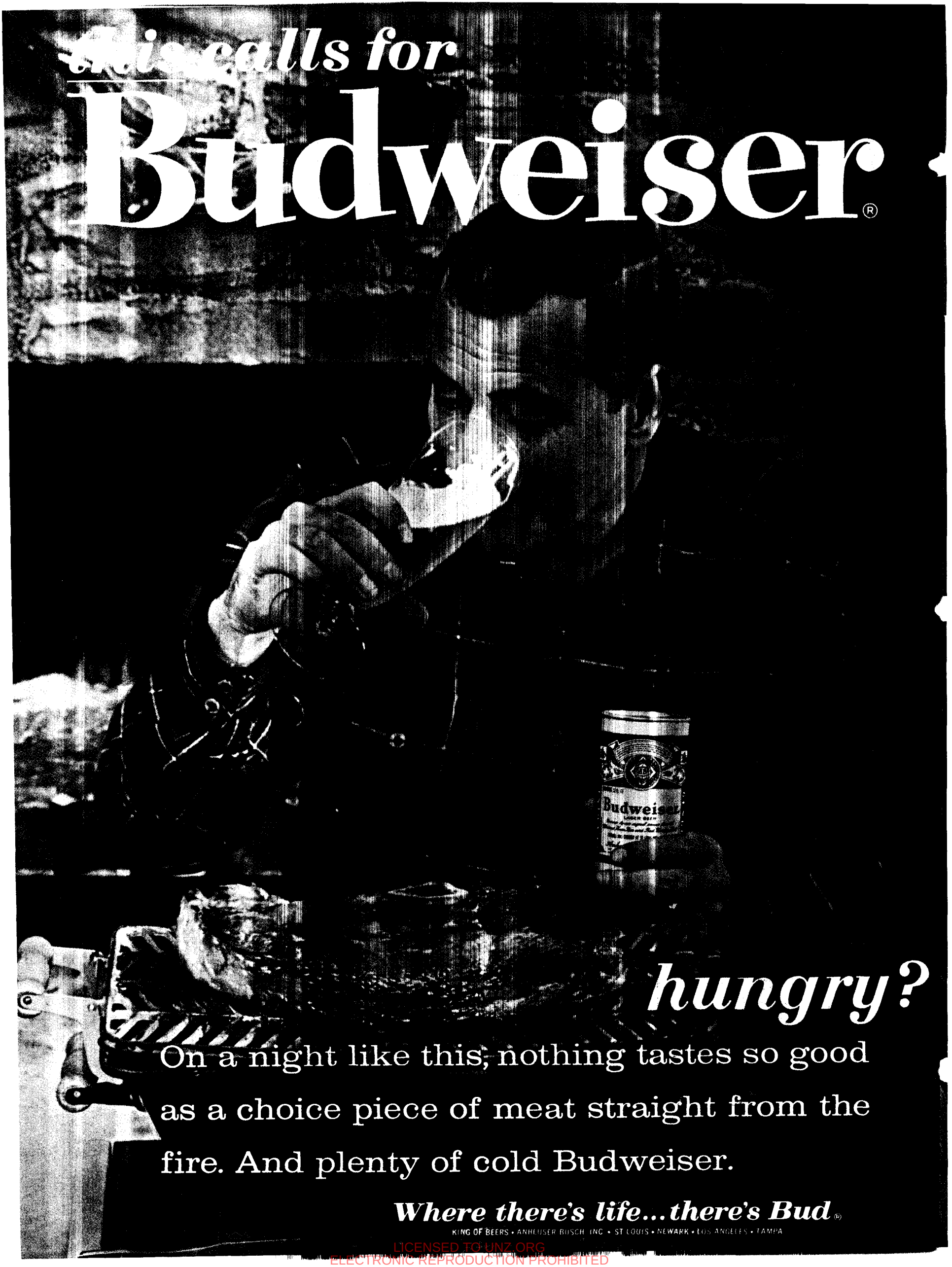
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"WE DITCHED AT SEA"

The Ordeal of Flying Tiger 923

Battered by wind and waves, adrift hundreds of miles from the nearest land, a raftload of Americans fought to survive in the angry Atlantic. One of the survivors tells the dramatic story. • By SENIOR MASTER SGT. PETER A. FOLEY

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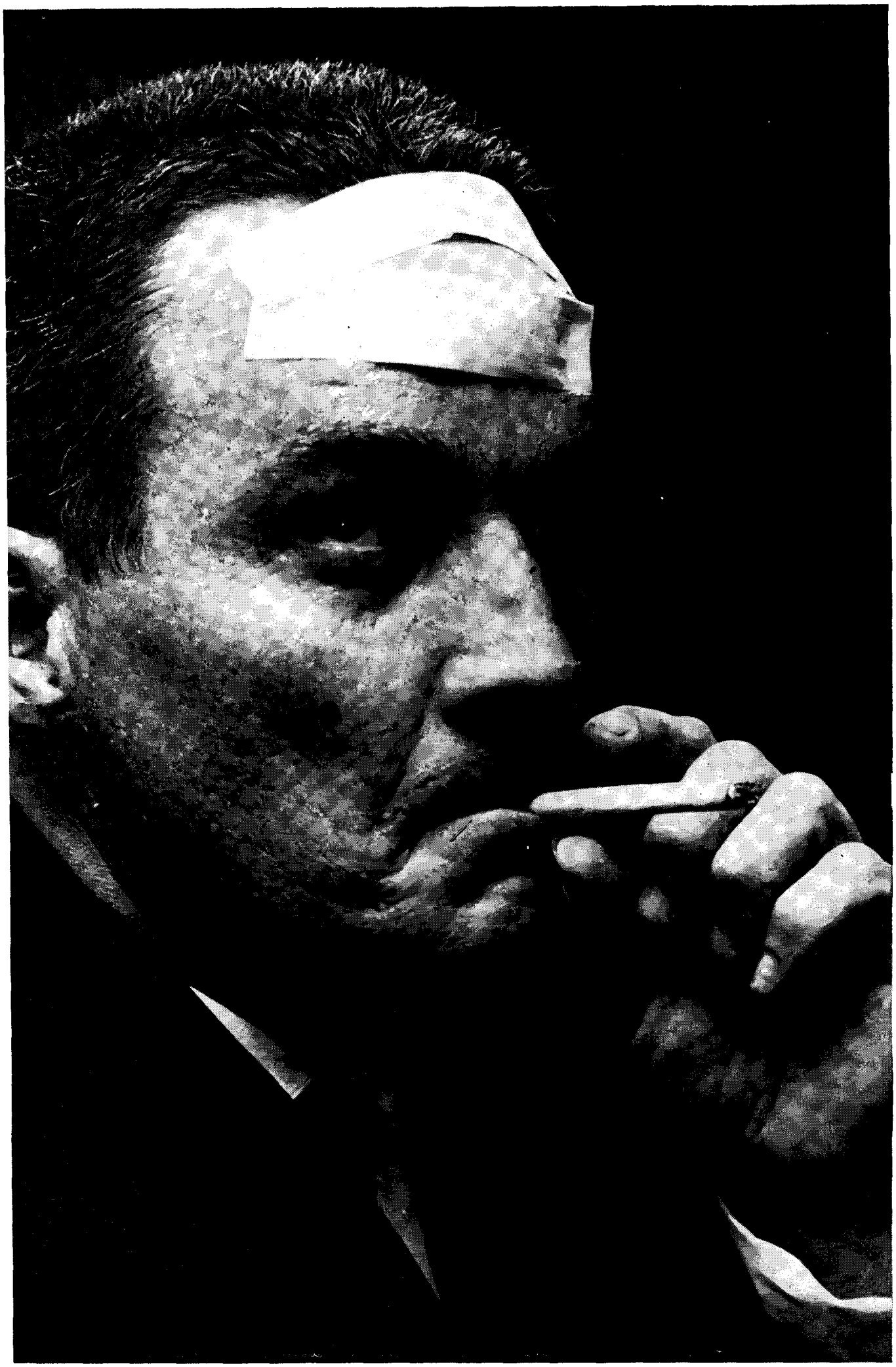
"When the second engine stopped, the plane gave a slight shudder. I knew we were in trouble. Everybody else aboard knew it too."



Pilot John D. Murray, who had "never been up against a situation like this one," was injured during ditching. Captain Murray was the last survivor pulled into the raft.

We were three hours out of Gander, heading across the Atlantic when one of the four engines on the big Flying Tiger Line Super-H Constellation suddenly gave out. "Something's gone wrong with one of the engines on the right side," said another passenger behind me, Specialist Fourth Class John Groves. "It's been feathered." I got up from my seat by the left wing to see for myself. He was right. Engine No. 3 had stopped dead.

As I glanced around the plane, no one else seemed aware that anything was wrong. It was getting dark, and most of us were waiting for the supper that the stewardesses were preparing.

When I returned to my own seat, I realized that the pilot was now having trouble with the No. 1 engine. It's on the extreme left—engines are numbered from left to right. I was an aircraft mechanic during World War II, so I know how engines should sound. I could tell that the No. 1 prop was spinning out of control. I saw it gradually slow to a stop, and the plane gave a slight shudder. We were flying on only two engines. I knew we were in trouble, and by this time everybody else on the plane knew it too.

We didn't know how bad the trouble was, though. We didn't know that these were the last hours left to Tiger 923. It had left McGuire Air Force Base, New Jersey, on a Military Air Transport Service (MATS) contract flight, at eight o'clock that morning, Sunday, September 23, 1962. It was bound for Frankfurt, Germany, with a civilian crew of eight and 68 passengers, mostly young paratroopers on the way to their first overseas assignment, along with a miscellaneous assortment that included officers on vacation, enlisted men being transferred, and a few dependents.

And I was headed back to my wife and five kids at our home in Darmstadt, Germany. I'm a reporter for the *Stars and Stripes*, the military newspaper in Europe, and I had just completed an assignment in the States. But the engine trouble that was beginning now was to bring us all down in the stormy darkness of the North Atlantic. Out of the 76 of us aboard that plane, only 48 came out alive. I've talked with a lot of them, and *Post* editors interviewed some of the other survivors. We have added their recollections to my own, trying to piece together the way it all happened.

First Warning of Fire

The failure of the two engines meant that our lives depended on every decision of the pilot, Capt. John D. Murray of Oyster Bay, New York. "I'd been flying for 24 years, but I'd never been up against a situation like this one," Murray recalls. "We were at 21,000 feet when we got a fire warning on No. 3 engine. Garrett (flight engineer James E. Garrett) shut the engine down, then discharged a bottle of fire extinguisher into it, and the fire went out. Then an overspeed condition developed on No. 1 engine, and we had to shut it down."

Murray began descending to a lower altitude and altered course toward the nearest airport, Shannon, Ireland, more than 900 miles to the northeast. He called

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"The waves buried me a couple of times. . . . I kept telling myself not to panic. Once you panic, you've had it. . . ."

the chief stewardess, Betty A. Sims, to the cockpit to brief her on the situation. She was a slight, pretty girl of 31, with 10 years' flying experience. She had been married two weeks before and had given notice that this was to be her last trip.

We all looked up anxiously at Miss Sims as she emerged from the cockpit and walked swiftly down the aisle. There was no sign of concern on her face. We watched her pick up the public-address-system microphone. She relayed the captain's message that there was no immediate danger, that Super Constellations are built so they can fly on two engines. She explained that the reduced power made it impossible to heat our dinners, but that cake and coffee would be served in a few minutes. Then she asked us, as a routine precaution, to get the life jackets out of our seat pockets. Miss Sims and her three assistants, Carol Ann Gould, Jacqueline Brotman and Ruth Mudd, helped us into the life jackets and led us through ditching drills. Miss Sims was still wearing the dark-blue pinafore she had put on to prepare dinner. She kept telling us that this was just practice and that there was no emergency. I doubted it.

Some Nervous Joking

"A few of the paratroopers were kidding around," recalls Carol Gould of Lyndhurst, New Jersey, who had been summoned from a day off for this flight. "They were picking Jackie, Ruth, Betty or me as their choice to be stranded with on a raft. We tried to joke back."

The stewardesses collected our shoes and all sharp objects, and put them in bags. They told the women passengers to remove their stockings and tie them around their waists—this would give rescuers a handhold if the women needed help in the water. Anything loose that might fly around the cabin was stowed way. Even the door to the cockpit was taken down and placed in the coat compartment. Pillows and blankets were distributed for cushioning.

Miss Sims placed a stewardess or military man in charge of each of the four emergency exits by the wings. The navigator, Samuel Nicholson of Dallas, Pennsylvania, took a seat by the large cabin door at the rear. Miss Sims said that four life rafts were kept in compartments in the wings. A fifth raft would be available for launching at the cabin door. Nicholson sent two passengers forward to get the folded-up raft, take it out of its container, and place it near the door.

Every once in a while flight engineer Garrett came back to peer through the windows at engines No. 2 and No. 4. Everything seemed OK, and we were making pretty good speed. We were flying at an altitude of 3,000 feet, and it looked as though we were going to make it to Shannon, then not much more than 700 miles away. Light, fluffy clouds were going by. I could see some stars.

The atmosphere in the cabin was surprisingly calm. In the back, Lt. Col. George H. Dent of Fredericksburg, Virginia, was playing cribbage with his wife Elizabeth. "I was winning the Championship of the North Atlantic," recalls Dent. Nearby, another officer and his wife were playing gin rummy. Pvt. Joe E. Hofer of Birmingham, Alabama, kept reading a paperback novel. In the rear the stewardesses helped a Hawaiian woman, Mrs. Rachel K. Hoopii, put life vests on her two young daughters. They were quiet and well-behaved kids. I doubt mine would have been as quiet. But the German wife of Specialist Groves, the man who had first spotted the trouble in Engine No. 3, was weeping softly and mumbling, "I know we're going to fall down, I know it."

We'd finished our third or fourth ditching drill when I began to feel the power being pulled on and off an engine. I looked out my window and thought I saw a ball of fire between No. 1 and No. 2 engines. Colonel Dent, too, recalls seeing the No. 2 engine "emitting hunks of carbonized fire, some of them the size of a fist." Then I heard bells. It sounded like the fire warnings on an engine. A few minutes later No. 2 stopped with a thud you could both hear and feel.

Within seconds Captain Murray's voice came over the loudspeaker. "Ladies and gentlemen," he said calmly. "This is the captain. We are going to ditch."

The lights were off so our eyes would be used to the dusk. Betty Sims hurriedly ran through the ditching instructions once more. "Be sure your seat belt is tight and your seat upright. Keep your head down on your knees, your arms crossed over your head, holding your elbows, and brace against the seat in front."

Although we were losing altitude fast, the stewardesses went along the aisles for a final seat-belt check. "I gave a short prayer," says Private Hofer. "Dear God, take these people into thy hands. . . ." One of the men hollered to the girls: "Sit down, sit down before we hit."

An Engine and a Prayer

"As I took my seat," says stewardess Carol Gould, "I remembered I hadn't had time to take off my stockings. I pulled up my skirt, but when I realized all those guys around me were looking, I just couldn't do it. So I fastened my seat belt and braced myself, and then I was praying. There's a friend of mine who was killed in an accident. I was talking to him. I don't know why."

On the one remaining engine, 590 miles from his goal, at Shannon, Captain Murray slowly turned the big Constellation into the wind. Tiger 923 dropped lower and lower. In those few minutes, the pilot had only instinct to guide him. There was nothing in his experience that told how to bring a land-based plane down safely at night into an ocean of 15-foot waves whipped by 35-knot winds.

"I started a right turn into the wind," explains Captain Murray. "But with full power on Number Four the airplane didn't want to turn right. So I ended up turning to the left, the long way around. I could see the water very clearly in the landing lights because of the whitecaps. I got down a little below 110 knots, picked an oncoming swell, chopped Number Four and dropped the plane to hit what appeared to be a relatively level spot between swells."

We hit. People were thrown forward as some of the seats broke loose. My seat stayed put, and I braced for a second impact, which we had been told to expect. But it never came. I realized I was unhurt, so I unbuckled my seat belt and started to think about getting out of the plane. All I could see were shadows. It was dark, really dark. People began struggling out of their seats. Water was already pouring in from the bottom of the plane. I could sense an undercurrent of terror, but no one panicked. There was a little bit of talk: "Keep calm . . . keep it moving . . . don't get excited."

Raft Almost Gets Away

Captain Murray had been thrown forward on impact. "I bashed my head against the glare shield or wheel—I don't know just what," he says. But he came back into the cabin, along with the co-pilot and flight engineer, and they all took up ditching stations. Navigator Nicholson was already opening the rear door and pushing out the life raft that had been readied earlier. "I watched for it to inflate automatically when the lanyard pulled taut," Nicholson remembers. "But the rope snapped or came loose or something. I jumped into the water and swam after the uninflated raft, I caught up with it about twenty-five yards from the plane and pulled the lanyard to inflate it. Then I got in and started pulling people aboard." Back in the plane Captain Murray suddenly remembered his flashlight, which he might need. He hurried back into the cockpit and got it.

Another soldier and I yanked out the escape hatch next to us and dropped into the water. I tried to get my life vest inflated, but I couldn't. I was carried by waves toward the rear of the plane. It had sunk so deep that my head was level with the top of the fuselage. I decided not to waste any more time on the life jacket and began to swim. The waves buried me a couple of times. People were all around me. There were cries of "Where are the boats?" But no rafts were in sight. It was dark and windy, and giant waves were pitching us around.

I thought I felt a wing under my feet. It was the tail. Then a wave slammed me against the antenna. It's strung from the top of the forward cabin to the top of the tail. I threw my left arm over it. I scraped the arm and it hurt. I thought it was a good time to rest for a moment. I kept telling myself not to panic. Once you panic, you've had it.

After a few moments I realized it was calm. I kept waiting for a wave to break over me. Then I realized the plane was sinking and I was under water. I let go and swam slowly to the surface.

I was tired, dead tired. How easy it would be to quit fighting the sea and get it all over with. It would be so easy to die. Just stop fighting for half a minute. I shook my head, realizing this was a hell of a way to go.

Then I spotted a raft. It was just a shadow and it seemed a long way off. I managed to swim over to it and held on to a rope. I got my head up far enough to see inside, but I couldn't get in. I asked for help. Someone said he didn't

Lt. Col. George H. Dent lost his wife. "The moment I saw her I knew that she was dead."

Carol Ann Gould used her half-slip to bandage Pvt. George V. Brown. "We both prayed."

Pvt. Brown in convalescence. "I felt blood all over my face but I kept hauling people in."

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"'Bail! Bail! Bail if you want to live!' cried the navigator as the waves sloshed into the raft. And we had nothing to bail with."

Captain Figueroa-Longo (rear) and his wife debark at Antwerp.

One injured survivor had to be carried to a hospital in Ireland.

Another survivor gets an embrace from his brother, who burst into tears at the reunion after the crash.

have the strength. Then he grabbed my arms and somebody else pulled me in by the seat of my pants.

The water was full of people. One of these was Pvt. George V. Brown of Oshkosh, Wisconsin, who had been badly gashed on the head during the ditching. "A woman grabbed my shirtfront and my life preserver and started pulling me under," he recalls. "I got free and shouted to her to take it easy. Suddenly there was a raft. When I got onto it I felt blood all over my face. I started hauling other people in."

As more people were dragged into the raft it became a tangle of arms and legs. Somebody was across my ankles and somebody else was across my thighs. I had my back to the rim with my head level with the top, but I couldn't move.

Ten or twelve inches of water had already covered the bottom of the raft, and one woman was holding a man's head up by his hair to keep him from drowning. The water was up around our shoulders. The raft was jam-packed when Captain Murray and a woman reached the side and held onto the ropes.

"There's No More Room"

"Can't you find another raft?" somebody shouted. "There's no more room."

"I've got a woman," Murray gasped. Somebody pulled them in. Captain Murray was the last one to get on. He was bleeding from a deep wound on his forehead, and he could hardly see. Many of the others were injured or in shock. Colonel Dent called out to his wife Elizabeth. She was only six feet away but hidden from his view. She answered weakly that she was all right and asked how he was. He replied, "fine," and tried to encourage her. Some of us looked for other rafts or survivors in the water.

There was an Air Force medical officer on the raft; Capt. Juan Figueroa-Longo, but he was so hopelessly wedged beneath other people that he could only give advice. He said to use anything we had as compresses to stop bleeding. He also said to cover our mouths with our hands and breathe warmer air. I tried with one free hand, and it worked.

This was not just a raft out in the cold, though. It was a horror. It was hard to realize at the time, because we were so numb with shock and fear, but remember that this was a 15-foot-wide raft designed for 25 people, and there were 51 of us in it. It was a cold, clear, starry night, and we were about 500 miles from land, with no idea how soon anybody would find us. And we were being tossed around by huge waves. There were groans as the raft went up a wave, spun crazily around, and came down almost vertically. Some people were vomiting. We were jammed so tightly that every time the raft moved somebody would be rubbing against somebody else. There were cries of pain as the soggy clothing chafed and burned the tightly packed survivors.

The biggest waves kept sloshing water into the raft, and it soon was dangerously near sinking. Navigator Nicholson kept urging, "Bail, bail! Bail if you want to live." But we were so jammed together it was almost impossible to move at all. And we had nothing to bail with. "We started bailing with an overseas cap and a wallet," says Nicholson. "It was hopeless. Then someone remembered that several of the paratroopers had stowed cigarettes in plastic bags. We got those out and used them to scoop out enough water to remain afloat."

We heard a plane circling overhead, but it couldn't find us. Nicholson said that it was another MATS flight that had been alerted to our position before the ditching and was standing by to guide rescue ships.

Everyone started asking where the nearest ship was. "The only thing I knew for sure was that a U.S. weather ship was ten sailing hours away," says Nicholson. "But I didn't want to discourage the people on the raft, so I told them it should reach us in four hours or so, and there might be other ships even nearer."

When we heard that, Private Hofer asked if anybody had a flashlight. I don't know why nobody thought of it before. Captain Murray said he had a flashlight, but he couldn't move enough to get it out of his pants pocket. The people surrounding Murray managed to shift enough so he could retrieve the light.

Hofer flicked on the switch. It worked. He pointed it toward the sky, and flashed it off and on to guide the plane overhead. A few minutes later a four-engine MATS C-118 plane swooped down and dropped a bright red flare to signal our position.

"Over here! Over here!" yelled one of the men, trying to stand up and wave.

Carol Gould remembers the eerie glow of the flare: "When the first flare dropped it was like daytime on the raft. It was good—but also it wasn't. I could see everyone around me and they were bloody. And the water in the raft was turning a sickening red. George Brown was bleeding so badly from the big gash in his head that I knew something had to be done. I looked around for something to make into a compress. Then I thought of my slip—it was only a half-slip. I took it off and made a compress out of it and put it on his head. Then a wave washed it off. The only way to keep it there was to hold it. He blacked out a few times. We both prayed."

"Is There a Doctor?"

As the night wore on, Carol and Joe Hofer, from their respective sides of the raft, tried to keep our spirits up. As an extra-high wave would swoop us up and then drop us suddenly, Hofer would come up with some remark like "Anybody want a cup of coffee?" or "Wouldn't a hot shower go good now?"

Once Carol piped up with, "Is there a doctor on the raft?"

"Yes, I'm a doctor," replied Captain Figueroa-Longo, in all seriousness.

"Hiya doc," chirped Carol. We groaned at the old vaudeville gag.

Carol decided it would be a good idea to try to get some songs going. She started out singing "Glory, glory hallelujah." When she started on "I ain't got a barrel of money," some of the others joined in. I didn't. I just didn't feel like it. But it didn't last long. We were all shivering. I've never been so cold. Someone led us in the Lord's Prayer. And Nicholson and Hofer tried to keep every-

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"The searchlight hit us and we shouted for joy. I could feel that light. And I saw that the water was red with blood."

body calm. Hofer kept signaling the planes, four or five of which were now circling the area. Occasionally the planes dropped flares to mark our position.

One of the paratroopers kept pointing eagerly every few minutes saying, "I see a ship, I see a ship." Other people kept telling him to shut up. It always turned out to be a flare fading out on the horizon or just a mirage.

Suddenly several of us saw a light on the horizon. We watched hopefully, then sank back in disappointment when we realized it was only the moon coming up.

Every once in a while somebody would give in to discouragement and insist that it was hopeless—we would never be picked up. The rest of us would talk him out of it, pointing to the reassuring sound of the planes circling up above. Nicholson kept insisting that a ship was on the way. But our endurance was wearing thin. People were babbling, saying whatever came into their heads. Yet there was no panic.

Navigator Nicholson was the first to spot our rescue ship. "After we had been in the water about three hours, I saw a constant light on the horizon," he recalls. "I kept it to myself for a while. I hated to say it was a ship and get a lot of hopes up falsely. But the light was underneath one of the stars in the lip of the Big Dipper. When it continued in the same place, never flickering, I was sure, and I told them that a ship was coming."

A Glow on the Horizon

All of us stretched and craned to see the ship. All we could make out was a steady glow, and it seemed far away. But this time we knew we weren't seeing a mirage, and there was a feeling of excitement all over the raft. The nervous joking stopped, and there was tense quiet as we tried to keep that precious light in view. Sometimes, as the raft careened down into valleys of water, we would lose sight of the light altogether.

After what seemed like hours we began to see the ship. It was still a long way off, but we could see searchlights poking around in the water, looking for us. Hofer, who had been babying the flashlight, preserving the weakened batteries as long as possible, now flashed it on and off to help attract the ship.

Finally the searchlights hit us. The ship fixed us in its lights, and we shouted for joy. I could feel that light. And I saw for the first time that the water in the raft was red with blood. Then the ship began to back away.

"It's a Russian ship and they aren't going to pick us up," somebody cried.

But as we watched, the ship maneuvered around until it was between us and the wind. Then it moved in closer and closer until its great friendly bulk was right alongside. It was the Swiss freighter *Celerina*, which means "The Fast One."

I don't know where we found the strength, but we waved and cheered so much that the skipper didn't realize anyone on the raft was hurt.

With waves now up to 20 feet high, the sea was too rough for launching of boats, so the sailors threw out a line. But we were a tough target, lurching around on the waves. It was many minutes before someone finally managed to catch the rope and hold on. We were made fast to the side of the *Celerina*, and three rope ladders were lowered.

The waves were so high that one minute we'd be looking at the crew on deck, and the next moment we'd be below the ship's water line. A few soldiers had enough strength to catch the rope ladders, however, and they climbed up to the rail. Captain Murray grabbed a ladder, but fell back into the sea. A sailor came down and hauled him back into the raft. Other sailors started helping the rest of us up the ladders.

It took more than an hour to get everyone off the raft. When about 20 people had been taken off it, Colonel Dent was finally able to reach his wife. He lifted her up, spoke to her and tried mouth-to-mouth artificial respiration. "It was too late," Dent later said. "I don't know how you know these things, but the moment I turned around and saw her, I knew she was dead. Dead people are dead."

Two of the sailors lifted her body into a hammock which was raised to the deck. The lifeless forms of two servicemen also were lifted to the ship. No one had been aware that these three people had died during our five-hour ordeal on the raft.

It was early morning, but still dark, when a sailor pulled me onto the deck. I said I was all right, then fell on my face. Somebody caught me and helped me into the crew's mess, where I was given warm clothes and a jolt of whiskey. I couldn't pick it up. A sailor poured it down my throat. It felt wonderful.

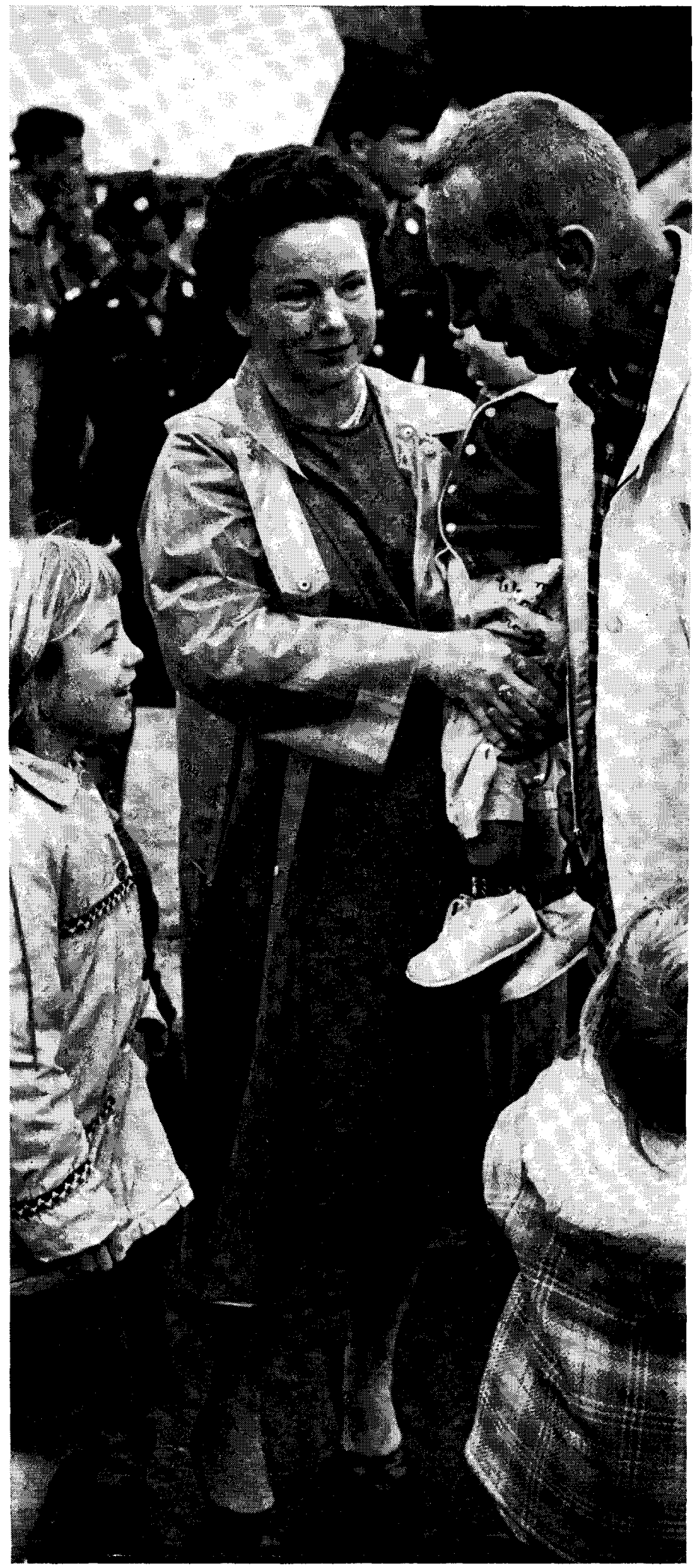
Although I had only a few minor burns and bruises, the others had more injuries than any of us had realized. Some had broken bones and internal injuries. Nearly all of us were suffering varying states of shock and exposure. Many had second-degree burns aggravated by the constant chafing of their clothing as the raft buffeted them about.

Three Rafts Were Empty

Captain Figueroa-Longo, the medical officer, ill and barely able to see without his glasses, began treating the injured as best he could. Carol Gould took on nursing chores. The wife and daughter of the *Celerina*'s skipper, Capt. Domenico Lugli, seemed to be everywhere at once, giving comfort, administering medicines and generally mothering the whole crowd. The *Celerina*'s crew slept in chairs so that we could have their bunks.

We waited in vain for reports that other survivors had been found. Three other life rafts were picked up by ships searching the area, but all of them were empty. Seven bodies were recovered from the sea near where we had ditched—four servicemen, stewardess Jacqueline Brotman, flight engineer James Garrett and copilot Robert Parker. Another 18 persons were never found. Among them were the Hawaiians, Mrs. Hoopii and her two little girls, Specialist Groves and stewardesses Ruth Mudd and Betty Sims.

When the *Celerina* finally docked at Antwerp—five days after we had left the States—the Air Force offered to fly the military survivors to Frankfurt. All of us agreed we had no objections to flying again, any old time. **THE END**



Mary Foley and swarm of young Foleys, ranging from 15 months to 10 years, give the author a warm welcome on his return home.

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EDITORIALS

Lo, the Poor Voter

When voters in Montgomery County, Maryland, stepped into the polling booths last week, the slots in the voting machines disclosed the names of 74 candidates plus 10 amendments and questions. By law the voters had four minutes if someone was waiting in line behind him, and an additional three minutes if he was alone. ("Four minutes!" a member of the League of Women Voters said. "Why, my mother used to take that long to station herself in the voting booth, get her glasses out of her pocketbook and get ready to vote.")

The list of candidates in Montgomery County included nominees for governor, United States Senator, Congressman, Congressman-at-large and a host of other state and county officials down to the register of wills, judges of orphans' court and county surveyor. The 10 amendments and questions were written in a language that only a constitutional lawyer could really understand.

One can only wonder how many people in Montgomery County and other parts of the United States made an intelligent choice last week on anything except the most obvious offices, and how many of them really understood the questions they were supposed to decide.

The League of Women Voters did an excellent job of trying to inform Montgomery County voters. They published a voters' guide that included a rundown on all the candidates and an explanation of each of the questions, but even after the help of the ladies we would bet that the majority of the voters didn't know many of the candidates and hadn't the foggiest idea what some of the questions were all about.

There is nothing unusual about the experience of Montgomery County voters. In San Francisco 36 questions and 43 names appeared on the ballot. Cleveland voters were confronted with 18 questions and 84 candidates, and in Chicago there were two questions and 75 candidates.

Before last week's election a young man walked into a League of Women Voters office in Washington, D.C., and requested an absentee ballot. A very pleasant woman offered to help him with the questions on the ballot, but the offer was politely declined. "I don't vote on them," the young man said. "I never understand them." A man from Ohio asked for help with a question on his ballot. The question: "Shall the proposed amendment to the constitution of the state of Ohio, providing that the sale of certain articles and services may not be prohibited on Sunday or any other day of the week in the state of Ohio, be adopted? Although the question was "amplified" elsewhere on the ballot, the amplification was even more difficult to understand.

These clumsily worded propositions and unmanageable lists of candidates on the ballots make a farce out of our voting system. The inevitable result is that many voters ignore large portions of the ballot or cast their votes by guess, by party or by the sound of a name. Even though our proposed solution is more expensive, we believe that county and local elections should be held in odd numbered years where possible (various states' laws would have to be changed to do this). The number of propositions appearing on the ballot should be held to a minimum, and they should be written in clear and understandable English.

Better Way to Honor Our Dead

Now that Veterans Day—or Armistice Day, as it used to be called—has passed, we inevitably cast a sharper eye at the slabs of stone and the grotesque pieces of sculpture that serve as war memorials in many towns and cities throughout the land. The more we see of them, the more we are convinced that there is a more appropriate way to commemorate our war dead—by "living" war memorials, like those at the University of Michigan and many other places across the United States.

Back in 1947 University of Michigan officials were looking for a suitable memorial to their school's war dead. They decided upon "an active living program that would provide lasting benefits and inspire future generations" instead of "a massive monument or some other inanimate object."

The result was the Phoenix Project, a broad study of the peaceful uses of atomic energy, appropriately named after the mythical Egyptian bird that periodically was consumed by fire and rose from its ashes. A drive for funds among students, alumni and friends raised more than $7,500,000 ($1,500,000 over the goal) initially. Dr. Ralph Sawyer, dean of the university's Horace Rackham School of Graduate Studies, who had served as civilian technical director of the Operation Crossroads atomic-bomb test at Bikini in 1946, became director of the project. A three-story laboratory was constructed for work with radioactive materials, and a contribution of $1,000,000 by the Ford Motor Company made possible the building of one of the country's largest nonmilitary nuclear reactors. Today the Phoenix program is a bustling enterprise, conducting valuable research in medicine, cellular biology, chemistry, physics and a variety of other scientific fields.

There are many such "living" memorials. Amvets awards 20 college scholarships each year, providing up to $2,000 for four years, as a war memorial. The DAV Keehi Lagoon Memorial in Honolulu is a vast park and rehabilitation center. The VFW operates a children's home near Eaton Rapids, Michigan, and at Fort Bragg, North Carolina, a $6,957,000 Army hospital serves as a memorial to Pfc. Bryant H. Womack, a North Carolina Medal of Honor winner who was killed in Korea. Such "living" memorials perpetuate the memory of the war dead while serving peaceful, eminently useful purposes.

New Stamp Act in the U. S.

Around the first of the year the new five-cent stamp for first-class mail will go on sale (Congress raised the rate last month). It will be blue, and with its publication Postmaster General Edward Day has decided to revert to an old tradition. The face on the stamp will be that of George Washington, who used to appear regularly on the most commonly used first-class stamps.

The Washington portrait will be a reproduction of a bust by Houdon, believed to be the best likeness of our first President. The same likeness was first used on a stamp in 1851. Since 1894 Washington has been on more than 70 different stamps. Only deceased persons may appear on United States stamps, every eligible President through Franklin Roosevelt having appeared at least once. Postage stamps in the United States have celebrated everything from the whooping crane to Project Mercury. There is no limit to the number of times a subject may appear on stamps, but the standard stamp series usually feature Presidents, other prominent Americans and national shrines. Currently, the most expensive stamp (five dollars) in circulation features the first Secretary of the Treasury, Alexander Hamilton, while the least expensive (one half cent) bears the likeness of that model of frugality, Ben Franklin.

One might expect that vending-machine customers would get a break from the new five-cent stamp, paying only a nickel for one, 20 cents for four and a quarter for five. No such luck. Vending-machine companies plan to dispense them at a rate of four for a quarter (allowing a neat 25 percent for profit). The companion new eight-cent airmail stamp will be fire-engine red and will feature an airplane flying over the dome of the United States Capitol. Vending-machine customers will get a better break on it. The going rate will be three for a quarter, allowing only 4 percent for profit.

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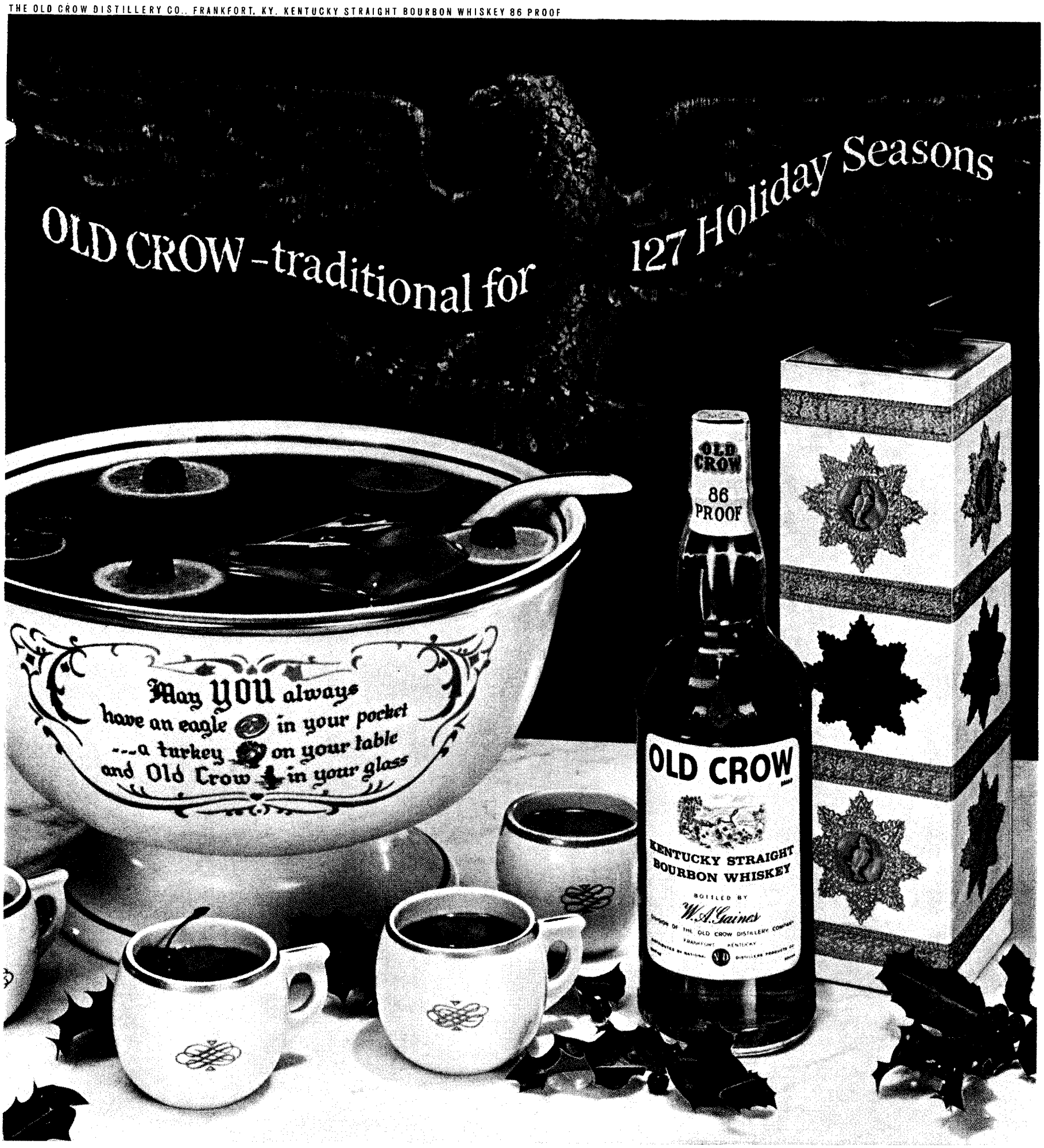

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